

*In this book authentic events in front of and behind the scenes of the world stage, the secret armament technology and other events of today have been thawed into a novel that at first glance seems to be fantastic. It just seems like this: although some names of actors have been changed if they are associated with certain events, and the main characters of the plot are also fictitious. The military events correspond to an actual process, as do the conditions and statements in a British internment camp.*

*Anyone who reads attentively will recognize how behind these changeable images with a spacious scenery, the confrontation of the symbols and the overlapping fronts in a struggle on the different levels of life, life itself weaves the colorful curtain.*

*The author*

WILHELM LANDIG  
AGAINST  
THULE

A novel full of realities

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# FIRST BOOK

## SECRET ORDER

The sky over Drontheim was gray and overcast. The Nidelven flowed lazily through its curved bed and the Elvehavn, between brators and Lademoen into the babbling fjord. The old town, the cradle of the Norwegian Empire, showed little life and the trees in the park behind the Fruekirke and in Kongsgaarden still showed bare branches against the cloudy cloud cover. Nevertheless, this post-winter Drontheim was nice. The fluidity of a historical tradition lay over the city and the old buildings testified to the skills of old Nordic architecture. The shipyards and factories elsewhere heralded the industriousness and vitality of a settlement that repeatedly burned down completely, but always came back without hesitation. The port, otherwise a lively transshipment point for international merchant shipping and a popular jetty for travelers to

Norway, was now no longer in use in the fifth year of the Second World War. In Elvehavn and Yrehavn, apart from a few Norwegian fishing vessels, there were now only a few smaller units of the German Navy. The muzzle of the guns pointed out into the open bay and the slim pipes of the quad flak threatened to defend against the western half of the sky. The long steel fingers of the heavy anti-aircraft gun also protruded from the elevation of the Baklandet district, at the feet of which the old Norwegian artillery barracks lay

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high. Military life in the city had become a habit for the locals. They also showed no particular curiosity when German vehicles entered or left the port. But it was easy to see that they showed no particular love for the occupying power of their country, but they were quite polite and did not cause any problems, and they even showed that they were impressed by the correctness and discipline of the Germans.

For this reason, some locals politely stepped aside when two German aviation officers in the rank of captain came out of the theater café on the corner of Prinsensgade and Erling Skakkesgade. The Germans thankfully put their hands on the cap and headed for the By Bridge .

"Actually, we would have some more time, Günther," said one of the two, glancing at his wristwatch. "Captain Gutmann will only be in the car in an hour!"

The addressee, Captain Recke from Kassel, waved his hand slightly. »It is better if we get to the agreed meeting point earlier. Gutmann is able to drive to the airport without us. «

"You're right," said the second officer, Captain Reimer. »Gutmann is capable of anything. He's a good comrade, but sometimes very strange. "

They crossed the intersection of Munkegaden and saw a three coming up from the cathedral

Strong army patrol, which greeted tautly. This time the two officers also raised their hands to greet the Germans, as had been prescribed in the regulations for about a year.

"Yes, we would still have the stage firmly in hand. But the news from the front, especially in the east, isn't exactly encouraging," Recke said thoughtfully. »Now it probably doesn't matter so much anymore, bare-waxed boots. It's going to be damn hard!«

Reimer, who was from Linz, nodded. 'The sparrows are already whistling from the roofs, but it must make sense that we're still here in the north. It is comparatively seen as if it were now five to twelve.

Does the Wehrmacht High Command want to wait until about two or one to twelve before the situation turns? ... «

"I see it as if we shouldn't get to the train until after twelve." Recke muffled his voice even more. »The official references to the rapid development of the Alpine fortress and the planned secret bases on Greenland suggest that certain things are not yet ready for use. This is the only way to explain the purpose of our being here. «

"I wish you were right," said Reimer. "Namely, that we can still get a move."

"Are you such a pessimist already?"

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"Yes and no! - I still trust that we will turn the whole world against us upside down. But for that we need enough ammunition and fuel and above all a political event. Victories can no longer be achieved with bans on starting and ammunition

restrictions. And it looks very windy in that regard."

"Why are you telling me something that the whole season knows anyway?"

"Because you're about to confuse my pessimism with defeatism." Reimer's lips tightened.

Recke reached comfortably for the comrade's arm. "I know exactly what you mean, Reimer! Who could hide facts? Still - I hope for a miracle ... «

"It seems we only have hope. We don't have much else to do with anything else. It's just a flickering flame, but I still have this little light in my heart. «

Both were silent. They crossed the By Bridge and turned left to the Rosenborg Basin. Walking again between rows of houses, they could still hear the screeching of the seagulls that were stroking the water of the Elvehavn. Every now and then a few white birds fluttered over the rooftops of the district.

They stopped in front of the Bakke church. "If Gutmann is on time, we won't have to wait long," Reimer took the interrupted one

Conversation again.

Recke nodded. »Gutmann is a pedant. If he is not stopped through no fault of his own, he will come sooner rather than later. "He fiddled with his fur collar to clear his neck. The cold had already subsided considerably as the winter softened.

They had only been walking up and down in front of the church square twice when a German Wehrmacht bucket truck from Bakkegaden swiftly turned into Kirkegaden and stopped in front of them with sudden braking.

"Ah, Gutmann!" The officers greeted them casually. Captain Gutmann waved invitingly.  
»Just in

hopped, gentlemen! There is still enough space in the car to sit, just pull your legs up a bit. There are some nice boxes I don't want to throw out because of you."

Recke was the first in the car. He looked at the load, which consisted of a few small boxes from which a few straws peeked out. "Don't fall - glass!" Was painted in black stencils.

"Well, what's that?" Recke tried to smell his nose. The grimace made her laugh.

Gutmann's usually closed face showed a mischievous smile. "You can guess three times!"

"Nonsense," rumbled Recke. "It won't be raspberry juice ..."

"And glasses to throw on the wall on the occasion of Emperor's birthday either," laughed Reimer in between. "Let

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away from your usual mysterious actions, dear Gutmann! What did your bucket load?"

"Three asterisks," the captain hissed on the handlebar. Recke and Reimer looked at him drowsily.

"Yes, if you have a long line," Gutmann continued to grin and tapped his forehead with his right index finger, "then it stays dark in the upper room."

"I've got it!" Reimer gave Recke a gentle rip. "Cognac has loaded our stargazer."

"Right! - Cognac with three asterisks. Real French! «

"I am surprised that the paymaster has put out so much. Usually the best things are hoarded until they finally fall into the hands of the enemy, «grunted Recke.

"Maybe there was a driver's decree on cognac," Reimer mocked the paymaster. "The stallions only give out something like this if they have a pistol in front of their chest or are drunk themselves."

"The thought of an enactment cannot be right. Decrees usually end in the latrines, «Recke philosophized.

"Remember that God's ways are wonderful," Gutmann said jokingly. "Above all, it should be the last cognac of this famous variety."

"You're right, Gutmann," said Recke. »From now on, the Americans under Eisenhower probably took over the subscription to this brand. Since the failure of the Ardennes offensive, this source has been

be lost. »

The captain in the front seat narrowed his eyes. He said grumpily: "Let the damn front out of the game! There they don't have time on either side to think about drinking. Only us here, on the ass of the world ... «

"Well, it's not that bad," protested Reimer. »A beautiful city in a beautiful fjord, what more do you want? In quiet times, thousands of tourists dream of visiting this beautiful Norway with its austere landscape. And Drontheim ... «

"It's all right, Reimer," said Gutmann. »Are you sitting correctly? - So go full throttle! «

While the boarded officers were still lounging, the driver pressed the throttle and started quickly. In a few minutes the car had left the Baklandet district, drove through Lademoen, past the Ledehammeren promontory and along the banks of the Stjördalsfjord to the airport in Vernäs.

A peaceful wind whistled towards the travelers. They pressed the peaked caps deep into their foreheads and flipped up the fur collars of the long leather coats. While the driver, headed for the path, was heading for the goal at great speed, the captains sitting in the back clamped their legs against the slightly rumbling boxes to prevent the precious cargo from slipping off.

Reimer tried a few times with his neighbor



Entertainment to begin. But as the wind tore the scraps of words from his mouth, he gave up his efforts again. From time to time both officers ran a hand over the face as the sharp breeze blew the water into their eyes. Only Gutmann was a bit better off because he was protected from the wind by the windshield.

After about three quarters of an hour's drive they arrived in Vernäs. "Today we come as Santa Clauses," joked Reimer as the car stopped at the airfield.

"What do we mean?" Said Gutmann. »I deliver my cognac alone. Make sure you get out of the car here! "He made a big laugh.

"Stargazer, stargazer!" Reimer called jokingly, waving an index finger with the same gesture.

He tapped the cap visibly with his right hand and jumped out of the bucket. Recke followed a little more slowly.

"See you later," grunted Gutmann. "Bye!" - He started again and disappeared into a barrack alley.

Reimer slightly stretched his legs, which had become numb from the crowded sitting. "Now there are a few boring days ahead of us. Except for good cognac and constantly bad radio news, we have nothing else here. "His expressions of displeasure showed.

A young officer came across the airfield to the people who had arrived. He had a short warm one

Aviator jacket on and on his right half of the head sat the blue-gray boat with the silver piping.

"Is there any news of concern?" Called Recke.

"Of course," the lieutenant called back. "The Adju announced that the two R's would like to be with him when they returned from Drontheim!"

The two R were warriors and Reimer, who were given this joking name because of their inseparability and the same first letter of their names from the whole air base.

"Hm, it's not that natural," Reimer whined in between. "Of course there is only boredom here."

Lieutenant White had come very close to the two captains. "I think the boredom will be over in the next few days. A strange bird arrived at our airfield last night. He's standing there in the back! "His right hand pointed into the background of the field. The captains followed the directional hand with their eyes.

»The two machines at the back? - «

"A machine," said the lieutenant. »It's a new construction. A Do 635 with two hulls. This twin construction is generally flown in two seats. The radio operator on the right, the pilot on the left. "

"That's very interesting," said Recke. "Let's take a closer look at this thing!"

»If I may remind you again - the Adju already has

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urgently! "the lieutenant said hesitantly. "Well, let's go to the Adju first," decided

Reimer without further ado.

Having become somewhat curious, they strode towards the headquarters building. The lieutenant trotted after them.

Looking around on the way, Recke asked: "Aren't some of the machines started? - The place looks a bit sparse. «

"Three Me 109s flew an order," Lieutenant White replied. "Also a plane from the weather squadron. Incidentally, the new Do 635 is also assigned to the weather relay. «

Immediately in front of the headquarters building, they came across a high-ranking young lieutenant whom the captains had never known. He greeted but looked very depressed.

"Who is that?" Recke turned to White. »Arrived tonight with the strange do and transferred to us.

Has a worm at heart. That's why like a scalped pale face. «

"Probably messed up somehow," said Recke lightly.

"The swallows chirp it differently," the lieutenant said softly. 'Had a short palaver with

him this morning. He said that until now he had been stationed in Denmark, where they probably went up with their crates but were strictly prohibited from aerial combat. ”

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"A strange record that's put on and played there," growled Reimer.

The lieutenant continued: "He told me that he was taking off on a reconnaissance flight and had been attacked by two British Spitfire planes at sea . One of the two attackers, he would have shot down - it was his first launch - the second could he battered to flight hunted. When he was in a good mood, announcing his air victory by wobbling on landing, rolled out and reported to his commander, the latter initially made him wait a full hour in the vestibule before he received him. Instead of an award and praise, he got a whistle that would have washed. The commander even got out of hand to threaten the poor fellow with the court martial! ”

"That is unbelievable!" Reimer said.

"But it seems to be a fact," White said. "There was a row in which Lieutenant Mohr was the loser, as could not be otherwise with the different rank order. The end result of this was the transfer to us. Now the poor guy is angry and doesn't understand the world anymore. «

"Neither do I," Reimer said again. »The whole shop is already messed up!«

"Tatata," said Recke. »Talking is silver, silence is gold! - We can't sweep a stable alone. «

"Unfortunately," whispered White.

"Well, we continue to fly from our nest and

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if necessary, also shot. "Recke wanted to end the conversation with this sentence. "We thank you, dear white, you are our indispensable living newspaper. Now we want to see what the Adju wants. Bye for now! «

White also greeted and turned.

A few minutes later, Recke and Reimer stood before the adjutant.

"It is a good thing that you just came," said Captain V. Turns in a slightly nasal voice. "I've just been ordered to command. Will register now, because the colonel has asked for you several times! «

"Hopefully nothing bad?" Asked Reimer, entering. "Nah, gentlemen. - But pst! - Secret Command

dosache! «

"Hopefully something sensible," nagged Recke.

v. Wendt's brow furrowed so that his face got an arrogant, dismissive look. "Everything is reasonable here, Captain!"

Recke pretended he hadn't heard anything. "Shall we wait here in the office?"

"I think that will be best," said the adjutant. He left with a folder under his arm.

Recke sat down on the adjutant's simple table without much ado, while Reimer stopped in front of the large map of Norway hanging on the side of the window on the wall. Marking needles and individual flags are stuck on the wall plan.

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"Looks very pretty," Reimer murmured, cocking his head.

"But that's all there is to it," added Recke dryly.

"You also tend to chalk or mark lost items, simply because a point is a point and must be labeled according to the LDV."

is called."

"Yes, that too," said Recke, slightly irritated, and lifted a drawing from the table that lay between business items. »This division of war, on which our OI always paints with devotion, is also part of

the organizational work. It is just a normal paper war, which is waged only for the sake of waste paper. It's absolutely sickening ..."

Reimer agreed: "I don't like it either, Recke! On the other hand, everything has a must within certain limits, from which one cannot depart. It is no different here than in life; only too much is unhealthy. Let the OI scribble his lineups. It's better if he draws a squadron chart that also shows firepower instead of dozing and painting naked girls on files. "

"You have excuses for everything," Recke laughed good-naturedly. Then he picked up the outline he had found and examined it more closely. "The group's planned target is on paper, but our work is not even that of a season."

"Who knows what tomorrow will be?" Reimer lectured smartly.

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Recke was relieved of another objection. The door opened and v. Wendt appeared. "The two R's to the commander," he said, snarling. He let the two called by him and stayed behind. "Broken neck and leg," he called after them.

As Reimer went on indifferently, Recke turned in surprise. "Why then, Wendelin?" He knew that v. Wendt couldn't bear this nickname and got a little bit snappy on the occasion. So he added in a weakening way: "Hummel-Hummel!" Because the adjutant was a hamburger. In front of the commander's door, the two captains adjusted their paddocks and smoothed out the pocket flaps of their leather coats.

When they entered, the commander was leaning over his table, looking excitedly at a pile of Wehrmacht cards. A card on top, from the paper surface of which shone a great deal of white to the people who entered - obviously an ice or snow landscape - seemed to have caught his interest.

"Captain Recke and Reimer back from Drontheirn, Colonel." Both officers raised their

arms after Recke's report.

Colonel Troll, the commander of the air base, moved his head only slightly. "Wait a minute, gentlemen! Just a moment... "He kept searching the map until he had found a point. Then he straightened up and looked intently at the two officers. »I have an order

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Gentlemen! "He waved his hand and lowered his voice slightly: "Take a look here! "

As the addressees responded to the request, the colonel continued: "Well, gentlemen, I have a G.Kdos. got from Berlin. I chose you to carry out the related order. I need two officers to rely on. Your order is secret and you are now subject to confidentiality! «

Both captains took a brief stance. "You can rely on us, Colonel!" Said Recke firmly.

'I know, I know. - Come all the way to me! "The commander rummaged under the papers next to the card pile and immersed himself again in a document from which the red imprint "Secret Command Item "jumped into the eye. »You start with a new machine and carry out tests with a new type of navigation device on a long-haul flight. The machine that you will take over has a range of seven thousand five hundred kilometers, but without armament. Since this is a new construction, it must under no circumstances fall into enemy hands. You understand me, gentlemen! I can't give you hunting protection! «

The captains held the inquiring eyes of the commander calmly. No eyelash twitched.

"All right then! - I have given orders that no one of the local staff is allowed to take a closer look at the machine. Of course, this does not apply to you! - Please contact

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now to Major Küpper, who flew the plane with a radio operator, and let him instruct you in more detail. Küpper flies back early tomorrow morning with a crow, while a fellow lieutenant stays with us in the bandage. Also prepare for a long flight and remember that you may be away from here for some time. Temporary deployment to a certain base may be necessary. So - and tomorrow at half past seven in the morning, contact me where you will receive your order. I also prepare cards for you personally. Everything else necessary - even tomorrow morning! «

"Yes, Colonel!" The two captains folded their hooks and greeted them. Then they wanted to leave the room.

"Stop - one more thing!" The commander snapped his fingers on his right hand. "Tell Küpper to give you sufficient and thorough instruction on the shadow navigation device. Tell him so that no one is listening. The strictest secrecy is required. "His voice became very insistent:" I rely on you, gentlemen! - And now - please send me v. Turn to me, I'll complete the order with him! «

He came out from behind his table and walked up to his officers, who were already at the door of his room. He held out his rights to them. "Goodbye!"

21st

When Reimer and Recke stood in front of the staff building, he pushed his cap on his forehead with his left hand and scratched the back of his head with an embarrassed gesture. "So this time, I wouldn't have been bored. Pardauz! - It is probably the case as Blessed Wilhelm Busch said: First, things turn out differently, secondly than you think ... «

"I don't mind," said Recke. "For my sake, we're even researching the North Pole for the

umpteenth time. To conclude from the white spots on the map ... «

"Aha - good thing you remind me of that. I almost didn't think about it anymore. Now I'm really curious again, I would give something if I could be in Wendt's place now. Whether this major - well, what's his name ...? "

"Küpper. - Probably won't know too much either. Probably has the G.Kdos. brought - closed goes without saying - but otherwise? ... «

"So let's go to him!" Urged Reimer.

"Let's go to him," Recke mocked. "Where is he anyway?"

"Oh - hm ..."

A window of the staff building was slightly open. Recke took a few steps towards it and called in: "Hello - Lieutenant: Berg! - Do you know where Major Küpper's flight is? «

While a voice called out a few barely understandable words, a powerful one came from the entrance to the building

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In between: "Here is the bird that has flown in, gentlemen!"

The two captains turned and took a stand. "Major ..."

'No trouble, if I may ask. Do you wish? ""

Referred to by Colonel, sir

Major! - Captain Reimer and Captain Recke ... ""

Ah! - May I ask you to come to me? "

"Command, Major!"

The major, also a still young aviation officer with the dive pilot badge, EK1 and the German cross in gold on his aviator blouse, stepped out of the house and went to the side building. "We want to be undisturbed," he said as he walked.

Recke and Reimer exchanged looks. They liked the major. In the annex they entered were the relay officers' quarters. The major had refused to move into better quarters in Drontheim and requested field accommodation at the airfield.



The adjutant assigned him to the room of a lieutenant on a short vacation.

Following the practical and concise manner of old front officers, the major personally took two chairs from the neighboring rooms and grouped them around the small window table.

At a major gesture, the two captains took a nod. Without formality

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the latter began to speak:

"I can assume, gentlemen, that the commander has already told you to carry out a special order in strict compliance with all confidentiality rules. You have his confidence and - "the major smiled distantly," that of the IC and the NSFO. You understand, even in the OKL... "The speaker bit his lip as if he had already said too much.

Recke looked very serious. »We will fulfill every order to the best of our ability and with the utmost commitment, Mr. Major! - For the rest, the commander gave us a basic flight order without even mentioning the destination. We'll get the order tomorrow morning ... «

'Stop, captain! - You must be wrong; you will not receive the order until the departure. Do you mean the general instructions more correctly? '"

The commander explicitly said order! I was amazed at the impression that it was a machine to take over without being flown in ... '" Of course you have to fly in. You have two Days if the flight weather remains. I'll ... 'The major was interrupted by a strong knock on the door. "In!"

There was an orderly in the doorframe. "The major to the commander immediately!"

»Ah - I'm coming! Hold on, gentlemen, I'll be right back... "He quickly walked past the alarm from the room, the door behind him

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lock. The rumble of the soles of boots on the wooden floor died away.

"Funny thing," grumbled Recke. "They're whirling around the shop now as if they were using a revolutionary weapon. From here ..."

"Better something than nothing," Reimer said, crossing his legs. »My school friend wrote to me that the V2 had already lost its first surprise effect and that people are already impatiently waiting for new and more effective weapons back home. The allusion to radio broadcasting through the Reichspropogandaschich leads to the expectation of a tube with which the entire Eastern Front is simply coughed up. But he also writes that skepticism is already well advanced and that folk jokes already speak of a V6, which consists of a man simply throwing a stone and saying a second 'boom'. "

'Such chandeliers! These are probably the ones who supply hay instead of petrol to the tanks made available on the eastern front. Or bring the tanks straight to the Ivan, where they can take them over - ready for use - but without a delivery or counter certificate . Has something happened, the folk joke ... «

"Do not be upset. Think of the immortal words of the great Viennese Richard Genée from the bat: Happy is he who forgets what cannot be changed ... «

"Nonsense!"

'You really shouldn't let yourself go, you should

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turn your thoughts to our 3 SK! «

"What's that construction again?" Reimer laughed out loud. »Three-star cognac! ... «

»Don't look forward to it too soon! Our stallion will be brooding for a really long time before a drop is served. «

"There's a remedy for that," chuckled Reimer. "We invite the guy for a little walk and slip and spin around in the air until he vomits his envious black soul. In this state afterwards, such

involuntary acrobats are always extremely sociable! «

"You can never get it in a box. At most he looks at the tail from the plane. "

After a while the major can go back. "Gentlemen, given the circumstances, you will get another comrade as the third companion as originally intended."

"Well," said Reimer. "I thought the new machine was only two-seater?"

"Who said that?" The major's voice sounded metallic sharp.

Reimer put his ears back sharply and held on. If he called Lieutenant White, it could possibly be uncomfortable for him. Although he hardly revealed more than any guardsman knew.

'Major, my remark was based on a guess when I saw the machine in the background of the

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Saw the field! "

"So?" The major looked suspiciously at the captain from Linz. "Well - as a third man, you will get Captain Gutmann from here."

»Gutmann of all people? ... «Both captains looked at each other.

The major pointed. "Do you have anything against your comrade?"

Recke swallowed. 'Not in the slightest. A good comrade, very reliable. «

"But?" Continued the major.

»Actually no but. He is only somewhat of a nerd. Always ahead! «

"So nothing to complain about?"

"Nothing, Major!"

"Hm." A little pause.

Suddenly Recke asked: "Our commander told us beforehand that he only needed two officers. Not everything is clear to me. If Mr. Major ...? "

'An error by the colonel! But if you insist on an exact answer to your question, it can be very uncomfortable for one of your comrades from here. Because then, in the case of better

knowledge, it is very clear that someone knows the new construction somehow and chatted despite the ban. However, you will hardly place any value on tracking the person X to be found. Or?"

Recke and Reimer were embarrassed and silent.  
"Betrayal and stupidity are absolutely separate terms,"

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said the major softly, as if speaking to himself. "You can't always be stubborn, as the old braid dictates. We airmen also have to uphold the camaraderie. «

"You speak from our hearts, Major!" Recke looked warmly at Küpper. The major grunted. Before he could start speaking again, however, there was a knock on the door. "In!"

The door opened and Captain Gutmann entered. He greeted and answered.

"Have the kindness, Captain, to bring a chair over there!" Major Küpper smiled pleasantly. Gutmann immediately turned around and came back with a somewhat shaky seating. With a wave, he took a seat next to Recke and waited for the next speech.

"I want to be brief and get straight to the heart of the matter," Major Küpper began, becoming impersonal and factual. "Above all, I want to put it right that I deliberately referred to the newly introduced machine as a DO 635; a type that is more or less unknown, but still not the latest novelty..." He broke off briefly and smiled at the two first-come captains. "By the way, it's easy to find out that apparently unintentional remarks fully serve their purpose. Don't you agree, gentlemen?"

Recke nodded stiffly like a doll while Reimer

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coughed and grimaced.

The suggestive smile disappeared from Küpper's face and his voice hardened. In the jargon of the front-line soldiers, he said briefly: "Because the world is a mess, what kind of model is really flown in here."

"... the world is giving a shit," Recke mocked, following an old habit, as if to confirm it.

The major deliberately ignored the repeat. "Since you are now subject to special secrecy, gentlemen, I explain to you that the machine intended for you is a type improved and redesigned by Junkers, which has been expanded into three seats and has an even greater range; namely eight thousand kilometers. «

"Very nice," Reimer murmured.

»From the three-person crew. it is intended to accommodate the radio operator in the left fuselage, i.e. behind the pilot, while in the right one an on-board fitter with a second control is normally intended. In this particular case we have to agree on the distribution of seats and roles! "Küpper looked at the three captains in turn.

"If I could make a suggestion?" Interjected Gutmann, leaning forward slightly.

"I asked for it," Küpper politely encouraged.

"Well - I mean - after my comrade Recke and Reimer are considered inseparable here with us - « » - Offer yourself for the place of the single person,

Is not it?"

"Yes, Major!"

"Very beautiful. Very comradely. I'm very happy about that, "Major Küpper said appreciatively. »So the personal would be settled. So I want to start immediately to familiarize you with the technical details of this construction in theory. Tomorrow morning we will go to the machine to join the practical lessons and start flying. So far, the whole thing would not be too

remarkable. But now the main thing, gentlemen!

«

The major paused for a little art and looked into three unmoving faces that still betrayed tension. »The purpose of your flight with the Do-Ju construction is, in addition to carrying out a military task, the testing of a new type of navigation device. This device - we can aptly call it a sky compass - is a new invention by our technicians at home and must be tested for its usability in the polar zones. I take the liberty of entrusting you with the fact that these zones will gain increased strategic importance in the near future, given the current overall military situation. When the celestial compass fulfills the expectations placed in him, our Air Force is the enemy technically again by a nose, one can even say quiet - length of an elephant's trunk - . Ahead "Kuepper smiled at his own comparison. 'I want to try to go with you

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explain the principle of this navigation aid in just a few words. If anything seems unclear to you during the explanations, feel free to interrupt me with questions, gentlemen! Clear?!"

"Gladly - yes, Major!" Came it back.

»So I can continue: The advantage of the new device is that it can be used to determine the position of the sun at any time of the day. The prerequisite, however, is that a piece of blue sky can be seen somewhere. But it also works at dusk when the sun is just below the horizon. With the respective determination of the position of the sun, one can always easily calculate the positions of the aircraft together with other measurements. As you know, the magnetic compass in the polar zones is an irritating thing. At certain times, we would have made it possible to use this device in the polar area to determine the position correctly, which would make flight safety appear to be significantly increased. The construction principle itself is such that the

sunlight that hits the earth during the day is partially polarized. So this means that the electromagnetic vibrations are strongest in one plane. Since both the sun and the observer lie in this plane, it is possible to determine the position of the sun with the help of an analyzer. Measurements carried out on the ground give an accuracy result of up to one degree. There is a minimal increase in inaccuracy from the plane, but this is hardly of concern. This is understandably based on

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reduce the irregular movements of the machine. And to come back to the polar zones again; the new celestial compass is particularly useful in these areas because the twilight is long there - the certain times - and the magnetic compass, which has already been described as irritable, inevitably causes trouble and worry. Strangely, it is the case that our celestial compass is even more accurate near the Earth's poles than anywhere else. This is due to the actual calculations of the flight direction based on the measurements. So much for a brief theoretical introduction, gentlemen! Tomorrow we will talk more about the device, but you will be entrusted with the practical testing. Be responsible and appreciate the trust! «

"Yes, Major!" Said all three captains at the same time.

»Hm - and because of additional responsibility, hm - you will be given further details by the commander before the commissioned start. I only have to teach you the technical part of your task. Prepare for it and let's meet at the machine tomorrow morning, well - let's say at half past seven. For today we want to leave it at that. Thank you, gentlemen! «

The three captains rose. Küpper shook hands with you when they wanted to say goodbye with official greetings.

"How do you greet people here in Norway?" He asked.

Reimer grinned. "At this time you can already say God Aften, Major!"

'God Aften? - Good evening, isn't it? '"

Yes, right! "

"So ... !"

When Reimer, Recke and Gutmann stood alone in the open again, they looked at each other in confusion. Recke was the first to speak. "Now just one more person is supposed to come to me and say that I am not a prophet. A little over an hour ago after I stepped away from the commander, I said that we would be following in Wegener's, Nobles and Amundsen's footsteps. No white spots at the North Pole and so on. Heavens, ass and twine, now we have to actually slip over the hump of the Northern Lights! «

"Be glad that we can get away from this dreary business here," Reimer said, "I imagine such a flight as scary beautiful."

"- scary, scary," Recke mocked.

Reimer looked around to see if there were any ground staff around, then he cocked his earlobes like a schoolboy and stuck his tongue out. "Um," he said. "You cynical spirit, I'll go deep down and take pictures of polar bears. But I won't even let you look at the pictures! «

"I'm not a fan of bad pictures anyway, haha!"

»Let's see who laughs last! Besides, don't we want to ask our dear Gutmann how he managed to be third in the league? «

"Right," said Recke. »Go on, Gutmann, out with the language! How did you turn that thing? "



Gutmann made a mischievous face that did not match his seriousness. »A little Christmas bell jingled quietly and brought me something of a nice order. Then I just went to Wendt and added something until he put in a good word or a good recommendation for the colonel. Otherwise v. Wendt found a bottle of three-star cognac in his room for which he has a particular weakness. «

The other two laughed. Recke said: "Yes, from where, in three names, did you get the brandy?"

"Didn't we load some in Drontheim?" Gutmann asked, looking innocent.

"How did you branch it off?" The questioner was richer. "Very easy. I reported some bottles of 'breakage.'"

"Haha, that's great. And where are the other bottles?" "Reserved for the start to the polar bears!" "Great!" Laughed Recke in between.

"And the

Food stallion believed it? «

"Not really, but he must have. I laughed at him when he spoke of having to report. He said that otherwise you would do it yourself

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blame. «

"Naturally! That is his guilty conscience. It will probably not be the first time that he reported "breakage" on his own initiative. If others do the same, it is not the same with him. According to an old recipe. Besides, if that makes school, he fears that his tail will be climbed from above. "

Recke squealed cheerfully. "So there would be sufficient internal warmth!"

The darkness fell slowly as the three officers chatted around the airfield. Gutmann, otherwise always very reserved, was tidy this time and in good spirits. Reimer and Recke were happy to get to know their comrades openly and to get to know them better. "Where are you from?" Asked Reimer, looking at Gutmann. "Little is known about you. According to the pronunciation, probably from Hessian? «

"I'm Hesse myself," protested Recke. »Gutmann speaks the Frankfurt key more.«

"You both guessed right," Gutmann said. "I come from Runkel."

»Runkel? - Where's that? "Reimer shook his head. "Not heard of it yet."

»It's a small town in Nassau. On the Lahn, east of Limburg. «

"So actually Hessian," Reimer defended his first guess.

"You can say. Recke was embarrassed! «

"Oh, nonsense." Recke looked annoyed and poked

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use the tip of the boot to put a stone out of the way. 'Of course I know Runkel. Have been there before, but I can't remember all the subtle nuances. "

Quiet, more like himself, said Gutmann: "It's nice at home. And also - my place of birth has a special meaning for me. But you won't understand that. Maybe later."

»You are full of secrets, Gutmann! You never really know your way around. Either you caught a thing or it caught you. "Recke snapped his forefinger to the temple.

Gutmann smiled lost. "Everyone lives their life the way they have to," he said. And looking at his watch, he concluded: "Think we're getting ready for dinner!"

When the three captains were sitting with their other comrades a while later, it was pretty quiet for the time being. The radio had just recently repeated the last Wehrmacht report, which had sounded little comfort. Above all, Lieutenant Mohr, who had just moved to Vernäs and had arrived with Küpper, showed a depressed, almost desperate expression. He still felt like a stranger here and had so far only had a discussion with Lieutenant White. White was sitting next to him, but was pondering his own sad thoughts.

The commander rose immediately after dinner. 'Sit still, gentlemen! - I still have

to do an urgent thing. v. Wendt, can you come with me right away? «

The adjutant got up immediately and said yes. Colonel Troll said a few soft words to him. v. Wendt's eyes widened and he replied promptly: "Let's do it, Commander, let's do it!" With long strides he hurried ahead of the colonel.

No sooner were the two officers out of the room than a broad-shouldered lieutenant, who had his seat next to the adjutant, made a calm, gesture. "Children, listen!" He cried. "The colonel whispered a few pulls of wine to the Adju. You can call me monkey ass if the adju is not with the stallion now and actually gets a few drops at the request of the commander! «

»Bravo, bravo! - A good idea from the old! - Great! "The mood was immediately relaxed. It did not take long for the stallion to appear personally with his assistant and to put down a carrying box with wine bottles that had been towed by two. Afterwards came v. Turns and laughs maliciously. "Greetings from the commander, comrades! - He lets you say that you should refuel intently and not sit there so bang-headed. It's like a corpse association here. - See you again and leave me a bunch! "

"All right, Adju! Bumblebee, bumblebee. "

The bottles delivered were just enough to start up a higher mood. Even Major Küpper did not adorn himself in any way, but held

unabashedly brave with the drink. In a beautiful tenor voice he sang the pilot's song "Bomben auf Engelland" and the other soldier and compatriot styles. When he uncorked the last bottles, he asked the group: "Isn't there an alcohol filling

station here in Vernäs from where you can get supplies?"

Lieutenant Zastrow, a dashing Berliner, immediately crowed: " Major, of course! There's a little Budicke at the entrance to the town, where you..."

"Enough," said Küpper. 'Do you want to drive, Lieutenant? - I donate fifty marks. "

The major's donation quickly turned into a remarkable collection. Zastrow took over the sum and asked White to come along. They hurriedly left.

As the lively conversation continued, Recke looked at Mohr across the table. The newcomer sat in his chair, introverted, paying little attention to his surroundings.

His eyes were a little watery.

"Hey, Lieutenant, aren't you going to go limp? Come over to me. Captain Reimer and I will entertain you until White comes back. Just come!  
«

Mohr accepted the invitation without hesitation. He tipped his glass down and hugged it tightly as he changed places. "I'm so free," he said politely.

Recke immediately filled up with him. "Cheers,

Lieutenant! May you get used to us soon. We have wonderful comrades here. "

"Yes," the lieutenant said mechanically. He drank again hastily. There was a hectic flush on his handsome boy's face.

Time passed and suddenly the two lieutenants were back. "We brought rum," they called. »That gives a great grog!«

"That's where the kitchen bull comes from!" Cried one. »Smutje, Smutje! ... «

As a little later v. When Wendt came back, he already found a noisy society, large mists in the room and cigarette smoke. Mohr was about to change his place again and was already

staggering to White and Zastrow, who had called him over.

"You will soon be heavy," the adjutant said to him. Don't overexert yourself. «

"Huck," chuckled the lieutenant. »Huck - everything is one! Tri - drink as long as there is something there. Then it's za- zappenduster anyway . Huck. «

"Mohr, you're a dashing guy. Don't give up now! «

»Whack, wow, that's why I was ordered here - here. Huck, huck. - Spitfires removed

- shot down - shot down - huck - almost martial law. Bloody mess, captain! Ko - comic war. Punishment for cutting, haha! All treason and shit ... «

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v. Wendt patted his shoulder reassuringly. "Don't take it tragically, Mohr! There is no such thing with us. Heads up!"

Mohr shook his head stubbornly. »Huck - everything is shit - shit - ...«

"- Apparently, you want to say, don't you?" Recke, who had joined, laughed out loud.

Lieutenant Mohr dropped his empty glass onto the floor, where, describing a semicircle, it remained broken under the table. "Ni - not even broken glass," he whispered sadly. Seeking support at the row of chairs, he staggered out of the room.

"Got it," laughed White to Recke and Reimer.

Recke remained serious. "But that's not the alcohol

blame, but the worm at heart! «

"Actually yes," the lieutenant nodded. "As I said at the airfield today."

Mohr's departure had not gone unnoticed. Most of the officers had already risen from their seats and were chatting in groups before leaving. Almost all of them had small eyes.

It was Küpper who gave the final signal for a general departure. "Let's make sure we get in the

mouth!"

The moment a small swarm emerged from the room, the bright blow of a shot whipped through the night. The chat stopped immediately.

"Out!" Shouted Küpper. "See what's going on ..."  
Completely disillusioned, the officers hurried outside. The

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light-accustomed eyes saw only deep blackness at first. Slowly they got used to the dark. A door opened from the neighboring staff building and a broad beam of light illuminated the surroundings. The massive figure of the commander stood in the door frame like a silhouette. "What kind of mess is there?"

The figure of a soldier emerged from the darkness of the night. The man went up to the commander and reported: "Private Kohl on patrol, Colonel! The shot came from the officers' quarters."

'It's good, cabbage. Go ahead! I'll see for myself ... «

Followed by his officers, the commander went to the quarters. When they entered the small building, everything was quiet. The passage was empty.

"Nobody can be here except Mohr," said White shyly. "We are all together here otherwise ?!"

"Where's Mohr housed?" Asked Colonel Troll.

White pointed to the next door. »Here,  
command

deur! "The colonel took a few steps forward and opened the door. "Oh -"

The officers pushed behind him and looked into the room. The ceiling light was on and at first only showed the sparse furnishings. Gutmann was the first to point to a figure lying on the floor. "Mohr ..."

The young lieutenant lay stretched out on the floor and in front of his open right hand

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his gun. His face was white as a whitewashed wall and a small dark stain was slowly spreading out of a temple wound on the wooden floor. The corners of the dead man's mouth were twisted bitterly.

The commander broke the icy silence first. "Where's the senior doctor?"

"Here, commander!" The called man pushed forward. Colonel Troll stepped aside and let him pass. With a stubborn expression, he followed the doctor's actions. The other officers also watched with shock.

'Nothing to do, Colonel! There are limits to us humans... «

"I know." He went to the dead man quickly and picked up the pistol.

He weighed it thoughtfully in his hand for a moment before quickly inserting it with determination. Then he turned to his men. "Show your comrade the last love service by putting him on the bed!" White and Zastrow came to the wish of the Commander immediately after.

"All of you come in, gentlemen. Put something together if I may ask. We all have room. "The colonel looked at the officers in turn. "Gentlemen, I know why Lieutenant Mohr was transferred to us. It will be enough for you if I declare that the man is a victim of his loyalty and courage. "In a raised voice he continued:" Mohr fought on a lost post, as we do here. He deserves the highest recognition and

Meanness harvested. At that he broke. We want to be good comrades and also think of his relatives. - Lieutenant Mohr died fatally on duty, gentlemen! - Roger that!"

The officers tightened and nodded silently. Most of them had a gagging throat.

The colonel nodded. "Thank you, gentlemen!" Then in the usual tone: "I will make the report myself and enter the lieutenant later for the EK1. - Senior doctor, take care of the rest. «

The commander glanced at the pale boy's face again with stony expressions and left the scene of the accident with quick steps. The relay officers followed distraught and went into their quarters.

Gutmann picked up Reimer and Recke the next morning. The three of them trudged across the airfield. A hazy morning mist lay over the fjord landscape and the cold, damp air made the officers shiver slightly. They had already received word from the adjutant that Major Küpper would tell them when they would receive the order from the commander. The sad thing about young Lieutenant Mohr preoccupied her thoughts and made them silent and slightly embittered.

At the other end of the field, the contours of the strange twin apparatus balanced themselves out of the general

puffing clouds of fog. A guard folded up just in front of the plane and reported to Recke, who was a step ahead: "Captain, command from the commander - access to the plane is only permitted when Major Küpper is accompanied!"

"I know," said Recke gently. "The major brought us in."

The man writhed. "I have an explicit order, Captain!"

"Well, let's wait a bit," said Reimer good-naturedly. "Küpper will come soon."

The guard slipped the karabiner's strap and started again as the three officers stopped. Küpper came ten minutes later. It was exactly half past seven.

"Tomorrow, gentlemen," he said casually as the captains took a stand. He shook hands quickly and hurried toward the machine. »Immediately climb into the box and look at the device. A little later we have wonderful flight weather - if your weather relay has not lied - we can start flying in right away. So let's get down to business in no time! «



At ten o'clock the time had come for Küpper to order: "Let the tanks fill up, gentlemen!"

Gutmann screamed across the square. Ground staff gave warning signs and hurried to the

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Order to obey.

"The machine has two excellent DB 603 A engines twice," the major continued to explain. »Be careful when landing, gentlemen, since the main chassis has been reduced to two wheel units. For this purpose, the entire center piece was freed up for fuel intake. The machine's top speed is 725 kilometers per hour. As you can also see, the crew rooms are designed as pressure chambers. Armament - none!

But you can get an M-Pi just in case - for example if you have to make an emergency landing. "Küpper went into some technical details and then decided:" As requested, Hauptmann Gutmann comes to the right single seat for the second control while you gentlemen - " he nodded to Reimer and Recke," - move into the left seats together. See to it that you soon agree which of you will hand over the pilot and the radio operator. So - « The major stopped because the men were just arriving to fill up the machine. "Good, good," he said. "Hey, you earthworms, do something dalli!"

The four officers moved away from the machine. Küpper and Recke lit a cigarette.

A non-commissioned officer came up to the group after a little while. "Done!" He reported.

"Thank you!" Then the major turned to the captains: "So fly in the box. Neck-

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and broken leg! "He casually looked at the wristwatch. »Watch out for enemy planes. You

have a task and cannot defend yourself! ... «

When the three officers crawled into their booths ready to fly, it looked as if three clumsy fur animals were climbing around. They closed the canopy, checked the position of the larynx microphones, and fiddled with the collars of their combinations.

The engines started thundering. Reimer had taken the pilot's place and turned back to Recke. The latter just nodded. When the Linz man looked back at the field, Küpper was personally giving the dial tone.

A fine vibration ran through the plane. Like a living being, Reimer thought and let the machine roll. She rose easily and described a slight curve in the climb, which should lead her beyond the water surface of the fjord. The lead-gray water of the estuary flashed peacefully like a Central European alpine lake. Only the mountains showed the northern harshness and force that lacked green slopes.

Operating the joystick, Reimer said through the microphone: "The box is fine. It's a fine flight. «

"I think so too," came Recke. Gutmann from the next door also reported: "Works without complaint!"

Reimer scanned the Aasenfjord, then the one on the

protruding peninsula pounding peaks at freezing and headed towards Namsos. He made a loop over the Lingenfjord, turned over the Flattanger group and made a detour across the open sea. He tried out the elevator and rudder, let the machine sag a little, started gliding with throttled engines, slipped sideways and carefully checked the fittings.

Recke tried the position determinations, Gutmann also calculated and passed his determined values through the microphone.

Recke supplemented this with the values of the sky compass and actually got flawless results.

An hour later they flew to Vernäs again and landed smoothly.

"Commanded Gutmann, Reimer, and Recke to take the order, Colonel!" Recke reported as the senior.

"Good, gentlemen! Major Küpper told me that you already felt overgrown with the new machine. So fly in God's name! - Before I hand over the order to you, I have to give you some useful and necessary explanations. "The commander examined the three officers standing before he continued:" We are well aware of the war situation. In their home country, their own soil is already being defended on both fronts. In Celebrity - Reich Propaganda Ministry - has already made a declaration that the Wehrmacht into the

The Alpine fortress under construction will withdraw, in order to end the war victoriously from there with the help of new weapons and circumstances. "An ironic, bitter smile played furtively around the colonel's mouth. »In the race against time, as well as for strategic reasons, the High Command decided to set up a secret base on Greenland as well, which on the one hand was to be the starting point for a tongs movement for the recovery of lost home soil and also an excellent and dangerous base of operations against America would. In order not to endanger the construction and equipment of this base, great caution and secrecy is advised. The exact position of this location is given in the order, which you only have to open after starting from our northern air base in the Porsangerfjord. We want to call this place X-point for the time being . As Major Küpper informed me, X-Punkt even has a small field aerodrome, the greatest possible expansion of which is currently being worked on. You yourself, gentlemen, will remain there for an indefinite period of time and will make

known and utilize the experiences made on your flight with the new navigation device. It is possible that the entire weather group will be moved from here to there. I don't know anything about the whole group here. Maps have v. Wendt is already adequately prepared. I have taken care of your needs so that you are not worried for your physical well-being

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need to be. Remember that by fulfilling your task you have made an important contribution to the plan of the OKL or OKW. To think of everything, I decided on Major Küpper's suggestion that all three of you be equipped with M-Pi's . I already had the weapons requested and picked up by the garrison in Drontheim yesterday. You are already on the plane. I am fully aware of the severity of your assignment and since you can also be exposed to extraordinary dangers, I do not want to have missed anything. Do you want to express a wish? «

The three men in the thick combinations looked at each other. "No thanks, Colonel!" Replied Recke for everyone.

"Good. - By the way, radio communication is only desirable in extreme emergencies. Also take this into account as an instruction from the OKL. So that would be all in a few words. I would have liked to be one of you myself. So I have to limit myself to giving you my best wishes on the way!" The commander came out from behind his table and shook hands firmly with his men. "Take care!"

"We are doing our duty!" Said Recke simply. "I know that. Otherwise I would not have chosen you and proposed for this company as part of the ›Ultima Thule‹ campaign. Make sure you get to your machine now! «

In the commander's vestibule, the captains came across Major Küpper, who was chatting quietly with the adjutant.

"Ha, so here are our polar animals," joked the major. "I'll go with you!"

v. Wendt regretted not being able to join. He must remain at the command of the commander. "Nonetheless - see you soon!"

"Are you in the picture?" Asked Küpper on the way to the machine.

"Total, Major!"

"Which one of you has the order?"

"I did," said Recke. "The commander gave it to me when I said goodbye."

'I have to go back to the desk in Berlin. To the planning staff in the OKL. Hopefully we don't have bad fish there like everywhere else. «

Küpper sighed resignedly. "I still fly back today."

The men walked across the tarmac to the machine on the side. For the comrades nearby and the ground staff, it no longer seemed like a short test flight or official flight.

They climbed into the twin machine again. Küpper was comradely helpful before he stepped down to clear the start.

The cab roofs closed, Reimer pushed the stick forward, the engines sang their booming song, the machine rolled up, lifted off the floor,

hovered, flew.

Another lap of honor to say goodbye across the square and then a steep curve into the fjord. Three men flew towards a fate unknown to them with a secret order.

The hum of the motors sounded monotonous. Scraps of cloud sailed deep beneath the machine, ridges and cracks in the Norwegian mountains

darkened from the depths. Vernäs and thus Drontheim were already far south.

Recke, who, like Gutmann on the other side, looked through the window panes at the airspace and the ground, shouted through the microphone: »We have been released from boredom. But still - it was nice in Drontheim. «

"Yes, it was nice." It was Gutmann who spoke over. "It was because I hardly think we'll ever see this place again."

"Oho," said Recke. "Pessimist?"

"No way," came back from the second cabin. "Only convinced that fate will not lead us back!"

Reimer kept on course along the coast. From Namsos he stopped against Mo. At the island of Vågen they spotted two transporters steaming south, which were accompanied by a destroyer. The Linz flew lower so that the people below could easily remove the cross of the German Air Force. Behind the ships there was a white, sprayy web.

To the west of the Sandhorn peninsula, in front of Bodö at the entrance to the great Vestfjord, the carefully looking warden raised the alarm. "Enemy plane sideways in front of us!"

Reimer immediately followed the direction indicated by Recke's outstretched hand.

"Enemy reconnaissance," said the Linz man. "Who is afraid of whom now?" His light laugh sounded like the cooing of a bird through the microphone. He jerked the stick around and hurried toward the strange machine.

"Are you insane?" Barked Recke. His right hand clawed into Reimer's shoulder. »Think of our mission«

"That's why!" Reimer showed a sly face in seconds. He flew thundering towards the enemy. The British emblem shone across from its fuselage and tail surface.

The enemy must also have noticed the strange-looking airplane with the two fuselages. He immediately changed his original direction and tried to escape after a cloud bank lying seaward.

"Into the laundry room with him!" Reimer cried cheerfully. He increased the flight speed to scare the enemy even more.

The enemy plane fell on the bluff. It could not have known that the strange construction of the Germans was a harmless, unarmed machine. It was obviously trying to reach the protective clouds. But it was hardly in the white-gray bench

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disappeared, Reimer turned and headed for the country. Gutmann's voice became audible: »That was pound and easy! Better than pinching and having the other on your neck. «

Reimer crossed the mouth of the Ofotenfjord, flew over Tjallö, leaving Narvik on the right, and turned into the Solbergfjord. He had flown this route a few months ago and knew that he would now reach ONO, the field airfield at the southern end of the Porsangerfjord.

Colonel Troll hadn't said too much when he declared that he was personally or through v. Wendt took care of the food. They were adequately and exquisitely provided with everything that was necessary on a longer flight, including reserves if they had to stop over due to a breakdown - if this seemed possible. Since no enemy contact was to be expected on this route from Narvik, the planes enjoyed a good snack.

When they later landed on the northernmost airfield of the German Air Force in Europe, everything was ready to fill up the fuel tanks. Colonel Troll had notified them by radio.

The first impression they received after landing was not particularly encouraging. There has already been talk of abandoning the airfield and largely destroying it. Due to a lack of fuel, the operations against the road from Murmansk had to be abandoned, and reconnaissance aircraft and

Troop reports have already brought customers of an approach by Soviet and Finnish troops in the northernmost zone. Apparently the Norwegian bastion should be rolled up from the north.

Nagging, cursing and depressed, the members of this air force did their necessary service. "We don't even get home with our machines," complained the people as they refueled.

"What do you want," Gutmann said along the way, "There will soon be no airfield at home anymore!"

"What a mess!" Growled the people.

They stayed overnight, which, incidentally, was already strangely bright and only started the next morning to continue their flight. Here, too, they received the best wishes of their comrades for the unknown flight.

"We're keeping northwest," Reimer had said, looking at Recke. "Then you can open the order!"

When the airfield was behind them, Recke complied. The order was:

»... Flight over the geographic and magnetic north pole, then approach to point X (see position according to the map sketch attached). Temporary stay at the new base. «

"Where is this strange point X.?" Reimer asked the comrade sitting behind him.

"Here in Northeast Greenland!" Recke pushed the map sketch over his shoulder.

"I also ask for an explanation!" Gutmann intervened from his cabin.

Recke complied with his request.

"Let's use the large map to set the basic course for us!" Replied Reimer. "Beware of the Spitsbergen!"



"I know, I know," said Recke. His eyes shone. The excitement about this big and dangerous job had gripped him. Now he understood why Major Küpper had put so much emphasis on warm equipment.

After a while Gutmann spoke over the microphone: "Everything will come as it is intended and intended!"

"What do you mean, stargazer?" Asked Reimer.

But Gutmann preferred to remain silent.

## THE BRIGHT NIGHT

**' Is it just what I see?  
Is it gods twilight?  
Bury riding!  
You spur the steed with pointed irons!  
Or is homecoming lent to the heroes? "**  
**(Edda: Helgis return)**

The Nordland sky arched shady and gray over the dark, lead-colored surface of the sea. The sun was veiled behind the eastern horizon, matt-colored, almost whitish opalescent. The loneliness was depressing.

Reimer headed for the passage between the Spitsbergen Islands and Franz Josef Land . A dark point passed through the water southeast of

Ostspitzbergen. A Russian transporter. The wake was just a thin gray-white line.

The German machine descended deeper. Suddenly, thick smoke was smoking from one side of the chimney and the steamer was picking up speed. He had already spotted and recognized the enemy. On the zigzag course he tried to avoid an expected bomb attack.

"A fat chunk!" Said Recke, looking attentively into the depths. "He's jerking around like crazy. It was probably no longer possible to dream of encountering a German plane in this area. There - « bar

dealt with his radio, "the guy is already radioing the green harbor in the coal bay!"

"It doesn't matter," said Reimer. "Why shouldn't people have an air raid alarm?"

"I feel like a toothless wolf. No bombs, no guns! ... «The captain from Kassel swore. Reimer tightened the height control again. Leaving the ship with the curved wake behind them, they continued their course. They scanned the White Island. The bright glacier glittered from the left side of the Spitsbergen Group from the left. "We have already flown through the eightieth degree of latitude!" Said the man from Linz.

The drifting ice spots increasingly interrupted the monotonous surface of the sea. The clods and icebergs swam lazily there, partly dirty white, partly crystals.

"When I look down there, I'm getting cold. Despite our heatable combination! "Reimer shook himself like a dog pulled out of the water.

"We want to take a hot sip!" Suggested Recke. He reached for the thermos and poured hot tea with rum. Carefully, he first handed the mug to Reimer in the front. "Unfortunately I can't serve Gutmann," he said.

"I opened my thermos beforehand," replied Gutmann from next door. "I was already cold with this sky color!"

After drinking, Recke took the cards again

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in front. He measured the distances of the planned route to the X point on Greenland. »Donnerwetter - we have to stay on course damn sharp and beware of damage! We only have five out of a hundred more fuel in the tanks than we will necessarily consume. »

"I already know that," Reimer said calmly. »Above all, it is the remote magnetic pole that forces us to bow. I've only known since our start that this position is already on mainland Canada. «

"Yes, on the Boothia Peninsula, north of the Franklin Isthmus. I would never have dreamed of suddenly coming to America overnight. «

The drift ice increased. Enormous and bizarre shapes could be seen through the glass panes. The positions were continuously determined according to the order, whereby the new navigation device proved to be extremely useful, while the normal compass needle vibrated uneasily.

Ice, water and ice again. The areas became whiter and bigger. Huge and grandiose the blocks. Plaice balanced into barriers. Flakes swept through the air.

The engines sang evenly. Reimer was heading straight for the geographic pole. He headed straight for the first goal, now very impressed by the company's adventurous nature.

The floor picture changed. The areas of the dark

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Water melted into gullies and rivulets, the white-gray of the ice landscape spreading more and

more. After an hour's flight, the inner Arctic seemed to have been reached.

Gutmann made a comment: "Atmospheric disturbances."

"I've already noticed," said Reimer. "But don't bother us in the course."

"Can you land at the pole?" Asked Gutmann. "I guess you already have the polar ice cream!"

Snapped Recke. "You will at least be allowed to ask?" Gutmann

felt offended.

Reimer was more pleasant. 'Of course I assume you can land. As far as I know, everything is there. We will soon be able to see it with our own eyes. However - I am not even thinking of landing. If we get damage to the chassis, we can make a cross! «

He looked over at Gutmann, who pressed his face against the windows of his cabin and looked over. His left pointed down. "How long?" Came his question.

"About half an hour," said Reimer. 'I did it too. Become a solemn

Moment!"

"Solemnly," Recke repeated as usual. "What do you do on such occasions?"

"Tilt half a mug!" "What then, Gutmann?"

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»3 SK!«

"Do you want to fool us?"

"Not at all. Have a look behind the second seat at yours, «Gutmann called indifferently.

Recke immediately did as he was told. "Eureka!" He exclaimed. "The stargazer actually stowed the stolen sweaters in with us."

'Didn't I promise that? - A hearty sip is allowed. I already have my part with me as a precaution. «

"Children, compare your measurements!" Said Reimer. "It's time now, soon. We want to fly over the pole exactly. «

The captains addressed immediately responded to the request. After a few minutes,

Recke leaned over Reimer's shoulder to read the speedometer. Then he looked at the last position and at the map. "Ten more minutes - thunder again!"

Reimer flew lower. Three pairs of eyes stared spellbound at the flat white surface that spread like an enormous white cloth. An endless white desert. An iridescent pale light lay over the area and cast a magical spell.

The tension in the men grew. Five minutes - three

...

"Here!"

Circles. - Check the position - The pole!

"Cheers! - Great cognac! - Memorable thing! - 1945,

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- Germans at the pole! - Cheers again! «

"Only three rounds of honor!" Said Reimer. Unfortunately have to go on and fly to the magnetic brother. Otherwise the fuel is not enough. Unfortunately ..."

All three men felt excited and agitated. To have just flown over the pole was an experience. Favor of fate?

After the last hairpin the machine flew again towards the Canadian side. Even further away from home.

Suddenly Gutmann from next to him shouted: "Listen, bar, don't you want to try whether the radio works?"

"Why is that?" The Kasseler was astonished.

Gutmann urgently asked for an experiment. "Try sending the letters ZYX."

"What if we give ourselves away?"

"Hardly," said Gutmann. "Try it!" Where do you think - We fly

with a secret order! «

Gutmann turned his face away and looked through the windows on the other side. He was upset. In a later position test, he only gave brief factual answers.

"Strange owl, the Gutmann," Recke said to Reimer. He knew Gutmann was listening. "What would he get if I followed his crazy idea?" Gutmann didn't respond to the conversation between the two friends in the driver's cabin. Reimer just shrugged it

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Shoulders and continued to look intently at the white land. The polar spell took possession of him. The other two captains too were silently subject to the strange mood.

Still infinite polar width. Emerging bumps on the floor cast gray shadows away from the light source. Sharp ridges serrated in the contrast between the pale white and the shadowy darkness.

Tiredness came over the plane, but the tension of the great experience was stronger. They kept staring. The machine was flying pretty low.

"Will we see polar bears on my part?" Reimer asked softly, speaking more to himself. It was his great wish, which he had in his heart, like a child who longed for a certain toy. He leaned forward slightly in his seat.

»Should I relieve you? asked Recke.

"Thanks," said Reimer. "It would be a cumbersome climb. In the end we smash a window. Something like this in the cold, as it is outside. - brrr! ... «

"I just meant it!" Weakened Recke. "But here - do you want to have pervitin?"

"Not at the moment. I would like to wait with the stimulant. You shouldn't get used to it too much. «

A quarter of an hour passed. The sky bell grew paler and shadier. Greenish lights

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twitched over the firmament. Again it was Recke who broke the long silence. "Was it all ice here since time immemorial?" This time Reimer turned in surprise. And both instinctively felt that Gutmann was looking excitedly too. A glance at the right pulpit confirmed the feeling. "There are only hypotheses about this." Reimer slowly answered. "But somehow I think it is possible that it didn't always have to be that way."

"Do you have reasons for this assumption?"

Just think of Spitsbergen; the coal seams there are evidence of an earlier flora. I also believe that Greenland, in German grassland, must have been a fertile green island. A rapidly occurring and progressive glaciation later covered this country with a deadly layer of ice. May be that the alleged Atlantis disaster is related in time. But it may also be possible that the large island was still better settled in the early Viking age. By the way - I heard that cornflowers are starting to grow in Greenland again. In the wake of the general decline in glaciers, it may very well be that at least the southern part of the formerly green country can be cultivated again. «

"I can tell you even more about it," Gutmann said. "I also know what Reimer was saying and can add to his knowledge. Because I have myself in civil life too

was studying the Iranian scriptures and was able to conclude from this that the Vendidad in the Avesta reports of a catastrophe that had broken out about a primeval race living in the previously warm Arctic regions, which had been driven away and partly destroyed by the suddenly occurring ice age winter. In said Vendidad Ahura Mazda, the white gentleman, speaks, among other things, about Zarathustra: - Once a year you see the stars, the moon and the sun go down there. And the residents think for a day what is a year. - I remembered this passage in the book

well, because it captivated me as much as the dreamlike reality among us today. In my opinion, this reference, which also refers to the orbit of the stars, is proof. This knowledge could only come from an earlier knowledge of the area and could never be a hypothesis, since the astronomy of ancient civilizations was based on careful observation. I myself am convinced that the Pole was even the original paradise ! «

"Nope -" growled Recke. "Now you're starting to put on thick!"

"You don't have to believe it," came through the microphone. "But I want to tell you more that Reimer will hardly know; the well-known researcher Dacqué will hardly be a stranger to you and is undoubtedly a recognized scientific authority. It also refers to old traditions, according to which green forests used to grow in the Arctic.

Even grapevines. Furthermore, that geologists found cuts and deposits of fossil plant remains, which confirmed the occurrence of the plants mentioned and of living things. The tests showed that it was very warm in the room during the tertiary period and that there was a lush flora. Science confirms old legends. So I say again: the Pole is the former paradise of the former Golden Age. Somewhere in these vast, lonely rooms lies the mysterious island of the Hyperboreans, and if a new era of the human race begins in the future, this will be connected to the old polar myth, just as all cultural fertilization so far came from the north. The legendary Atlantean culture was also Nordic. And in addition to Reimer's correct information, I would like to add that findings have also been made on the Greenland he has named that provide ancient Nordic cultural evidence. Danes, including Rasmussen, as well as a Canadian researcher, found the most valuable



material under the current glacier ice, which became known as the ›Thule culture‹ .

Recke snorted. "I can't imagine how you can dig in these areas at all."

'Of course not here. But probably at the ice border. Archaeologists will not have had it easy. «

"How do you explain that traces of Atlantean culture were no longer found in more accessible places?" Recke's interest began to grow.

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“Atlantis was conjectured to consist of a few very large islands that, according to Hanns Hörbiger's theory of the moon - our present satellite - sank before it orbited the earth. A major catastrophe occurred after Hörbiger and a huge tidal wave circled the globe in the direction of the equator. In the traditions of mankind, the cosmically influenced event was called the deluge. Foothills of this ancient culture were still found. The well-known Africanist Leo Frobenius confidently linked his finds in Jorubaland to it, since they had no negroid elements. Strangely enough, the German geologist and beach line researcher Edmund Kiß also found an oversized stone head near Tiahuanaco in the Bolivian Altiplano, which had purely Nordic features. Incidentally, Kiß confirmed the correctness of the Hörbiger theory on the basis of his research results in the Andean highlands . The latest speculations also point to the Doggerbank area around Helgoland, which in the annals and old maps was called the Holy Land until the seventeenth century. «

"Then do you also believe in the Plato report?" Renner asked without turning his eyes from the direction of the flight. Despite listening in, he was attentive to the operation of the aircraft and paid attention to the course.

"Yes," replied Gutmann simply. "If only because Plato couldn't afford it, from his fellow men

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to be misunderstood or viewed as a fraud and a liar. In addition, the literary genre of a historical or fantastic novel was not yet available at the time, as can be demonstrated in comparable or earlier writings. Had Plato still invented this story, he would no doubt have made it up even better for his purposes. "

The Kassel captain also observed the landscape and the airspace. Still, he said tense, "It's strange that we've been stuck in Drontheim, a world away from world history, and didn't know how to kill boredom. Right now we are actually getting to know each other based on our knowledge. We could have spent a lot of time talking about these things in more detail. "

"We would have had time. However, whether interest is questionable. Everything has its time. You often have to take the circumstances into account! "Gutmann lectured.

"Which?"

Since Gutmann was silent, Recke continued: "The deluge in connection with the Atlantean catastrophe is actually more realistic than the saga form in the Bible."

"I can come up with a little bit of knowledge here," Reimer said. »The biblical saga form is not an immediate transcript, but taken from older sources and partly copied and partly changed as required. The ancient Indian book Vana-Parva of the Mahabharata, the book

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Siva-Purana and one of the oldest, the Hari-Purana, all tell of the great flood in epic form. In the biblical version, every connoisseur of Jehovah's decision to punish people is a

repetition of the much older Brahma version in Hari-Purana. The flood is also treated in a similar way in the original Gilgamesh epic .

"Potz Blitz!" Called Gutmann. "I know that too, but I thought that would be a little too high for you."

"Do we look so stupid?" Asked Recke insulted. The Linz man smiled.

"I can tell you something strange," said Gutmann tidily. »Since Reimer already spoke of the Bible, the creation of the world in Genesis 1 came about in the same way. The Hebrew original text of the Massorah portrays Jehovah as the creator of the world, just as Vischnu, the All-Pervasive, is described in the Canti Parva , which is thousands of years older. If you open the first chapter of the Indian law Manus, you will find the beginning of Genesis almost literally. The strangest thing is the fact that an ancient myth of the Quechua Indians in the Andes almost verbatim tells the creation of the world. For me personally, there are conditions that allow conclusions to be drawn about cultural connections from the Atlantic period, as Kiß also drew when the Nordic head was exposed in the Altiplano. «

"Then the Bible would be a copy of older works."

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Kasseler couldn't hide his surprise.

"Yes," came Reimers and Gutmann's lips almost simultaneously. The latter added: "But that also has its good side, because in this way the oldest myths of humanity in our earth's period are passed down in a popular way - by plagiarists - even if the origin is not mentioned."

"Why is it all that comes to mind and packs right now?" Recke was excited.

It was silent for a moment. Then it came quietly from the right: "We are under the spell of the Pole!" Reimer looked at the restless pin of the con. "It's all very interesting," he said after a while. "But now - ask for a navigation test!"

Soldier sobriety came over the men again. The values determined again with the sky compass were OK. The technical part of her order was solved perfectly and satisfactorily based on all the results so far. Soon they would have circled the magnetic pole.

Recke compared the maps with the landscape. White paper and white-gray areas, that was right. The heights, cracks and barriers were largely unmeasured and more fictitious than actually stated. Estimating the distance from the geographic to the magnetic pole on the overall map, he came to the surprising conclusion that this distance was as great as the distance from the Porsangerfjord to the pole overflowed.

The route changed again. Generally, the dark spots and channels of the Arctic Ocean appeared again, generally getting bigger. Gigantic icebergs of grandiose appearance enlivened the show. They had reached the end of the polar central area, this time on an opposite side.

"We're going to Canada now!" Cried Reimer. "I have to ask very carefully to watch the airspace. A meeting with Canadian planes, especially those from opposing weather squadrons, is very possible. «

"Land between floating ice in sight!"

Announced Gutmann. "Already seen!" Reimer added: "The card

to Axel-Heiberg-Land. «

"We could have reached the magnetic pole in about two and a half hours," said Recke.

"That would be good, because something should be wrong with me here," Gutmann was heard speaking into the microphone. Reimer immediately jerked up. »Man, don't mess up the flight! What's going to happen? "

"I do not know it myself. I am disturbed by any sounds. We should have landed earlier. Maybe we would have noticed something. "

"Why didn't you talk about it right away?" Reimer's tone made the reproach clear. "Make

sure you figure out where the mistake is right now!"

"It's easy to say," replied Gutmann. "We

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I guess they won't be able to avoid a landing. ”“

Tube druff! ”Recke urged Linz to

Fast flight on. “Make us whiz around the magnetic pole at a monkey speed of one hundred and seventy-five antelopes per second. Maybe we are faster than Gutmann suspected! «

Reimer immediately followed Recke's advice. The song of the engines sounded brighter, the machine shot forward and the cloudy country at her feet slid back as if pulled away.

"This monkey ride will destroy us even faster!" Howled Gutmann from the right. "There's something going on with me if I only knew ..."

"I don't understand," said Reimer excitedly. »We checked the machine carefully before we started in Vernäs. The flight went in without complaint too! ”Nevertheless, he slowed again. A full load on the machine was more dangerous when it came to saving time.

"Funny guy, the Gutmann!" Growled Recke. “Finds something going on and don't know what. If he gets a head shot, he scratches his knee first! «

"Sit over there!" Shouted Gutmann angrily, because he could hear every conversation through the headphones. "Then you will think you are walking on a mine."

"Don't mess around," said Reimer. »If something is really wrong with Gutmann, then it is

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the situation is much too serious for us to be still in our hair. If there is no other way, we will have to land. Because if Gutmann finds no fault in the cabin -. There won't be a material defect indicating breakage? - «

"I couldn't explain it otherwise," came the right. "Hopefully we can find a cheap landing area somewhere," continued the man from Linz. He turned with a concerned expression. "According to the maps, we will be able to land near the magnetic pole. They show enough areas. Gotta hurry if we don't want to freeze. "

The Kasseler moaned: »We'll have blue noses! Our home Christmas in winter will be a midsummer night's dream. «

The plane continued south. One of the eastern Parry Islands appeared between ice and water , soon afterwards the narrow western foothills of Devon Island. Then drift ice again until Franklin Island came into view.

"Now we're already in Canadian!" Reimer said it matter-of-factly. Still, he had that strange, awe-inspiring feeling that strikes anyone who sees another part of the world for the first time. For all three of them it seemed to be the great adventure of their lives, without inner preparation, suddenly being able to get to know the end of the world and the new continent. They could not have known that they had first drawn a card from a game that had fate ready for them. Since Gutmann's alarm, Reimer paid double attention to it

Sounds of the engines and the functioning of the equipment. Everything he checked was fine. The man from Kassel decided to take a closer look at the now dangerous airspace and to determine new positions. Another waterway. The Barrow Street. And still ice in between. Despite the heated combinations and cabins, the aviators felt the cold. Then further south. The summer set island rose with rising coast. The plateau of the island was tundra. Just like the northern half of

the Axel- Heiberg country that has already been flown over .

“If we keep our four hundred kilometers an hour, so to speak, we'll be over the island in half an hour. Then only the narrow Bellotstrasse separates us, «explained the man from Linz.

It was a majestic but depressing country. In spite of the monotony and the infinitely thin expanse, the men on the plane never tired of watching everything. Even though they were already in the polar skimos zone, they noticed no signs of human presence. There, very suddenly, on the icy south bank of the island, dark spots in motion! - The machine crashed down like a bird of prey. Reimer was the first to shout: "There - seals - off - no, walruses - there are walruses!"

"Yes, walruses!" Echoed Gutmann as Recke stretched his neck forward. »The first animals. We haven't seen polar bears and we haven't even seen whaling spawning. "Reimer didn't let it go, a long one

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Loop to fly the animals. The plane roared low over the dark, shiny bodies. The animals were seen waddling excitedly across the beach; the open throat looked like dark red dots. from which the terrible tusks shimmered white. Some animals hurriedly slipped into the splashing water and dived. And as if moved by a magic hand, flocks of brown-feathered birds suddenly rose into the air, which had previously been quietly perched on the slopes. And then - animals a little more sideways.

Slipping to the right, the men saw some alkes. With their beaks held up steeply, they eyed the strange-looking giant bird, which made so much noise. Her wings fluttered.

Reimer pulled the joystick up and climbed up again. A glance at the armatures showed him that the magnetic needle in the compass was dancing like crazy. To the comrades he said: "We are now over Bellotstrasse. Straight ahead is the northernmost point of mainland Canada. The

Boothia peninsula. We have reached the magnetic pole in half an hour! «

"The new navigation has proven itself one hundred percent!" Recke replied. »We have satisfactorily solved three of a total of four individual orders in our order. We only have number four left - X point! «

The continent's new peninsula also showed a snowy tundra landscape. Reimer now flew again at a higher altitude to avoid surprises from the air

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to be assured. The distance to the closest major airfields of the opponent was only about five to six flight hours. If the airspeed is higher, even less. The men's senses, sharpened by earlier enemy flights, lurked.

There - finally - the farthest target of your order! The geographic position of the magnetic pole in the north was reached. The point, almost on the edge of the Arctic Circle, which, like a symbolic boundary mark, pointed the way into the civilization of the other, now hostile, hemisphere. The new navigation device showed the exact position and the plane went lower.

Loneliness all around. The Arctic Ocean lazily hit the coast around Cape Adelaide, where the magnetic pole lay. The dusky twilight still stood in the sky.

Recke was the first to speak. "I think we are the first German soldiers of this war to set foot on the American continent not as prisoners but as opponents!"

"That is so," admitted Reimer. »Strange - the war against America is actually not really popular with us. Many people of German descent live here today, who carry arms against the people of their ancestors. Against a country in whose struggle for freedom and in whose culture we have a significant part! ««

Recke agreed. "Naturally; we have nothing against America and America hardly against us.



However - with their relentless and unsoldistic  
Luftraid

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my sister died against Dresden. The murder of hundreds of thousands of women and children was wicked! See - we fight soldiers against soldiers - but they destroyed culture and murdered mercilessly where German hearts beat ... «

"You didn't tell us about that - because of your sister," Gutmann called over. "Still - believe me, it's not hatred, it's agitation!"

"Right! - But the haters' clique leads the mass of those who are chased and keeps pushing them! In one you can believe the celebrity: it is the morning women who laid the foundation stone for an upcoming chaos in Casablanca! - Because in a turn - I no longer believe in a turn. We're undoubtedly too late with our war-turning weapons." Recke said it calmly, like a person who has come to terms with facts.

Reimer squeezed the stick to get close to the ground. »You are right, Günther - I also no longer believe in a change. We have already lost too many opportunities. But that means that we will be here today as soldiers, but tomorrow as prisoners. From Greenland ... "He forced the machine eastward at an angle. »So - let's first see where we can land briefly. Somewhere here ... «

Three pairs of eyes eyed the area below them. The men were well aware that a bad landing with a break would end their mission. And therefore no return home.

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It was Linz himself who found a place that appeared just in the Boothia Gulf view . "Keep your fingers crossed, children!"

"If only that goes well ..." sighed Recke.  
"Everything is still full of snow."

Reimer had never before landed with so much care and care. Snow dust and scraps of hard heaped backwards. The throttled engines hummed dully. The machine swayed as it rolled out.

Reimer had paid close attention to the area and had to make a slight curve to avoid a small depression. Then he had accomplished the trick of bringing the machine entrusted to him to a standstill without a break.

Gutmann was the first to push the canopy back impatiently. "Damn it, it's still really cold!" He tried to climb out of the apparatus with stiff legs.

The second canopy flew back. The suddenly breaking fresh air stabbed the two occupants' faces almost painfully. They also started to get out. Her legs were stiff and clammy. They didn't really want to obey. Before the jump off the ground, Reimer switched off the engines. Afterwards he said: "Hopefully they will start again afterwards. In the cold

... But I have to save fuel with every drop. Otherwise you will later find lonely icy men on Greenland. «

The men threw their arms around to stimulate blood circulation in the cold and stretched their legs. "Don't you notice anything?" Asked Recke after rubbing his nose before.

"What is it?" Reimer was still pounding like an Indian dance.

"Well - we are on the road for almost fifteen hours and hardly notice a difference between day and night."

"Here is half a year of night and half a year of day," Gutmann said with a fine smile. »We have already explained this repeatedly in Vernäs, where we have also been close to the Arctic Circle!«

"It's nice when we have bright nights. That makes flying easier. Still, I suddenly feel tired of being righteous!" Reimer yawned exasperatingly.

"Careful - jaw lock!" Warned Recke with a smile. »However - I'm tired too. We'll take pervitin! «

"I've already taken it," Gutmann said. »Oddly, I can't complain about tiredness. Will take Reimers place! «

The Linz man was not averse. "If you want? ... They strode to the right hull where Gutmann had been sitting. Reimer climbed up first and thoroughly examined the second control, the connections and cables, but could not find anything. Together with Recke, he struck with his thick gloves

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against the metal parts of the fuselage and the wing. Everything was fixed. No crack, no loosening.

Meanwhile, Gutmann had crawled into the left cabin on the other side. Recke looked after him with a shy look. "What is the stargazer looking for here, huh?"

"Leave him," Reimer said inattentively. He was busy looking for a mistake. After a while shaking his head, he said: "I would like us to start again. Maybe Gutmann was overwrought..." He stopped when Recke suddenly grabbed his arm.

"But now it's too colorful for me!" The Kasseler rumbled. »All the time the stargazer is already working on my place. Come over there, Herbert!

"They clumsily trudged around the chassis.

When they got to the other side, the first thing they saw was the curved back of their companion. Recke swung himself up first.

Carefully and slowly, as if going out to catch animals. He saw Gutmann working deeply on the radio. Now Recke was completely stuck. His face was angry red with only the cold nose sticking out pale blue. 'You damned carrion, you

Crazy boy - you must have a polar flare!

"Gutmann started in shock. In contrast to Recke

he was suddenly pale. He wanted to reply, but his lips just twitched.

"Gutmann sparked!" Called the Kasseler Reimer, who appeared next to him. »Just want to know - what and for what? ... «

The Linz man pushed **up** to the cabin opening and

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slid into his seat. "Is that really true, Gutmann?"

"Yes, it is true! I had to do it. But I can't tell you yet ..."

Above all, Reimer tried to start the engines again. In vain a few times. The cold quickly cooled. Then - Reimer already looked worried - a few times: tack - tack - a slight tremor and the propellers started to circle again. »Wusch - we had a pig again! - Because of your imagination, stargazer, we were almost frozen to the pole. Teixl- "he added in his dialect. When he turned, Recke had just pulled the gun. "What did you spark?"

Now Reimer started: "You stupid mutton! Do you want to wage a private war? "He raised Recke's hand, releasing the cold steel grip of the weapon. The pistol rolled onto the floor of the seat at Reimer's feet. »Put the glove back on, Günther! - And you Gutmann - out with the truth! - Quick, quick - we mustn't waste time if we want to get on with the fuel; so - «

At that moment - Gutmann had the receiver off - he raised his hand and commanded silence. Recke also jumped into his seat and squeezed next to Gutmann. He pressed his left ear curiously against the outer half of the receiver.

-Tü-tü-ZYX - ZYX - stop - await you - stop - position - - - « A crackling and crackling was annoying . "- New - - ordw - - - zig degrees - - ad brei - - tü-tü -.

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"Damn it!" Gutmann said angrily. "What's going on there?" He fumbled. Now - repetition: »Z - Y - X ... await you ...«

Recke made a face like Dummerjahn. He had heard the call sign that Gutmann had asked him to send some time ago. And ZYX had answered! - You were expected. Who was ZYX? "

The engines were still throttled. Reimer, probably very curious himself, waved it off. "Go on, Gutmann, get out of your cabin! - We have to continue ... «

»I promised to relieve you! - I'm still fresh. Hurry up - «

"No, you can't, Gutmann. If I leave you with Recke, you'll be in your hair again. If only one of you needs to get a koller, then adjus ... So go quickly - march, march! ... «

Gutmann hesitated. Then Recke gave him a push. "Go ahead, go ahead ..."

It took him a while to be in his pulpit. The roofs were closed again, the windows slightly matt. "We have to wait for some warmth inside," Reimer called. "Gutmann, make sure you watch the runway well ahead. So we don't catch holes! «

This time it was Recke who was getting new characters in the device. "Great radio," he said, "there is a whole heavenly concert in the air!"

"Our Gutmann woke up the whole world," said Reimer. »Hey, stargazer - explain quickly,

what it all means! - «

"Not now - the time is too short! - Only one thing: You must fly according to my instructions! I took a card over to the cabin. Or more simply - I fly with my controls. Reimer can doze a little and you, Recke, pay attention to earth and airspace. We get on with fuel because the new route is shorter. «

'It can only be a betrayal! said Recke tonelessly. His strong body trembled with excitement.

"Treason? - No! "Shouted Gutmann passionately. "No and again - no!"

"Do you have a second order that neither of us should know about yet?"

"Order?" A little pause. - Then: »Order? - Yes! ...  
«The Linz driver ran his gloved hands over the edges of the pane, which were still showing coating.

»It is an unfortunate action when a team is played out among themselves. First it says: Secret order, bar, take it as the senior ... - Then, Captain Gutmann, another order! - Who should understand that? - Gutmann, I almost think you are playing an irresponsible game that we do not understand! «

"I'll try to explain to you during the flight. Let's just get out of here first!" He saw Reimer nodding in agreement, while Recke stubbornly looked ahead.

The machine started to roll slowly. Again, fine snow flags blew away from the side of the chassis. Also a few

dark scraps of moss lichen underneath.

Reimer had to pull himself together. The cold outside had, contrary to expectations, refreshed him in spite of its unpleasant quality, but his heated combination suit aroused his need for sleep again. 'Give me a pill forward, Günther! - Pervitin...' His eyes were wide open, staring at the track.

It appeared to be smooth. Ten meters, twenty meters, forty, - the white snow hurt when I looked. Yellow and purple circles danced in front of Reimer. Gutmann shouted from the right. "Caution!"

A push, The right side of the machine fell off with a little jerk. The right undercarriage had bumped into a hollow and was not really coming out. The machine made a slight involuntary turn.

Reimer immediately put on the rudder and throttled the engines again. There was an even larger swivel, a small jerk forward in the new direction, then the machine hung again.

"Out! - Look! "Ordered Reimer as he brought the plane to a complete stop.

The cab roofs flew back again, the other captains jumped, much faster this time, to the ground and to the right chassis. What they saw was not particularly pleasant.

The bike was in a hollow that was half-blown by the snow and could only be seen at close range. Gutmann actually only had it at the last moment

spied so that his warning could no longer stop. The rotation of the machine had caused the wheel to slide about one meter in the longitudinal direction of the trough oval, but could not take the almost ridiculously small incline due to the weight on it.

"We have to add something to prevent it from sliding off!" Shouted Gutmann.

"Easy to say -" said Recke. "We have nothing with us!"

The men looked at each other helplessly, because they had not acclimatized, they froze horribly. They thought they were wearing an insensitive mask instead of the face. The draft of the slowly rotating propellers whipped up the cold air. Reimer no longer dared to stop the engines altogether.

Gutmann tried to scrape the floor with his fur boots to expose moss lichen that could be used as a rolling pad. It turned out to be so tedious that it was not worth it without the equipment. So he stopped doing what he was doing and hurried back to the fuselage, where he got a larger tool. As quickly as his thick clothes allowed him, he raked rags of moss next to the hollow. Recke had followed his example without saying a word.

It was a long time before they covered the hollow with a thick layer of matted growth in the continuation of the wheel line. »Try to start, Reimer! - Maybe we'll take the box out now. "

The engines boomed again and the propellers described a glassy circle. The machine rolled on again and this time advanced a little. But she couldn't get all the way down the slope.

Standstill again. The Linz man also jumped out of the plane and brought a rope roll with him. "Lay under snake turns!"

Again it was Gutmann who first grabbed the rope and hastily took it over. Recke helped him and Reimer hurried back to his seat.

When I tried to start rolling again, the wheel almost came up to the edge, then suddenly the whole moss mat, including the rope, slid into the hollow. However, they had gained one meter. Several times they repeated the attempt and the men got really warm at work. It took almost an hour before they managed to get the right chassis out of the trough without breaking.

The men, like Reimer, had had to fight the fatigue that a previous long-haul flight inevitably brought with them. Recke was almost reconciled with Gutmann, because his smuggled cognac had become a valuable source of heat. The cold that still prevailed had struck them very unusually. The stimulant she had given had also been pumped up when they carried out their work with haste and all their strength.

Just as they were about to climb into their cabins, a rapidly increasing hum interrupted the silence of the white wasteland. Shortly thereafter, a rapidly sliding shadow darkened the bright area of the landscape.

"Quickly into the box!" Roared Recke. »Airplane above us ...«

The two hopped up like clumsy toads and threw themselves into their seats. While they were still closing the flaps of the cabins, Reimer was already starting. Regardless of the terrain in front of him, he risked a rolling start.

"We didn't hear the other noise when we whirled our own machine!" Recke defended



himself when Reimer cursed violently despite his tension. "Yes, we have a cold ass now!" He had to confirm.

The machine had not yet detached itself from the ground when a whole series of small snow fountains had already whipped up on the field in front of it.

"The guy is shooting guns at us!"

Reimer accelerated and the metal twin bird spun across the surface like a heron's shadow. When it came off the earth, the machine received its first hits in the wings. The projectiles hit with an evil throb.

"No more sand!" Reimer took the gas off and started to land again. "There is nothing more to be wanted ..." While touching down, the enemy plane thundered just over the German plane and described an arc. Only now did the three captains see

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clearly the Canadian license plates.

Closing the sweeping bow into a circle, the Canadian also pushed to the ground and rolled out. The pilot of the enemy plane was a master, because he drove straight towards the Germans on the snow run to block new attempts to start. Just before the twin construction, he brought the machine, recognizable as a two-seater, to a halt. The rigid guns also pointed directly at the enemy.

"Don't shoot," warned Reimer, when he noticed that Recke was picking up a submachine gun. "They'll tear us apart before we teach them a scratch. Wait and make sure that you do not receive our order. Especially the card with an X point! - If necessary, fuel over everything that is paper and fire on it! «

"I'll take it upon myself," said Recke firmly. "You and Gutmann, you have to make the wall for me."

The canopy flew back from the Canadian and a hooded man jumped to the ground. He had a gun in his right hand. "Hello Germans!" He shouted.

The second man was crouched in his seat and had a hand on the trigger of an on-board weapon, which was easy to guess.

When the first came closer, the captains noticed that he had wrapped a cloth around the pistol grip. Understandably because of the cold. His right glove dangled from a string.

"You are prisoners!" Roared the Canadian to the three

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Men. "Caught ..." The man had respectable cutting. Despite the noise of two machines, his words had been understood. He came very close to the left fuselage and first forced Reimer and Recke to descend. Both obeyed imperatively, yet willing not to let anything fall into the hands of the opponent. Recke had previously slipped his pistol into his right fur boot.

They were hardly standing on the snow field when Gutmann had jumped down next door without being asked. He came to the ground rather clumsily because he didn't want to part with a sack he had with him. It dripped out of the sack.

"Weapons - weapons?" The brave Canadian's plump red face looked at her hard.

Reimer waved it off. He carried his pistol under the combination, where it was not visible but also not within reach. Recke just mumbled something indistinct. The engine noise swallowed all the words that were not shouted.

The stranger held the gun in front of their noses and quickly picked it up at waist level. His mouth movement might have been an "okay" that he had hummed. Then he looked at Gutmann, who was apparently undecided. "Hello, fellow!"

Gutmann pretended not to notice that he had come. Slightly bent, he trotted toward the enemy plane and dragged the sack behind him, the tip of which was black with moisture. He made one like that

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funny, helpless figure that the Canadian showed an ironic smile.

"Come on! Come along!" The man asked Reimer and Recke. With his hand he indicated that they wanted to follow Gutmann.

"No!" Recke said with a defiant expression. Reimer was desperate at the moment because he couldn't find a solution to remove the papers from the enemy.

Now the Canadian's gray eyes had a dangerous sheen. He raised the gun.

Reimer and Recke raised their arms to indicate giving in. Then the wind blew a vague call. It sounded like an elongated "heeeeeeh ..."

All three turned their heads to the other plane. They saw Gutmann lying on the floor and slowly getting up. He had come to the driver's seat. When he was standing upright again, he carefully knocked the snow off his thick clothes, then picked up the sack and looked inside. Apparently if nothing was broken after a trace of moisture started on the twin machine.

The Canadian who stayed behind leaned out and shouted at the German. "You damned bloody fool ..." In that second Gutmann tore out his submachine gun with his bare hands and struck it at the enemy above him with thought. A short staccato of shots came hard with the wind. The man on the plane suddenly reared up, then fell

slump over the edge of the entrance.

The three men at the German plane were briefly rigid. The lightning-fast action had taken them all by surprise. "Damned ..." roared the Canadian. His half-lowered pistol jerked up again. "Damned ..."

Recke had no time to stoop for his weapon in his boot. In the spirit of the moment he had gotten his glove off like never before and flung it into the man's face.

Peng, peng, made his gun. The Canadian had pushed steadfastly, even though he was unable to

aim. While the annoying glove fell to the ground, Reimer, who was standing at first, threw himself on him. The impact caused both men to stagger and roll into the snow. Recke immediately jumped in, grabbed the dropped pistol and pressed it to the Canadian's hip.

»Another hands-up - but different this time!«

Reimer and the other scrambled up. The latter breathed warm breath on his bare right and then resignedly put on the dangling glove. He swore, but his words could not be understood.

Now Gutmann came back. Holding the pistol in front of him, he stepped toward the prisoner guarded by Recke. "Sorry for your comrade - I'm sorry for your comrade!" He shouted, showing a sign of regret. "Do you know Shakespeare?"

The man nodded blankly. Only his eyes were

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suspiciously damp.

»Well - to be or not to be the question! - According to Hamlet ... «

Reimer approached Gutmann. "You messed up, stargazer!" He called into his ear. "But now you've ironed everything out. I didn't give fifty pfennigs to us anymore. Didn't see a chance ... «

The Kasseler went to Gutmann, but without taking his eyes off his husband. "You have a tick, Gutmann, but when it comes down to it, you're a good guy."

"Oh, leave it. We are soldiers! «

"Well, at least," said Reimer. "But what now?"

"Over to the other machine and take over fuel!"

Gutmann thought the closest thing. "Maybe the guy will have a few drops left to fly back south. When he comes to people, it doesn't matter to him anymore. «

"Run over there," said Recke. "I'm paying attention for the time being."

Reimer trudged off with Gutmann in agreement. When they stood in front of the other machine, they saw that the second man was

dead. A thin strip of frozen blood appeared on the outer wall of the fuselage. It came from the lower-hanging sleeve.

Gutmann couldn't really look at it. He had never had to fight like this before. He felt sick. Reimer climbed cautiously, as if not to disturb a sleeper, and looked over the man's body

away in the driver's seat. »It's still worth it with fuel. Can even leave a few drops behind. The four of us will use canisters to form a carrier or transfer caravan. Come on!"

He carefully put the dead man back in the seat, so that the exit was free. He threw a can behind the second seat on the ground. It was even filled.

When both captains were back at their machine, it was Gutmann again who had his eyes everywhere. "What kind of puddle is there under the middle of our apparatus?"

Reimer looked and winced. 'It won't? ... "His nostrils fluttered slightly when he tried to smell it. Then he jumped roughly between the two fuselages towards the center of the wings. »Our fuel! - «

Together with the subsequent Gutmann, he examined the center piece from below. The whole thing was very simple. Some of the Canadian's shots had penetrated the part that contained the fuel. Now this licked like a scratched boat.

Driving the Canadian in front of him, Recke had also joined them. The three companions looked at each other desperately. Understandably, only the prisoner laughed mockingly.

"Sealing doesn't help anymore," cried the man from Linz. "Wants to see how much fuel is left!" He swung himself up to his seat and looked at the fuel gauge. "Hey, comrades, on the wane

there is nothing more to be done! «

He turned off the engines and cut the supply. Suddenly the booming died down and the men could easily understand each other again. The noise from the second set was no longer so strong. "Quick palaver, gentlemen! - what now? - «

The men stomped briefly in the snow to keep warm. Gutmann advised: »Act the other way round. - Use our remaining fuel to refill the Canadian machine. Just have to change planes! «

"Three men in this box?" Reimer shook his head. "And the Canadian?" He threw an empty canister out of the cabin. "Gutmann, put him under a reject hole and use it to catch fuel. Too bad for every drop! «

There was an awkward silence for a few minutes. Then Gutmann suggested: »I only see two options. Either the three of us fly off together, two of us sardinially forced into the second seat, and simply leave the Canadian behind, or I take him and only one of us with us! After landing on point ZYX, "Gutmann's voice was urgent," return and pick up the second one again. "

"Not possible," said Recke. 'One of us here alone - I think that's very dangerous. Would report myself ... «

"No!" Reimer said hard. »The solution has to be different. Of course we can't let the guy here go to the dogs alone. The prisoner statute burdened us with responsibility for his life. One alone

It is also not possible to stay behind because we have to destroy our machine as quickly as possible so that we do not fall victim to another surprise. Therefore, suggest: Recke and I stay behind together and will be picked up in the shortest possible time. You, Gutmann, must of course take care that you do not give your prisoner the opportunity to overwhelm you during the flight. There is simply nothing else, so further debates are only wasted time and not military responsibility! «

"It's difficult," said Gutmann, looking at the sturdy prisoner.

»Tie up and buckle up. Quite simple thing!" Said Recke. »Reimer and I clear everything usable from our apparatus and build a snow house. The Eskimos are said to live in such latitudes in these latitudes. I read about it somewhere..."

"Tying the prisoner to the second seat and living in a snow house are useful ideas. As is well known, finding the simplest always takes the longest!" With these words, Reimer again entered his seat and began to clear out. He showed himself to be short-lived and active.

Gutmann and Recke forced the Canadian to come to his machine. There they pushed him into the second seat and had him help to lift the dead man out. Recke, as the strongest, let him slide gently to the ground and put him a little to one side

the snow. The Canadian pulled out a blanket from somewhere, which he tossed over to cover the fallen man. They understood each other without words.

"We'll bury him when you're gone," the Kasseler said to Gutmann. Then he asked the prisoner to put his hands back where he tied them by the wrists. He quickly cut off a pair of straps from the interior that did an excellent job. Then the man was strapped to the seat belts. "Unfortunately there is no other way," Recke regretted.

Reimer came with fuel cans and filled up the tanks.

When he came back, he handed the map material over to Gutmann. "Just take them!" He said when Gutmann showed him the Canadian special cards available.

"Where to?" Asked the Canadian, who had followed the preparations for departure in astonishment. »Europe - it's not possible! ... «

"Of course - we can hardly get to Europe with this machine," Reimer grinned in response. "Officer?"

"Yes - lieutenant!"

»Would you like to untie your hands when you give word of honor. Honor word - word of honor, - understand? «

"OK! - I understand. You wouldn't have trouble with me. - Errenwuord! «

"Then free his hands again, Gutmann!" Asked

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Reimer for the prisoner. "He'll keep his word ..."

"I'd prefer that too! It's a stupid feeling to have a bound behind you. "He handed it to him

Canadians hand. "Word of honor, then!"

"Yes." The man closed his hand in the glove with firm pressure around Gutmann's right.

"That's the way it goes," Recke said softly. "But I wouldn't have trusted him alone with one of us ..." He turned and went with Reimer to Gutmann's cabin to clear it out. Gutmann itself oriented **to** now on the establishment and equipment of him still foreign aircraft.

The prey plane was ready to take off twenty minutes later. "Don't go too far from here," Gutmann asked. "Don't forget to lay out or mark any pilot's sign to make it easier to find. I'll be back as soon as possible! «

"My comrade?" Asked the Canadian, pointing to the dead man lying on the side. It was clear to him that he was close.

"Buried - burried!" Said Reimer. "I'm astonished - are you not huns?"

"Stupid guy!" Shouted Gutmann. "Did you get fed up with Hun fairy tales too?" To Recke, who had not quite understood the farther away, he repeated: "He thinks we are Huns and as such ..."



would be, ”Recke growled angrily.

Gutmann stowed his pistol ready to hand at the knee in the fur boot on the inside of the leg. The Canadian couldn't do anything to him in the unlikely event that he attempted an act of violence. He clamped the submachine gun behind his legs on the floor. He had taken over the valuable sky compass himself and had already stowed it away. The direction of flight was perfectly clear to him.

The companions shook hands. "Broken neck and leg, stargazer!" The Canadian saluted. The machine that had been turned before rolled on and thundered across the white surface. Snow dust plumes rose, then the machine detached itself from the ground and, slowly gaining altitude, flew into the gray dawn of the Nordic night.

Recke and Reimer sat in the closed cabin and gave advice. They were aware that despite some ridiculously small holes, there could be no rescue for their machine at this point. The consciousness of having to end the flight, which had started with all hope, with the loss of the test machine entrusted to them, depressed her. Recke's prompt allegations against Gutmann had been all too justified. The two men could not help feeling that Gutmann had played a game that, despite his bravery and efficiency, violated the rules of real aviation companionship. His hint so far was too unclear to get an understandable picture

to be able to win.

"So get out - build a snow house!" Recke closed the previous palaver. »To wait here would be very convenient and endurable; But if one or even more Canadian gun wasps appear, then we

have been delivered and the box too. We can't get away with a black eye a second time. «

"Yes - what must be, must be!" The Linz man was very depressed.

"There is no other way! - Let's start by mucking out everything that is useful. Suggest that we remove the seats because it is difficult to squat on the snow. Don't want to get a frozen or wet rump. «

The men set about implementing the proposal. They removed the seats and threw them outside. Then three warm blankets followed. The man from Kassel brought down groceries, thermos and cognac - a bottle Gutmann had to sacrifice during his attack on the Canadian plane. Likewise the two M-Pi's, which he temporarily wrapped in a blanket. Some tools, knives and other little things were also placed in a blanket. An overview map of northern Canada forced Reimer into his combination.

"Do we have anything useful, Herbert?"

"Yes," replied the Linz man. »Here - the order. Will be burned right away. I have position X-point in my head! «

'Then out with us. Bye - old box! «

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Reimer emptied a full fuel can into the seat; he had brought a second to the items that had been set aside. He soaked a few more rags, tied a string to it, which he also moistened with petrol, and then jumped after Recke. He had thrown the order into the fuel area.

Recke rubbed his lighter and held it to the cord. It was a little while before the fire caught and a small bluish flame slowly started up. Then suddenly the fire continued to slide as if it were being driven by an invisible hand.

"Back!" Cried Recke. He and Reimer ran sluggishly, what the legs gave.

They felt the tide go up while they were running. Enough to the side, they turned. A bright flame rose with a loud crackle after the draft from the driver's seat. Above it a black

stuffy smoke like a thick cloud, which grew more and more in size.

As a precaution, the men walked backwards. Then the first explosions started. First a few bangs that continued like a chain reaction, then a garish flame that was accompanied by a horrific crack. Debris flew into the air, haunted by a wobbly blaze. The hydraulic left chassis collapsed like a stork's leg and half of the machine fell apart on the ground.

At the same time, the middle section banged up and the right one

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Part of the apparatus rushed to the flames. The radiant heat was so great that the snow hissed all around. Hot waves swept across the faces of the two planes. Soot flakes filled the air. At the end of the drama there remained a tangled pile of bent and molten metal parts that were still glowing. In the bright night stood a dark column of smoke like a giant finger warning.

Deeply agitated and with narrowed eyes, the two friends went to their safe things. Reimer took out one of the remaining two cognac bottles and handed it to Recke.

»Halali - hunt out!«

"Hunt out!" Repeated the Kasseler.

They fastened the knotted blankets to the two seats after they had taken out the machine guns and put them around their shoulders. The rope ends of the two pieces of luggage let them run out into a wide loop so that the seats could be pulled like a sled. It was tedious, but it worked. When the work was done, they went to the dead Canadian and dragged him to the hollow where they had sagged with the right chassis of their machine. They burrowed the moss lichen aside and laid the man on the bottom of the oval pit. Then they poured all the moss back on, the snow piled up on the side, and formed a small hill.

While Reimer stowed the previously removed papers of the dead with him to the captured

to bring along, Recke went back to the fire site of her machine. With a propeller part flown away, he returned.

"We don't have a cross," he said roughly. So he heaved the pilot's sign at the head of the burial mound into the snow. Then both gave the fallen opponent the last honor.

The light of the bright nights lay like a twilight veil over the lonely vastness of the polar landscape.

## NULIAJUKANAIINAQ

Hamungah-jah,  
hamungah-ja, hai-jah,  
hai-jah, uwangah ...  
down to the west, down

to the west, heia, heia,  
here I **am** ...

(Eskimo singing)

The two pilots trudged their seats against the nearby coast in the west of the Boothia peninsula. A nearby survey tempted them to look for a somewhat sheltered deposit and wait for Gutmann's return. Still caught up in the great tragedy of recent experience, they were still relatively easy to master their physical and physical fatigue.

They were too dull to check the clock. It seemed too much trouble to first remove the glove and then slide the sleeve back to look at the dial. Still, it could only be a short time separating her from the scene of the accident. When they rested for a few minutes during this emotional time determination, they saw a series of dark spots halfway to the side of the coast, which were quickly heading for them. The men yanked the submachine guns from their shoulders and paused with their guns on.

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The points slowly moved up. Smaller and bigger ones. Until the men approaching could take out dogs and sleds on which fur-hooded men were crouched. Small, pointed-faced dogs with shaggy fur and bushy tail, smooth and spotted, then people whose faces looked out of a white fur oval, as if they were nicely dressed.

Between the opening of the animals one could already hear the shrieking Heia of the people.

It was half a dozen sledges with as many Eskimo men as they stopped in front of the two planes, starting in a semicircle. They jumped off their long, flat-skinned sledges, grinning and chattering. Their Mongolian-looking faces almost all had chin or goatee beards, and shaggy strands of hair emerged from the fur hoods.

Some of the men had bows as weapons, the shape of which resembled Tatar or Mongolian types. Still, they looked peaceful and their yellow teeth were bared. "Sunakiaq una?"

"Don't understand," Reimer tried to communicate in English.

An Eskimo stepped forward and right English: "Who are you - who?"

"How should we explain that to them?" Asked the Linz man to his companion.

Recke took a step forward and, after putting his weapon back around his shoulders, spread his arms like wings and marked a bird flight, for which he

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Hissed sounds.

»Cupanuarpapsuaq! ... "The Eskimos chattered and then stared in awe. The English-speaking man, who seemed to hold a chief position, repeated: "Giant eagle!"

The airmen nodded for confirmation. In between, Recke whispered: "The guys are playing a nice gibberish. I could never learn ... «

»Ilibse qablunait - you - white men! - Uwagut netsilingmiut - we Netsilik-Eskimos! « Again at this statement a grin slid over the face of the chief» Uwangah Aglumalogâq! is fit? - I'm Aglumalogâq - and you? "He pointed to Reimer. As a precaution, he had repeated his words in English, otherwise Reimer would not have understood him.

"I'm Reimer, this one - Recke!"

"Rai-mer and Rek-ke. Good.

picaivoq! «

The rest of the Eskimo men repeated the names. Then they pushed in order and called theirs. Tiäksaq, Netsersuitsuarssuk, Itqilik, Inalusuarshugohk...

The two planes wanted to cover their ears. They would never learn to repeat these words fluently. But they found no time to express their amazement at this strange encounter. The leader

of the Netsilik people asked where and from where.

It was very lively. In words and gestures, he explained that the men from the nearby settlement on the coast

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seen dark smoke and that the shaman had spoken of a sign of luck. Despite the dark smoke color.

In between, the other men made noise. They all pointed in the direction from which the two planes had come. In the background of the vast landscape, the fire site stood out like a giant black flower.

"We want to check there," said the chief, without waiting for the answers to his questions.

His people demanded. »Qablunait - white men, you come with us!«

Warning his people to rest, he offered Reimer space on his sleigh vehicle and directed Recke to the nearest Itqilik. At his behest, the two seats with the tied luggage were stowed on other flat sledges. »Avaya - Up!«

»Avayaja - pavungahjah! Repeated the hooded men. Whips cracked through the frosty air, the small, thick-furred dogs pulled on, barking and barking. So the whole pack started moving again. During the short journey, stretchers and writers felt how the cold came more and more up in their bodies as a result of the sleepless time. Both men shivered together and gratefully took the caribou skins offered by their sled men, which they put on their heads.

In a few minutes they had reached the scene of the accident again, which they had previously left with great difficulty

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had. The Eskimos screeched like a large flock of wild geese. "Avayaja!" They roared, reaching for the scattered pieces of metal that seemed valuable to them. As they rummaged around, they shouted words at their chief and looked at the two planes.

"My people can use the things here well!" Said the latter, translating the shouts. It sounded so that it could be understood as a statement and a request at the same time.

"Take, take!" She encouraged Reimer, addressing the old man.

The Netsilik people gathered eagerly and loaded their sledges. Metal parts were very popular with them. Reimer asked the chief to have a wing piece loaded, on which the cross bar was almost completely visible. It was a little out of the way and he intended to interpret it later as a signal marker at their rest stop.

In the meantime, the shady, bright night sky had become a little darker. The Eskimos scented the air and hurried to finish loading the remnants they thought valuable. Some shouted: »Qanik! ... «

"Snow is falling!" Replied the old man. »We have to hurry to get to our settlement ...«

The Eskimos screamed and clicked again, the huskies howled and the teams roamed the white surface like a wild hunt. Shrieking screams drove them

Men ate their nimble animals, skilfully avoided small obstacles and rushed to show the white men their skill.

You hadn't been wrong before. During the great journey, single large white flakes started to flutter from the sky. As they fell, they condensed more and more into a real flurry that made the view difficult and uncomfortable. Thanks to the weather-familiar security, the men easily found



their way and the instinct of the dogs also made it easier for them to return home quickly.

Reimer and Recke did not see much of the village to which they were taken due to the snowfall. At the entrance all dogs barked for competition, women as well as men hooded, and children came out of white snow huts and stared in amazement at the white people.

The old man steered his vehicle in front of a snow building, on whose semicircular crest was a caribou skull with elk-like antlers, and called to Itqilik to drive Recke too.

"Qablunait, here is my house - you are my guests!" In front of the two of them, he had the luggage brought into his building and then instructed them to crawl inside through the tunnel opening.

The two friends received warmth. In the middle of the round room two tran lamps burned, which gave light and warmth at the same time, and the floor was covered with caribou skins. A young girl crouched

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a fur camp and looked at the strangers with astonishment from their slightly slanted eyes.

"Hungry?" Asked the next host.

The airmen both shook their heads. Reimer added: "Eat nothing - just sleep!"

Shortly afterwards, with the help of the girl, the old man had prepared two warm deposits of fur and fur that seemed to the tired men like down. Free of their combinations and fur boots, they wrapped themselves up with a feeling of relief. There was no room left in her mind to caution her. They were satisfied to be safe at the moment and even the intense smell of curtain inside the building was hardly noticed.

"I'm really confused now," Reimer struggled to speak. »From one night in Vernäs to the next night at Canadian Eskimos - that's a great magic. I think I'm dreaming... "« Me too, "growled Recke.

"But I'm too tired to pinch my nose ... Heavens, A  
..." His

Words died.

Reimer still blinked; then he followed his companion's example with a sigh and rolled himself deeper into the fur blankets.

Both slept ...

The Nordlandsturm roared across the Boothia Peninsula . Black huge wispy clouds chased low beneath the darkened sky bell and the swirling one

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Drifting snow made everything visible disappear in the veil of flakes. An icy whiz filled the icy air. The sea on the coast rolled against the beach with thunder and bright foam bands rode on the crests of the waves. Ice floes crashed together and drowned out the powerful high-pitched buzzing and wheezing of the air masses sucked in over hundreds of kilometers.

It was one of those storms raging in the far north in spring. The Eskimos had crawled into the small but resilient igloos with their dogs and slept through the time that belonged to the spirits. Only the Angätkoq, the shaman, sat in his snow hut and sang his ways of summoning.

Time passed. The rage seemed to go on forever and it took a long time for the storm to subside. It was only when the dogs whined that they asked outside and the Eskimos started chattering again, did the two planes wake up.

First Reimer opened his eyes and looked around in amazement. He did not immediately find his way and thought he was still dreaming. It was only when he felt the smell of burning animal oil and saw the blackening flames in two adjacent lamps made of soap stone that he returned to the strange reality.

His eyes moved. The dim light of the outside world came in through an ice window set into the wall of the snow hut above the tunnel

entrance. Looking around inside, he saw an older one

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Eskimo woman who just brought a pot over the flames. Behind her, the girl who had prepared the bed for him and Recke with the old man sat up on a bed. Her torso, lighter than the weathered face, was bare and her plump breasts betrayed youth and maturity at the same time. She was just beginning to get dressed. As if she felt the guest's eyes resting on her, she turned her face to him and laughed broadly.

At that moment the old woman looked at him and asked a few words in the netsilicid idiom that he did not understand. Then she pointed to the pot and made the gesture of eating.

Reimer was somewhat suspicious and hesitated to give a sign of approval.

"Of course we want to eat something!" Came from the Reckes camp. The Kasseler had also woken up and sniffed. "It seems that we got really into the wild ..."

The Netsilik woman had not understood the words, but she understood the meaning of Recke's words. Immediately, she picked up a small tin bowl that a whaler or sailor might have left here to get hides for it, and started to fill it with the unfamiliar, smelly food.

The Linz patient warned: "Caution - now the liver transplant is coming!"

"Ahhh - Uaaah". the Kasseler said in horror and quickly turned his face to the wall again

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asleep. As a precaution, Reimer followed his example so as not to hurt people with a rejection.

Time passed again. The two planes fell asleep again against their will. Only new, increasing noise startled them. They were still dozing.

This time, in addition to the two Eskimo women, the chief and two other men were huddled around the oil lamps. They spoke and gestured eagerly, turning more often to the strangers. When they saw the two awakening, the chief immediately got up and came to Reimer.

"It is good that you are awake! The Angätkoq is here and wants to see you. «

Reimer, and with him Recke, looked curiously at a tall Eskimo wearing a strange belt from the strip of caribou skin. He too came closer, driven by curiosity. Now you could tell that he had a headband made of the same animal's peritoneum and dangled a small pearl loop down to his nose. It looked a little strange and gave the man a feminine touch. If he hadn't had a shaggy walrus beard and a tuft of strands on his chin, no doubt he would have been considered a woman by the ignorant guests. Especially the clothes showed no particular differences between the sexes. Behind him, two dogs jostled forward.

»Qingmima kavnah! - Back, dogs! "The shaman harshly shooed the host's animals back. Then he grinned at the guests and asked: "You have a good spell! - But why is the giant eagle burned? «

The chief translated.

Reimer looked at Recke. 'What should we tell him? ... "' Let me do it! "With a serious face he continued in English in Reimer's place:" Old giant eagle has burned and flew away as a new eagle.

He

but will come back soon and will fetch us! "'

Avayaja! ... «shouted the Eskiimos. The shaman nodded

dignified and added: "It is truly a great magic."

The airmen jerked up and struck back the warm skins. While they answered a number of questions, they slipped into their combinations, which they did not quite close due to the warmth of the room. The shiny zippers astonished people.

The officers had the pistols unobtrusively strapped under the combinations. On the other hand, the submachine guns were very noticeable.

"Serqorsish hat?"

"The Angätkoq asks if the rifles are," repeated the chief.

"Yes," said the Kasseler. As a precaution, he pulled his gun close to him and motioned Reimer to do the same. "It'll be good if we give them something to distract their attention. The

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Guys look good-natured, but what do I know about Eskimos? We didn't learn anything about these snow negroes at school. «

"Neither do I," confessed the Linz native. "But we can leave the two armchairs to them and some of our tools. That should have special value for them! «

Recke found this suggestion excellent. He immediately explained to the old man that he and the shaman each received a chair as a gift. They would also collect tools later and also leave them behind. "Picaivoq, picaivoq!" They laughed happily. "Eh, eh ..."

They carefully examined the seats to familiarize themselves with their new property. Without seeming to diminish their joy, Aglumaloqâq said: "The sledges are very beautiful, but very small." Having seen the strangers pulling their things on the seats, he thought they were transport devices.

Then Recke took up a seat, brushed away the fur and skin covering from one part of the floor and heaved the armchair with all his strength, the pivot pin down, into the floor. He stood upright for a moment, then fell over. The earth

was frozen too hard. Nevertheless, his power had made an impression and the Netsilik people had understood. The old man busily scratched out a pit with a Bonn device until an armchair was able to stand on the floor. Then he proudly sat down and leaned back as if he were this piece

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already used. He had a quick grasp. The shaman was more comfortable. He sat down to rehearse

on the backrest and rested his upper body on the seat. The pivot pin, which stood backwards, looked as if it were the fastening piece of a screwed-on man.

In the midst of all this strange primitiveness, the well-worked seats with the Netsilik men looked so strange that both fliers burst out laughing at the same time. The blatant change of their entire situation and being torn out of a service that had become habitual in the monotony of an almost sheltered everyday life made one feel that everything was considered a strange farce.

The Netsilik considered the outburst of joy to be a sign of a particularly good mood and were happy about it. When the old man asked him to do so, his wife came with the battered tin bowl and offered food. The two officers looked at one another, perplexed and secretly horrified.

Reimer was the first to reach for it. "What's that?" He asked the host.

"Blood soup with seal meat!"

"Ah," replied the Linz man, rolling his eyes in delight. He handed the bowl to his companion and, without waiting for his objection, rushed to the packs he had brought with him. There he rummaged out a bar of the caffeinated chocolate he had picked up, tore open the casing and divided it into several pieces.

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"Here - here!" He gave to the old man, the shaman and the two women. He kept the rest to himself.

The Netsiliks grabbed it greedily. First they smelled it, then they gobbled it down. Reimer also ate a piece while Recke slipped out of the igloo with striking haste. He had had to eat meat soup while rummaging around and felt miserable because of his reluctance and refined stomach. He vomited a few steps from the snow hut.

After that, he felt lighter. The pure, cold air freed him from his drowsiness. Had he had his fur hood with him, he would have stayed outside for a while. It was only the frost that drove him back. Only now did he notice that there was a group of Eskimos in front of the igloo, who, with understandable curiosity, awaited the return and report from the shaman in the hut. They held out their hands to him with begging gestures. »Tobacco - tobacco ...«

They all knew the English word for this luxury food. One of them stepped forward and said: "You - give tobacco, - I lend you wife ..." With a surge of Eskimo words, the other men came in, and women also pushed forward.

Recke fought back and showed them regretfully his empty hands. Still, people didn't seem to believe him. to want. So he fled back to the igloo.

Reimer received him immediately. »I have the good one

Exploited the mood of the two kayak admirals and assured me of their help. We must start immediately to lay out a clear aviation mark for Gutmann. The wing section with the... beam cross will provide us with valuable services. We want to finish us off right away! «

"It's good!" Said Recke. "But be careful, Herbert; the guys out there want to turn us women on tobacco..."

"How do you know tobacco?" Asked Linz the old man. "Oh, tobacco!" The Eskimo rolled his eyes. »Tobacco from white men on giant smoking kayaks! - Give us tobacco and take women under the ship. Your also doing business? ... give a roll of tobacco - you can take my daughter Ubloriasukshuk. There

- Ubloriasukshuk - evening star! ... «

The buxom girl with the mischievous slit eyes had understood the words tobacco and her name. She promptly came to Reimer and stood next to him. "Eh, eh ..."

Later, 'said Reimer to the chief. He wanted to save time and therefore said afterwards: "First work. Make signs for giant eagles! «

"Eh - yes, yes!"

The officers closed their suits, put on their lined hoods and, as a precaution, put on the machine guns. "Finished!"

They crawled out, one after the other, where the chief immediately felt calm from the surrounding Eskimos and told them to come with them.

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The wing piece with the white-edged black cross was loaded onto a sledge and accompanied by two other snow vehicles, the men hiked up the slope on the coast to reach the plateau.

The acrid cold had subsided. The violent storm had resulted in a slight mitigation of the weather, so that the pilots felt a familiar winter temperature. A glance at the sea taught her that the water, whipped by the wind pressure, had an accelerated drift, so that the waterways were wider and the clods were more torn. The dark color had given way to a friendlier turquoise shade. Above all, this may have brought about a slight brightening of the sky tent.

The men soon stopped. They were still close to the village and at the same time not too far from the scene of the accident. "We want to mark an



arrow here!" Certain Reimer. He got a half-full canister from the escort and spilled the contents in the shape of an arrow on the snow floor. Igniting a bale of paper, he threw it into the fuel path.

The fire leapt up with a sudden flush. The Eskimos jumped backward anxiously. She followed the suddenly warmed air like a warm blow dryer. The melted snow under the fuel arrow evaporated hissing. What remained was a scarred scar in the shape of an arrow, indicating the direction after the nearby settlement

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stated At the opposite end of the floor arrow, the men placed the wing piece. The light metal piece with the cross stood out well from the white surface and resulted in a clearly visible and flawless aviator mark. The short time until Gutmann's arrival would in all probability hardly be covered by a new blanket of snow. The Eskimos assured that storms but little snow would be expected around this time.

"Giant eagle will pick you up soon," Aglumaloqâg comforted his guests. "Not in the past; but now they come often ... «

"Canadian weather relay - of course!" Confirmed Recke, turning to Reimer. "If only they weren't there earlier than Gutmann. That creates new complications ... «

"I hope Gutmann is there earlier. It won't let us down."

"Maybe he could be there in a few hours." The Kasseler checked his watch. "She stopped ..."

"Mine too!" The Linz man shook his head angrily. »In these latitudes, night is hardly differentiated from day. So you just have to be careful that we can give Gutmann a signal in good time if he comes up. «

"Heaven!" Recke slapped his head. "I wasn't thinking about the flare when we cleared the

"That's me," said Reimer dryly. 'Gun and flares. All you had to do was shoot a rocket into the fuel-stained plane instead of patiently burning the soaked glow cord. Would have given prompt fireworks, but cost us a rocket, of which we only have a few. You can never know in a situation like ours ... «

"Good thing at least one of us had our five senses together. Incidentally, two brains can think better than one. «

Now it went back to the small settlement. The huskies dragged the men on the vehicles down to the lowlands. Her throat steamed as she briskly pulled.

Back in town, Reimer said to Aglumaloqâq: "You always have to leave a man outside to look out. We will then give you a nice farewell gift! «

"Eh, eh!" He gave the instructions to the closest tribesmen. In the middle of it suddenly one of the men shouted: "Ahrluk, ahrluk! ... "He pointed to the sea with his arm outstretched.

All eyes followed the direction. Far outside, between isolated rocky clods, a number of dark bodies swept through the turquoise waters. Whale-like animals with long, pointed dorsal fins that cut through the air like swords.

The airmen looked at Aglumaloqâq. "Ahrluk - Murder Whales!" Said the latter. 'Very angry. Attack everything! ... «

"Interesting," said the Kasseler to Reimer. "In Vernäs we only saw pegs ..."

The Netsilik watched the animals go. The chief sawed: "Too bad that white men are not here with a whale ship. With a big harpoon cannon..."He shrugged regretfully.

Walking towards the old man's hut, the pilots looked at the place of the Netsilik people with increased attention. Their igloos were scattered under the shelter of the coastal slope and all had the same strange entrance in the form of a low, upstream tunnel. All snow huts had embedded ice windows, which showed themselves to be translucent. Only Aglumaloqâqs igloo had put on the Caribu skull seen earlier as an ornament. Poles stuck in front of some of the huts, with isolated hides and skins hanging from them. When they took a closer look at a strange fence, they were amazed to find that frozen large fish were lined up in the snow at the bottom of their heads. It would be half-height salmon. Everything was very simple, mostly primitive, but still functional. There were a few tilted kayaks near the Salmon range. They were long and narrow, neatly made from caribou skin. Two of them had cantilever-like bundles on either side so that they could not be handled as transport kayaks. Here were the boats with which the Eskimos often made long journeys.

Whimpering or snarling dogs were everywhere. Every now and then some slipped into the hut tunnels to warm themselves inside the igloos.

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When Reimer and Recke crawled into Aglumaloqâq's hut and the shaman had trolled, the chief's dogs followed.

There were other guests here this time. In addition to the old man's wife and daughter, there was a young couple who grinned cheerfully and moved aside.

"Erneq Katsarsuk - My son Katsarsuk!" Said Aglumaloqâq proudly. 'I have five sons. This is the fourth son with his wife! «

The loneliness in these latitudes meant that the Eskimos showed more sense of community than the low-space cultural nations, which envy every inch of the ground and every possession. They hunted together and shared the prey, helped

each other so that a whole tribe lived like a family.

Still, it was a barbaric life that they led. They killed some of the newborn girls by strangulation in order not to have useless eaters in the periodically coming times of need. They only gave the old people of the people as much as the healthy and able-bodied could do without. They did all of this in a way that was natural and understandable to them, and that only differed in their simplicity from the process of the cultural peoples; where brilliantly decorated hands drove the handlebars of a supercar, while on the next street corner people starved to death in rags. There, the social strata claimed far more victims than the hard nature demanded from hard-fighting people.

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The two aviators learned all of this when they asked Aglumaloqâq to briefly describe the life of his family and his people. And comparisons of socially enlightened thinking led to the conclusion that these people, because of their low level of development, were acting ignorantly barbaric, while civilization deliberately paid homage to mass murder out of insatiability and hunger for power.

Even if Recke and Reimer did not try to switch to the Eskimode card, they understood the old man's pride in his sons who were fit for life. Katsarsuk himself enthusiastically told how he would have spewed thirty seals under their breathing holes in the ice this winter. It was undoubtedly a good number of hunts, as can be seen from the descriptions.

That gave a lot of meat and oil for the heat lamps. This time the captains couldn't avoid to be able to refuse the food offered again. It was only the fact that the excursion to the construction of the aviation painting that had been undertaken had aroused their appetite and that the cold brought with them a natural need for fat. They were so lucky that the blood soup

with the strong smell of trange had already been eaten. So they had to be satisfied with seal meat to their satisfaction. With contempt for death, they gobbled down a few chunks.

"We can now expect Gutmann every hour!" Recke indicated to his companion as if casually. »I am by the strange circumstances of our existence

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somewhat restless. «

It seemed as if Recke had a sixth sense. That certain instinct that only natural people have when danger is imminent. Reimer had a similar experience, even if he didn't want to admit it to himself. The Kasseler was about to get up to look outside for the expected machine when all the animals in the settlement struck violently. Aglumaloqâq's dogs crawled outside, too. Shadows scurried past the igloo's ice window and the tapping of the seal's boots indicated haste.

Ready to crawl out of the burrow too, they heard a man call in before the opening: "Pingasut qablunait! ... «

"Three white men!" Translated the old man, getting **up** quickly. "Maybe there's a ship nearby ..."

The officers looked at each other. Almost at the same time they grabbed their weapons, Reimer took the flare pistol and ammunition out of their luggage and then they followed the chief who was crawling. The whole trunk was already on its feet. The children squeezed around the adults like shy sheep and looked with their slanted googly eyes to the north, where three sleigh teams with two men each ran towards the place.

'Impossible that it could be Gutmann. - Neither first, nor second... "Recke concluded unspoken.

The people who came closer were strangers. One

one of them had a rifle with them, the others seemed to be unarmed. On each sled you could take out a white and an eskimo. Panting and panting, the teams drove into the settlement.

The German officers immediately attracted the attention of the strangers. In their clean leather combinations, they stood out conspicuously from the mass of Netsilik people standing around in their shapeless fur clothing.

"Heavens!" Said the first man to jump off the sled. "Police plane there?"

"No," Reimer said carefully. He decided not to speak much so as not to notice the lack of pronunciation or accentuation.

"How do you get there?" The man asked. He and his two companions were visibly surprised to come across white people here.

"Sky," said Reimer shortly. "Sky ..."

"It looks like it," mocked the man. "You seem to be very lazy."

The Eskimos had formed a curious circle around the group. They eagerly watched the development of a meeting of white men who were foreign to each other.

"Where are you from?" Asked the Linz native in turn, in order to avoid a reverse questioning. "That is said in a few words," the man said more readily than his counterpart. »We are from the Waler« Seahorse «. Are stuck in the pack ice a while ago-

remained and was no longer released. The ice squeezed our crate very miserably. It's already a tin ball of fish down there. "He waved a resigned hand. "The captain is up on Bellot Street with twelve men . I'm the harpooner and now I'm

traveling with two men to Port Epwurth in the Coronation Gulf. As a whole group, we can hardly get through there. They are all men of Christian seafaring who are not used to rolling land. In this stormy season we would also be hungry on our heels. The three of us, accompanied, are more likely to reach the place. Think that an airplane could bring food to our crew and a ship could be directed by radio to pick it up. "With noticeable relief, he added," It should have made things much easier for us. Since you're here with a machine ... «

"Stop," warned Reimer. 'No hopes. Our machine crashed. «

"It doesn't matter," the man smiled, showing two rows of yellow teeth from his beard-covered face. "If one of you pilots is overdue, a whole pack will fly in search. In this case it gives a nice double rescue! «

The other men stood behind their leader. Intermediate questions to Recke only received an incomprehensible hum as an answer. The comers fell

Reluctance to fly generally.

"Damned!" The leader suddenly rumbled. "I don't want to be a harpooner, and I don't want to be called Billy Howard, if you are right. Just yes and no and nothing else, I'll swallow a whole whale if you want to be Yanks or Canadians! "

"Aren't we either," said Recke calmly, without paying much attention to correct pronunciation. "We are Russian courier pilots."

Reimer quickly turned his head to hide a surprised laugh. But Billy Howard seemed to have gotten around the world. "Russians? - By Jove, I imagined it differently! I had never seen her with stubble before. Only small, stocky people, almost all dark-haired. Hm, hm ... «

Recke turned to Aglumaloqâq indifferently: "These white men here are very hungry. Give

them food and sleeping places so they can rest too. You get nice presents! «

“We'll help them build a snow house. It goes very quickly. ”He called an order to his people. They ran away and came back with long snow blades in their hands. Together with the three Arvertormiut who came with them, they cut large bricks from the nearby snow slope and layered them into a rotunda that quickly grew up to the dome. Two men brought a small flounder from the beach, which, heated several times, became thinner and more transparent

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that it could be used as an emergency window. Consisting of frozen salt water, it was cloudy than the fresh water ice cream otherwise used. Most of the newcomers had brought skins and skins. Aglumaloqâq only had caribou skins laid out. He also provided the new guests with flashlights.

The NetSilik people brought meat and salmon to strangers. Although summer and autumn were their main hunting season, they still had enough supplies this time so that they willingly gave up their reserves in the hope of useful gifts.

"Have a rest first," Recke said patronizingly as the men moved into their new building. "We'll come to you later to keep talking!"

The harpooner gave a brief "Allright" thanks. He slid his shotgun into the tunnel of the entrance and followed his people.

"I'm in good hands," chuckled Reimer. “When it comes down to it, you two, you and Gutmann, are truly gifted with enough groats in your head. The Russians, - hahaha! ... ”He clapped his hands cheekily on the thighs, causing the leather goods to pop. “We'd be rid of the guys for now. This magnetic pole actually seems to have magnetic forces in every respect. It is the most attractive point in this vast deserted area. A daily newspaper could soon be viable here. «



»Join me in your opinion. Hopefully it will come

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Gutmann, before the excursion peak season begins! «

But the day passed and Gutmann did not come. The unrest among the pilots increased. If anything happened to their companion, they were in a bad situation. Aglumaloqâq had told them of the storm that swept across the country with immense force during their sleep.

There was nothing else they could do but be patient. While the female roommates were busy outdoors, Reimer and Recke lay on their fur beds and tried to understand Aglumaloqâq's explanations. Even though his vocabulary was very small, he understood his language mishmash fairly because he eagerly gestured to it. He had acquired his English knowledge in traffic with temporarily passing whalers. Years ago, one of their ships - he expressed time in suns - would have wintered north of here. It was a good time for his people. The women had brought a lot of tobacco from the ship ... He regretted that his guests had no tobacco rolls. He had chewed a cigarette offered to him along with the paper and swallowed it afterwards.

After a while he said that his guests were different from the white men who had been here before. You always had to give these people their will. You would have been like little children. If they didn't let them go, they became angry and dangerous. Naughty children! - That was Aglumaloqâq's conviction.

It was understandable to him insofar as the white ones

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People would be bastards. The Eskimo people had once chased away some disobedient and arrogant women. These would have formed a

small community far south and created bastards with dogs. So the qablunait came to the Eskimos from the south and only then could they understand that these people were all conceited and unteachable. If you irritated them, they would murder ...

Aglumaloqâq had no intention of insulting his guests. He innocently shared his knowledge and views and was happy when the giant eagle's men showed a cheerful face.

When the men explained that they had never been to Eskimos before and knew nothing else about them, he told them about the difficult life they were living. The good hunting grounds are diminishing, the herds of animals are getting smaller and fewer. The whites drove the Indians to the north, Crees, Chippewyans and Yellowknives sometimes penetrated into the hunting grounds of the Eskimos and then there would be fighting. The Indians often had rifles and the Eskimos were powerless against them.

In the past, in front of an infinite number of suns, their current living and hunting grounds would have been a paradise. Back then, there was no need to fill lamps with whale bubblers. At that time, forests grew at the bottom of the sea and the storms tore the trees away and hurled the trunks all over the coast. There was plenty of wood. People ruled magically

Formulas and understood how to conjure themselves up with their huts on distant places. So they never had to go hungry. Aglumaloqâq sighed as he painted these pictures. Later the earth collided with a star and a large part of the countries were destroyed. An immense flood destroyed all life. Only two shamans remained of the humans, none of the animals. The two shamans lived together and one of them had a child. He was a great magician and made it a woman who later had a child too. So the women

descended from the one shaman. And the earth slowly populated again.

The old man's stories sounded simple, almost primitive. The astonishment of the two officers was all the greater when they found ancient traditions preserved here, that of the civilized one. World without books would have been much more forgotten.

"Do you remember Gutmann's explanations of the Golden Age and fertile Greenland?" Asked Reimer suddenly, looking his companion in the face. »When we scanned the geographic pole ...«

"Certainly! - Gutmann briefly explained an Atlantist theory. "Reimer continued with a thoughtful expression:" The simple and short tradition of the Eskimo peoples coincides with these hypotheses. All knowledge obtained from the past has a true core. «

Recke nodded. "Right. And it is strange that traditions among the primitive people confirm this

must, which current science does not always dare to recognize due to its precise, constructive attitude. Of course, it is not only the conscience but also the dutiful responsibility of the scholars; two terms that often give rise to opposing opinions among people seeking opinions. Naturally, in the age of materialism, the constructive always precedes the spiritual. This is probably because there are too few traditional foundations. And bases are prerequisites for evidence. The difference, however, is that fragments as undeniably existing things - insofar as they form their physical substance - are a priori pieces of evidence around which the framework of constructive thinking can be built; on the other hand, even older traditions are mostly dependent on the personal perspective of the researcher, as such or only as myths or fairy tales. So it is understandable that the sparsely preserved traditions are doubted and not always

carefully checked. A consequence of constructive criticism that wants to be smarter than a possible event. As you know, you can build on opposite sides. It's just a matter of opinion. However, one thing can be ascertained among the indigenous peoples: without prejudice to different cultural levels, traditions have been preserved, the core of which is based on real events. Whatever decorations and trimmings were added, the core was not destroyed. In a few cases maybe one

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Distortion. And this ancient knowledge remains popular because it is sacred. Books, on the other hand, entrusted in the materialistic sense with the preservation of a temporally limited thinking or knowledge, may or may even be condemned as nonsense in distant times. For the simple reason that the books of a materialistic era overwhelm the core of the terms with constructive comments. Comments of an arrogant, low-ethos era that is more intolerant than any epoch before. «

"I am amazed," said the Linz man. "I thought you hadn't thought about things until now because we only hinted at them for the first time during the flight. Your views are fully in line with my thinking. "

"I've rarely dealt with any problems," Recke admitted frankly. 'Although we are currently. Under pressure from extraordinary events, I can't get rid of my habit of thinking carefully. The Netsilikmann's story piqued my interest. Once the war is over ... «

'It will take a while, my dear! If there should be no more shooting, the war will continue in another form. To know that needs. not to be a prophet. When Germany falls, chaos really begins. And where there is chaos, there is no peace! «

"I know that as well as you do. Nevertheless, the 'if ever' is supposed to be a little lamp that

helps us through the way

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to illuminate the darkness ahead. The light that also means hope! «

When Aglumaloqâq had told his short story from the early days of his people, he no longer cared about his guests and started to doze. He did not understand the changing speech of the white men. He knew well that they did not speak the Qablunait language from the south, but he did not care which tribe his guests belonged to. As they fell silent and lingered on their thoughts, he rose leisurely and began to leave his igloo. At that moment Ubloriasukshuk emerged from the entrance tunnel.

She said a few words in her oddly heard Netsilikidiom and Aglumaloqâq translated: "The white men in the new igloo have awakened. They ask if there are any useful things left with the fallen giant eagle. You want to visit the site! «

"It is completely unnecessary. You saw for yourself that our giant eagle was burned. You took metal parts with you if they seemed valuable to you, «said Recke to the Eskimos.

"Eh, eh," the old man nodded. "Still, they hope to find something else ..."

"I'll speak to them myself!" Reimer said shortly. He didn't wait for an answer, but immediately crawled outside. Good or bad

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Recke follow him.

Together they directed their steps to the new snow house, in front of which the last ones who arrived seemed to be busy negotiating with some Netsilik men. Of the three Avertoriniutle, only one stood next to them.

Reimer started to speak: "If you still hope to find something from the remains of our plane, you're wrong ..." He suddenly stopped because the men were looking at him in surprise. Her brow furrowed and Howard, holding his rifle in his hand, slowly raised his weapon. Before Reimer understood the cause of this change in mood, his companion released his pistol at lightning speed.

»Hands up! - And down with the gun. Down! «

When Reimer had instinctively drawn his weapon quickly, three pairs of hands slowly rose. Howard bared his teeth angrily and let his shotgun slide gently to the ground on a slightly bent leg. "Damned Germans! ... «

While the Eskimos were still staring blankly and unable to understand the process, Recke picked up the lost weapon with a quick movement. Without taking his eyes off the men, he said: "We horny ox have not drawn our combinations. Now the guys saw our pilot's blouses with the officer's mirrors on their collars. Of course, they know very well that this is not pajamas or Russian uniforms. No

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So it's a feat that they widened their eyes! "After a brief inspection of the prisoners, he asked: "Are you soldiers? "

Again Howard made the speaker as the leader. He answered grumpily: "We have already said that we are seafarers!"

"I know. Just wanted to have it confirmed again. We're not at war with civilians. "

"Don't understand ..."

"Very simple, Misterns! - You can go scot-free if you are sufficiently equipped. Together with your shotgun so you can hunt on the way! «

Howard and his men looked at the two officers in surprise.

"Don't look so stupid!" Said the Kasseler comfortably. "We are not ghosts or monsters. Where nature threatens people, it is mandatory

to help! The war doesn't change that either. Understand? «

"Yes." The answer was hesitant and suspicious.

Recke wanted to add a few more words than he did

suddenly felt how one of the stray dogs nudged him several times. At the same time, he noticed how other dogs also poked Reimer, the Canadians and some of the Eskimos with their snouts and then raised their heads skyward as if they wanted to draw attention to something.

"There!"

»Takuvah, takuvali - seqineq! See, see - a sun! The Eskimos shouted and pointed excitedly into the

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Height. The whites also looked up, while the dogs let out a happy whine and jumped excitedly. A flickering orange disk rotated high above them, under the gray expanse of the shady polar sky. She had emerged from the horizon as fast as an arrow and paused just above the small settlement. The apparition actually looked like a little sun and radiated an intense light to the earth that broke out like a dancing haunted fire on the ice floes of the coast.

"Seqineq, seqineq! ... «

More and more Eskimos came to the group of the viewers, attracted by the busy dogs. Suddenly the shaman was in the middle of the crowd. His eyes stared at the still disk with a strangely mixed expression of rapture and transfiguration. Around him, his fellow tribesmen formed a ring, which the dogs prevented from leaving with angry rumbling and baring. Reimer and Recke carefully observed this strange behavior of the animals and that of the shaman. It seemed that the dogs were subject to a higher order, which they instinctively obeyed to force people into circles.

The shaman's calm lasted only a few moments. Then suddenly he started dancing. A ring of dogs sat around him, like an inner circle, watching his

grotesque movements with slanting heads.  
Formed a middle circle

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the Eskimos with the five whites and outside again a number of dogs rounded a third ring.

"Strange," Reimer murmured, looking at Recke, who nodded understandingly.

»This is not a circus with God ...«

The shaman's dance grew ever wilder. His expression was ecstatic and his legs stamped on the floor as if he were beating a drum.

The eyes of the bystanders wandered steadily to the brightly lit window, then again to the dancing man in the middle.

The shaman's hands twitched as if he wanted to reach for the disk, which was constantly rotating without changing its position. The hood had long slipped from his head and his forehead pearls were scattered in the snow. Sweat ran down his greasy face and his chin trembled. The tension was so great that no sound was heard.

The hanging strips of caribou skin that adorned his belt flew like the ropes of a carousel. The dance became faster and more grotesque. Then - the tension became almost unbearable, he tore off his fur clothing with a sudden movement that also required an almost supernatural power. Little by little, until he danced naked in an ecstatic state, his figures, which became more and more a belly dance; already largely exhausted, he generally limited himself to movements that were clearly erotic

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Betrayed character. However, they did not look obscene. The disk was still in the sky and always

the body of the man in a trance was still twitching. The pounding steps slowed. Then - the bystanders felt slowly increasing cold coming



down - the shaman suddenly threw up his arms with a last effort. "Nuliajuk - Mistress!" He cried out with an animal scream. Then he collapsed as if struck.

The white man and the Eskimos were horrified to see that the shaman was dead. Looking at the pane, they noticed that it had now sunk lower and had a blood-red tinge. While perplexity and astonishment were still reflected in every expression, a golden glow descended from the strange materialization above them to the dead man, as it were establishing a connection between the latter and the window.

"Takuvah ..." the Eskimos mumbled shyly. "See, see ..." Immediately afterwards the disk rose steeply, changing its color to an intense yellow and disappearing again flying northward behind the white-jagged ridges of the country.

While the dogs stared at the vanishing appearance in a crouched position, the Eskimos fell to their knees in sequence and raised their palms in line with a visibly instinctive rite, as if they were saying a prayer of awe. The two officers and the Canadians were also able to

not feeling like a master.

When the spell of this strange event slowly began to dissolve and the Netsilik people whispered shyly, the chief of the clan stepped into the middle of the ring and leaned toward the dead man. The murmur all around faded and the bystanders waited for the old to do.

Aglumaloqâq grabbed his naked body, speaking soft words that no one could understand. The flesh of the dead no longer gave in at any pressure point and, contrary to the otherwise slowly occurring rigidity, appeared to be already hard frozen.

Recke brought his mouth to Reimer's ear and whispered: "The whole thing is very strange. One might think that we are subject to a suggestion. That stiffness..." He made a move as if he wanted

to step into the middle of the ring too, but Reimer held him back,

"Tusarpah - listen!" Cried the old man, sitting upright. "The Angätkoq died a magical death and his body is enchanted." Turning to the white guests, he repeated his words in broken English. »The soul of Angätkoq is exalted and followed the Great Mother - Nuliajukanahnaq!«

With a commanding gesture, Aglumaloqâq shooed back the dogs gathering around the body. Reluctantly and gently, they barely gave a foot's breadth. Then he gave the men of the clan a short command, easily recognizable by the key.

What followed now shocked the white guests so much that

they turned away, shuddering. The Netsilik people crawled into the surrounding igloos and came back with knives and hatchets to dismember the rigid body according to the chief's instructions. Then they picked up the individual pieces and limbs to carry them out of the camp in several directions. Packs of dogs followed, growling and whimpering.

"What's the matter," Reimer asked quietly to Howard who was lingering next to him. "What does all this mean?"

The Canadian looked distraught behind the group that had just split up and replied willingly: "I can't say anything about the appearance. At first I thought it was another of your damn dangerous inventions. But that's not just it, but above all the really strange behavior of these people here. It is not the first time that I go with a whaler and so I am halfway familiar with the customs of the Eskimo peoples. And I know that if one of them dies, they go through strict funeral ceremonies that are quite different from what I have just seen. Otherwise they tend to bury their dead just like other peoples. They hold various rites before a funeral. They are not allowed to clean themselves or comb, do not lead sledges or

feed dogs. They mourn like other people. But this one there - horrible! ... «

One of the other Canadians confirmed Howard's statements. "As I am called Boissart, doing this is more like dog feeding than burial. Plus where the dead man is a shaman. I am also

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not a newcomer here, but I have never seen this reversal of her manners or heard any stories. «

"We should temporarily retreat to the igloos and leave the netsiliks alone," suggested Reimer.

"I'm concerned," warned Recke. "If these people act against their way of doing it, it is unwise to leave the three Canadians defenseless alone without a weapon." He also spoke English so the others could understand him.

Howard casually waved away. »We are in no way at risk. The white man's reputation is too great... "He turned calmly and walked towards the igloo intended for her. His companions nodded, took another look at the Eskimos standing around, and then crawled into the dwelling behind Howard.

The officers pocketed the pistols. They had gotten very clammy hands from holding their arms during the strange occurrences. Recke took his comrade's arm lightly. »I can't get rid of the thought: a week ago the casino in Drontheim was our only distraction of a milestone service and now the moody fate whirls us around. It must be as Gutmann claimed that everything is a will and a task. What may we have to do now? "

"Sentimental?" The question was ridiculous.

"Not at all! -If Aglumaloqâq wasn't coming towards us now, I would still believe in a dream!  
«

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The old man, accompanied by his clan, strode towards the guests. With a serious expression on his face, he said: "The big mother called our Angätkoq to himself. He left no apprentice as his successor and his son was torn apart by a bear. The tribe was honored by the appearance of the Nuliajukanahnaq, but it is bad to be without a shaman. I have to consult with the elders of my people. For now, go back alone in the igloo. If the giant bird comes in the meantime, I'll have you called immediately! «

Reimer and Recke just nodded. When they complied, they saw themselves accompanied by the chief's wife and daughter, who alone visited a secluded group of older men.

The thinking of the Eskimo women was not as complicated as that of their husbands. They had been very impressed by the appearance of the glowing disk, but in the manner of all primitive people, they never forgot what was closest. So it was understandable that Ubloriasukshut inside the igloo dared to ask the question again: "Tobacco? - Achiugaunga ... «

"Neither tobacco nor ... gaunga," said Recke. He had guessed emotionally that the Eskimo word was a friendly request. "We want to be calm!"

The girl looked at the white men without understanding. Grumpy and worried about Gutmann's absence, threw these on their deposits.

### POINT 103

The hymn's sound  
in the highest heavenly  
space, leaning on  
the gods all enthroned,  
If you don't know it, what does  
the hymn help you for?  
We who know him  
have gathered here.

Neither Reimer nor Recke actually knew how long they had slept. For a long time after falling asleep, they had tossed about in their deposits; her expressions clearly revealed the inner look of vivid dream images. Only later did long, deep breaths show the calming and redemption.

When they were suddenly woken up, they had lost all sense of time. Ubloriasukshut had shaken her violently and excitedly spouted out a series of sentences that the officers could not understand. It was only when she pointed with her hands to the exit of the igloo and then pointed upwards that they both suspected that it was again an airplane.

While they were in a hurry to get dressed, they heard Aglumaloqâq from the hut entrance

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shout: »Pavungahjah - mahunga! - Come on, come out, white men! - A nice spell circles over us! Fast ..."

Never before in the whole war had an alarm been as rousing as waking the Eskimos. What was the surprise? - If it were Gutmann, the Eskimos would certainly report a giant eagle.

They reached for their weapons, looked at each other briefly, and hurriedly crawled outside. Fresh, cold air blew towards them and once again the inhabitants of the small settlement stood close together. Among them were the Canadians, who had apparently got up before the event. They all looked skyward.

Oddly enough, no engine noise was heard and no airplane was seen. Did it fly by?

»Sule - now, - suna una - what's that? ... «

A strange structure came flying towards the village from the direction where the aviation painting was built.

Eskimos and Canadians screamed in confusion. The harpooner's harsh voice drowned out the

shouting and screeching. »A flying puzzle! ... «

Instead of an otherwise expected roar of propellers, there was only a humming and whirring. A disc-like spinning top glittered against the overcast sky and slid slightly toward the settlement.

With open eyes, the captains followed the movements of the missile, which showed no sign of one

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Showed nationality. It was a huge disc that was manned and controlled by humans.

The dogs of the Eskimos behaved no differently this time than dogs anywhere else on the great globe of the globe. They barked and drooled furiously without following a magic law.

The missile circled around the small town, then targeted the nearby surface of the rising coastal slope and landed smoothly with no difficulty. But it was not the strange thing about this technical marvel, but the incomprehensible personal encounter under these circumstances that surprised the two captains.

Because one of the two men who left the strange vehicle was - Gutmann.

Recke and Reimer had called their comrade's name at the same time. The impulsive rhyme pushed some Eskimos aside and hurried toward the expected companion, followed by some growling dogs.

"But you found it damn quickly!" Laughed Gutmann in greeting and patted Reimer on the shoulder. "Here - may I announce: Hauptmann Reimer - Major Juncker!" Pointing to the now-coming bar, he closed the brief introduction by mentioning the names again.

The captains did not end with their amazement. The combination of Gutmann's companion was open at the neck and showed the rank badges of

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German protection squadron. Reimer asked again: "Major?" "Yes!" Confirmed the officer of the Waffen SS.

Now Aglumaloqâq with some netsilik and the Canadians came, driven by curiosity. The latter showed open dismay when they recognized the new arrivals as Germans. "Bless our souls," Howard muttered, shaken. "The German invasion ..."

"What kind of people are they?" Asked Gutmann, pointing to the Canadians.

"Men who lost their ship," said Reimer. "They want to go somewhere southwest where they know a station. Couldn't remember the name." He turned to Howard and asked for another explanation.

"To Port Epwurth in the Coronation Gulf!" Howard said shortly.

Gutmann looked at the man firmly. "Are you an old Arctic man?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Hm. - You should actually know that you can't find a station too far from here. A little south of here, casually two hundred kilometers, is an outpost on King Williams Island, which, to my knowledge, has no radio. You only need to cross the Peterson Bai. In general - the Canadian police stations are relatively easy to reach without any particular difficulties. If there is a large station much further north on North Devon Island, you will get a lot here south

Get help faster than if you want to go blindly left and right to the west. "

The Canadian harpooner opened his eyes and looked at the German officer. "How do you know that, sir?"

"I know it exactly as you will know!" "Gutmann's voice had grown hard and unfriendly. "Why are you lying?"

"I beg your pardon," muttered the Canadian. "At first I couldn't know - I had reasons ..."

"I don't care," Gutmann cut off the other words. Then he turned back to his two comrades: "Now you want to get your things and start again. Juncker is staying behind so that nobody gets too close to our device or damages it ... «

The major nodded in agreement and slowly backed away, trying to keep the Eskimos away.

Walking to the igloos, Gutmann said: "You did well with the pilot's sign. It was really not difficult to find you. Although the storm has blown a lot in the meantime. Now we can complete this little adventure here and start a big one! ... «

"This is enough for me," Recke said dryly. "It couldn't get any better!"

Gutmann smiled fine. "Maybe yes ..."

Now Reimer was getting violent. "I do not understand the world anymore. Comrades come with an air vehicle that

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one could see a variety of a huge toy spinning top and instead of the most necessary explanations, a palaver starts as if we were sitting around a regulars' table. Adventure or not, madness or something, explain to us, Gutmann, these wonders and secrets! «

"Gentle, dear Reimer! First we want to get away from here with our V7, then we have time for explanations. We don't want it to be a second time that an enemy plane surprises us again."

Recke snorted: "So that's a German V-construction?"

"Yes!"

Aglumaloqâq was silently trotting alongside the three officers. When the white men crawled inside his igloo, he stopped outside. He felt that he was now getting rid of his guests, who generally made him uncomfortable. Restlessness and witchcraft had broken out over his little world since the burned giant eagle's smoke sign had lured him.



His face was completely blank when the whites came out of his burrow. As by the way, he said: "Are the Qablunait now flying away with the big magic drum?"

"Eh," nodded Reimer, who already knew the Eskimo word for "yes."

Gutmann also spoke to the English-speaking Eskimo chief: "The three sailors are left behind. Help them on their way to the next one

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Police station. You know yourself. Or?"

The old man winked. »Takujamablugo - wants to see what to help. But I much prefer you take these men with you. Walther ship people are usually raw and dangerous. «

"That doesn't work, good Aglumaloqâq," said Reimer. "We don't have that much space in what you call magic drum."

"Then the Qablunait should move on from the big smoke kayak with the three Avertormiut," replied the old man stubbornly. "They get some meat and fish. Ublume - still today! «

"It should happen as the chief wishes," Gutmann decided briefly. "The Canadians leave with their companions and get some food. Your return to so-called civilization is only a matter of a very short time. There is nothing else we can do ourselves. «

Aglumaloqâq was satisfied with the acceptance of his proposal. Grinning gratefully, he accepted some tools and small items from Reimer, which the aviators saw as unnecessary. For him, these gifts were a great gift since his little people didn't have much.

Returning to the flying disc that the whole net of Netsilik was staring at, Recke called Howard, who was standing to the side with his companions, and returned the rifle that had been removed earlier, which he had kept in Aglumaloqâq's hut. »Here - don't do any

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Stupidities, man! «

The harpoon hesitantly accepted the weapon. It was only when he held her tightly in his hand again and recognized the sincerity of the foreign pilots that he offered Recke his hand. "The Germans are strange birds," he said more to himself than to his counterpart. "Thanks! ... «

Standing in front of the window, Reimer and Recke realized that this strange device was of considerable size. Around the spherical body, which was provided with a glass hood, was built the upwardly convex ring disk, which consisted of a number of blades that were mounted between a carrier attachment of the ball and an outer centering ring. Otherwise they could not make any further observations at the moment, since the Waffen SS officer urged them to get in.

Gutmann handed the packs in and asked his companions to get in through the floor hatch on the lower part of the nacelle. "In with you into the thing that the old coddle of liver looks at here as a magic drum. Zackzack, comrades! «

Reimer jumped swiftly, supported by Juncker, through the entrance into the interior of the gondola. The broad-shouldered knight followed a little more slowly and at the end Gutmann squeezed in, closing the entrance behind him. Through the panes of the sphere they saw the mute, expectant front of the three Canadians and the Netsilik people, all of whom were waiting for the spectacle of the departure with child and cone. Juncker sat down in the

Driver's seat, while the three other officers took a seat behind them in one direction.

"Finished"! called Gutmann.

Some quick grips of the Waffen SS officer. A loud howl, flames flicked away from the edge of the pane, the circularly closing blades began to rotate rapidly and with a gentle jerk the device detached itself from the floor to climb steeply.

While Juncker stubbornly let his eyes wander between the arctic expanse and the driver's cab with the fittings, the other three occupants saw the Eskimos, getting smaller and smaller, running apart in horror or throwing themselves to the ground in fear. The Canadians seemed to be three closely related figures, and the start of the strange disc did not seem to have been a breeze either.

There was a short silence among the men. Reimer and Recke were overwhelmed by a mood that made them stare at them in silence, since they were so amazed that Gutmann's return, under such strange circumstances, made them feel in a dreamlike, unreal state. It was only after a while that Recke asked the first question: "Now tell us, Gutmann, what kind of bowl this is in which we fly!"

Gutmann hardly moved when he answered. Only his eyes searched the faces of his

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Companions. »We are in a roundabout with the designation V7 in the small circle. We have two such devices here on a post in the Arctic region. When I arrived with the captured Canadian and his plane at the base known as the call sign ZYX, comrade Juncker, as I described the situation, immediately offered to ascend with the apparatus he had flown in. If we arrived a little late, it was due to the weather reports and certain other preparations. But we were convinced that we would find you safe again! «

"Very nice," said Recke. "The finding would have worked. That would be just a little more to satisfy our curiosity. Or not?"

"What?" Asked Gutmann hypocritically.

"Man, don't put us on a spiky fakir bed!" Interjected Reimer. »Explain to us, one by one, where the journey is now and then - what this gyroscope is all about and what else is interesting. Put yourself in my position: you were

sitting in a glass ball, a horizontal disc surface flickers rapidly in front of your eyes and a fiery aura sprays away from the edge. I think you would ask more than an old woman! ”

"It would most likely be what you say," Gutmann admitted. »Of course it shouldn't be a secret for you. Didn't want to explain the whole story to you until later. But at least - about

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We can talk about the technical question of this aircraft a little bit before landing. It is quite understandable that the thing must captivate you. «

"It's high time you saw that!" Growled Recke.

Gutmann waved it off soothingly. "So! - Our

Thing here, the V7, was created in a strange way. Assuming that take-off and landing for an aircraft had always been associated with the space issue and that speed had to be taken into account, a resourceful designer found the solution beyond the helicopter project to have adjustable leaflets circling an arched cabin. Incidentally, a duplication of ideas came to light here, where our devices are already in use, while another designer is currently still working somewhere near Prague to produce the same project. «

"The reason that the runway problem required a solution is understandable, as it has been due for a long time," Reimer interrupted Gutmann's dry lecturing. »But why the unusual gyro solution?«

"The designation gyroscope is correct!" Gutmann continued undisturbed, without considering the objection at the moment. »After various tests, it was discovered that this construction promised to achieve an extraordinary speed even at the test stage. In fact, this surpasses

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Aircraft at all speeds previously thought possible.

«

"How fast?" Asked Reimer excitedly.

»In theory, that means, without considering the human factor, medium-strong motors can reach four thousand kilometers an hour with a climbing speed of one hundred meter seconds. The principle of movement is very simple: after climbing up - you should have noticed it anyway - the rotor runs a little slower so that the device hovers in the air, then the nozzles are started for the forward flight. Of course, this maximum speed could only be achieved if ram-jet pipes were also operated in addition to the turbine motors, although they could only work from eight hundred kilometers an hour. The extraordinary maneuverability seems obvious thanks to the ingenious gyro construction. Of course, the device can also stand still in free space. The motor prevents it from going down when the horizontal drive is set. «

"A jet aircraft, then," said Recke.

"Correct! - I said it before. "Gutmann continued:" In terms of construction, it could only be briefly explained that the fuel tanks are stored under the cabin floor. Around the center is the bearing of the rotor wing rim, underneath are the engines that start the rotor. Outside is the centering ring, which surrounds the rotating blades. Almost ingeniously simple! «

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Reimer could not refrain from "phenomenal!"  
"And what is the range of this V7?"

"Currently from a base - about two thousand kilometers," Gutmann replied. "That is the only sore point. Nevertheless, the military possibilities are very extraordinary. I think the V7 will still occupy the minds of our world a lot! «

"And where is our goal now?"

Gutmann turned to the questioning warrior.  
"You will be surprised. Near the eightieth degree

of latitude! «

"Pötzblitz!" Could not refrain from Recke.

"How long have we been flying now?" Asked Reimer. "To the finish?"

"Yes!"

"About half an hour," said Gutmann. "Because we're flying at an acceptable speed."

Reimer and Recke looked across the rotating disc at the landscape. As an experienced aviator, they were able to estimate the pace of the flight by gliding past the landscape. After all, it was considerable. As far as the eye could see, masses of water and ice whizzed past. A dark land mass, also covered with white snow fields, moved sideways as if drawn by an invisible hand, opposite to the direction of flight, backwards.

"You will be interested," Gutmann recalled abruptly, "that our flight type, a construction from Wroclaw, was thirty-one in diameter

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Meters. As is well known, this corresponds to the number Pi. Since fractional numbers cannot be used in machine sets in certain cases, the number of nozzles on the circumference was set at thirty-two. «

"It almost looks like a math gimmick," Recke replied, mocking. Its critical nature found a target for comments.

Gutmann remained serious. »Everything in nature has harmonious laws. The same applies to technology. For the rest - there are certain role models ... «

"Another technical question," asked Reimer. »How does the rotor process the air?«

"You can easily see that after landing. There are slots on the top for penetrating the air, while on the underside there are outflow fields. Also very easy! «

"Every miracle becomes easy when it can be justified or explained." Recke suddenly leaned forward. "You were talking about certain role models just now, Gutmann! Let's bet there are, without you knowing what real wonders are! "

"Ah! - « Gutmann was amazed. "Have you ever actually seen another disc that seemed to be of unearthly origin?"

"That's exactly what I mean!" Confirmed Recke, now surprised in turn. Reimer also nodded excitedly.

"A manisola ..." Gutmann murmured. His words were barely understandable in the roar of the flying machine. Instead of letting himself be explained, he asked

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Counter question: "What was your impression of this phenomenon?"

Just like Reimer, Recke's eyes widened. "Have you become omniscient, Gutmann?"

"Answer me first," the latter urged. "Tell me quickly what you and probably the Eskimos experienced!"

"It was in the Eskimo village," admitted Recke. In a few words, he described the whole strange process from appearance to departure of the glowing disk. Only now and then did Reimer interrupt him to explain some details.

Gutmann nodded often. In between, he indicated that he knew the appearance well enough. The biggest impression on him was the strange behavior of the dogs and the death of the shaman. After describing the incomprehensible burial of the medicine man and the sudden departure due to discoloration of the pane, he said: "You will get to know the whole thing in detail shortly. Right now is not the time to talk about it. It's understandable that you can't deal with this seemingly strange problem on your own. "He smiled deeply. »For your consolation for the next few hours: in about two years, millions of people will not know what to do with these phenomena!«

"Is that a V-construction too ?" Recke's new question sounded doubtful.

"Do you associate this phenomenon with

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their behavior technically possible? «

"Technically impossible!" Reimer immediately thought of Recke. "I would most likely consider it a metaphysical matter."

"You mumbled a name before," Recke added. "You know ..."

Gutmann cut off the topic with an energetic movement. "I. know - but I already said that you still have to be patient for a few hours. There are more things to say than you can imagine! «

"It is your quirk to always play the secret shopkeeper!" Pouted Recke, looking sullenly at the airspace.

"Not at all," the blamed defended himself. »Since we will soon be there ...«

"... Will soon be there," mimicked Recke, "for the time being, they will be fed properly and then slept in a bed. I assume that our famous organization has made it convenient! ”

"Certainly! - You will be able to convince yourself of your satisfaction in a short time. «

The eyes of the planes flew again through the windows of the cabin. Ice and water everywhere as far as the eye could see. Attractive and tiring at the same time.

"Our comrade Juncker flies his route pretty safely," remarked Reimer casually. »Apparently without navigation; only after the area that has no special brands all around. Can't the magnetic pole play antics for us? ”

It was the first time Juncker was talking to his comrades. »We are instructed with Magnetofunk! Our machine is guided by a direction-finding beam, which leads us to every target within the radius of action and back to the home field. Our flight is controlled from the station by a television screen. «

Reimer pursed his lips. »If one day the Yankees track us down here, they bombard us with all sorts of values with their bombers that have to be concentrated in a small space. Since we



inevitably attract attention in this area after a certain time ... «

"Don't worry!" Gutmann reassured Juncker. "It will hardly ever be the case that an enemy plane will ever find us."

"The Yanks and Canadians will not be so kind as to play blind cows all the time!" Said Recke ironically.

"Yes - we are forcing them to do so!" Gutmann chuckled like a hen. "Because from our station we are able to irritate incoming foreign planes by magnetic rejection, so that their locating devices produce a hardly noticeable deviation. These artificially caused errors in the navigation lead the machines around our base. As it is known that navigation in the arctic zones is difficult in and of itself, a foreign influence on the devices can hardly be perceived. Minor mistakes are therefore credible. This method is better and more reliable than ours

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otherwise excellent flak. «

"Cuckoo, again," Recke rumbled again, "why are we dragging these magic devices to the ass of the world instead of distracting the bomber groups of civilian killers at home? - I think our top warlords are getting a soft pear! "He tapped his forehead angrily.

"That's not how it looks," Gutmann said. »Magnet radio for these purposes is also of recent origin. In addition - hardly anything is safe from treachery within the Reich. Nor can we bring about any change in the luck of war alone. Neither with these tools nor with our latest V-weapons and similar things. We simply missed the time and past opportunities. We were pretty clear about that in Vernäs. «

Recke shrugged the corners of his mouth slightly. »If it is partly true - you are a pessimist by nature!«

Gutmann tightened himself. With a quick grip, he pulled the zipper of his combination down a little from his neck. Instead of the expected gray-blue pilot's blouse, field-gray cloth with the collar patches of the Waffen-SS appeared. Four silver stars indicated the same rank as Juncker had. Without paying attention to the astonished faces of his fellow comrades, he said: "I hope that this uniform, which is actually mine, gives me suspicions

protects. In general, would I otherwise be familiar with the last secrets of our warfare? «

He received no immediate answer. Recke looked straight ahead in silence. Only his facial muscles indicated excited thought work. Reimer, on the other hand, had leaned back in his seat and then asked: "How did you get to Vernäs in the first place, so far from the gears of war?"

»It's easy to explain! Before I came to you, I was involved in the development of this machine - the V 7 - in Breslau. Gutmann and Scheibe - that fits together better now, doesn't it? - But back to Wroclaw; I was fed up with the superfluous fuss of certain party people and, in a necessary moment, opened my mouth wide. This was noted very badly because the fat people felt kicked. I took the position: where there are no entry bans for soldiers, this applies at least to the important-minded civil generals, may they still have golden strands and buttons. The game ended in a draw. That means the gold pheasants did not take a step into the area of their curiosity, but I was transferred from there to the Luftwaffe as a captain and then came to Vernäs on the basis of an order from the OKL. A simple short story. «

"And now?" Reimer's voice was full of expectation.

"I was promoted to major and gracefully used for other uses. I received this notice shortly before our departure from

Vernäs. Colonel Troll and Major Küpper knew about it. No one else. Consequently ..."

Junckers cut off the conversation. "Point 103 in front of us!"

- The simple message from the man at the machine's cab immediately distracted him from the personal and problematic things. Four pairs of eyes eyed the area that promised the approaching target. The sky was above average brightness and made the Arctic Ocean shine between the ice fields. The water broke like a network of small rivers and streams between the cracked ice, floes and small bizarre mountains that glided like small glaciers in the open water. From the background, an elevated area came closer, on which a small ring mountain rose, which showed the observers in the flying disc a gate-like interruption. There was no indication that there was a station here. It was undoubtedly the mainland and only here could the announced point 103 be.

"Point 103?" Reimer had asked.

"Call station ZYX is identical to point 103!" Gutmann pointed into the inner area of the small ring mountains. "Here is the station!"

Reimer and Recke could discover nothing that suggested human presence. They shook their heads in amazement.

The flight gyro steadily descended during its horizontal approach. At low altitude, the apparatus passed the open ring interruption and then stayed

for a moment, as if held by a magic hand, immobile in the air. Only the disc continued to rotate and indicated that the gyro was working. A few seconds later, the flying machine descended vertically. The occupants felt like they were going down with an elevator.

Juncker looked through the ground window to control the landing. To Reimer and Recke's extraordinary surprise, it suddenly became dark for a short time, then artificial light shone into

the cabin from outside. A gentle bump and the noise of the rotor stopped. "End station - get out of everything!" Joked Gutmann, grazing at the astonishment of his fellow comrades. The floor hatch opened and the crew climbed out into the underground space behind Gutmann.

A spacious hall opened up to the eyes of those who had landed. The two officers of the Waffen SS confidently preceded their two comrades. A number of men in field gray and in the blue-gray air force color hurried past those who had arrived and greeted them militarily. Reimer and Recke could not cope with their surprise. The lowest rank they encountered wore the shoulder boards of the sub-officers. There was not a single team member among the numerous staff. The haste and behavior of the men betrayed prudence and planning. There was hardly an order. Listen.

The glare of the ceiling lights dazzled them

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Eyes. The four officers deviated somewhat from the straight line of their way because a large, flat rail car forced them to bend. So far, they had walked alongside a rail track. As he turned to the side of the hall, the all-around knight nudged his comrade Reimer and pointed in the background. At the end of the rail path running in a semi-darkness, a strange steel structure towered up, the purpose and meaning of which could not be recognized. Gutmann, however, didn't give them time to take a closer look and pushed forward.

They came to an opening that had no door. Nevertheless, the Air Force captains present here for the first time felt a striking change in temperature. Reimer could not refrain from an exclamation. "How so? ... «

"Warm air curtain closes against the outside temperature instead of a door," Gutmann explained as he went on. »The inside temperatures come from an electronic heater!«

"Not even the Berlin Nobeletablissemments got that far," said Recke, shaking his head. He breathed in the mild air comfortably.

Walking through a few aisles, the arrivals came to a series of chambers, all of which had doors that were numbered. Gutmann paused in the middle of the row of rooms. "Here is my room," he said, opening the door.

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The men entered a small chamber that looked poor but clean. The furnishings were made up of two camp beds, a simple locker and a folding table with two associated chairs. The switched on ceiling lighting spread a bright light.

"Juncker and I each have one bed free in our rooms," Gutmann said. "If you want to stay with me, Reimer, our friend Recke can move to Juncker. His chamber is diagonally across from here. I have room number twenty-four, Juncker has twenty-nine. As you can see, we are close! «

"I'm all right," said Recke. "The main thing is that I can let myself fall into one of these inviting beds very soon."

"And I'd like to have a hearty meal first," added Reimer. »But no Eskimo menu!«

"Wouldn't a bath be pleasant before?" Asked Gutmann.

"Would be nice," Recke replied. "If you say it again, I would be tempted to accept this luxury as believable."

"Then I have to repeat my question here!" Laughed Gutmann. »Everything is actually available that is necessary everywhere for a longer life.«

The two captains were amazed. Helping each other, the officers slipped out of their thick combinations and put off paddocks and handguns.

»After the bath we pick up our things from here

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over to our booth, "Juncker said to Recke. "After dinner," Gutmann corrected. "The  
The final order is: bathe, eat and sleep! ""  
Agreed - go! "Cried Reimer,

On the evening of the following day, Reimer and Recke sat in Gutmann's room with him and had the first explanations for their being there. Both captains sensed with their healthy instinct that Gutmann was careful not to go beyond the general of this hidden base in the beginning. Though it was no doubt distrust that might have been in the way, the two officers still found no explanation for the gentle behavior of their comrade.

"Everything you see here and what arouses your astonishment and admiration," said Gutmann, "was created after a carefully considered plan with long preparatory work. The fact that this action and the base has so far been shielded from betrayal is due above all to the particularly thorough selection and testing of the staff. It has taken unprecedented preparatory work and effort. «

"A question!" Said Recke. »The expansion seen so far suggests with certainty that this base has not been worked on for weeks, but for quite some time. I hardly believe, however, that the imperial government has been facing such a distress ahead of our military situation for a long time.

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has seen or even would have been willing to accept this. What was the reason for starting this work here? »

Gutmann looked at the questioner in surprise. "Logically and deliberately, dear friend! - That's just the point I wanted to leave for later. «

"I noticed that," Recke said dryly.

The major deliberately ignored the objection. »In the next few days you will have to change

your previous views and see things that will present you with a new world view. It will show you power-political relationships that are by no means geographically fixed and will overturn all common expectations. However, I must confess to you, it was not intended to put you both here because you have a good description, but because the Do-Ju twin construction should be flown in front of everyone . It is not our fault that this did not succeed. But I took full responsibility to introduce you to this as reliable and hope for your support in a fight that goes beyond the seemingly limited war! «

"Aha, werewolf ..." said Recke sarcastically.

"Pah," Gutmann said. "You could make werewolves in the Thirty Years' War. In densely populated Central Europe, depending on technical supplies and sufficient food, this type of struggle is at most limited as a disruptive factor, but not at all

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fundamentally effective. What is possible in the Balkans or in Eastern Europe ... «

"But you don't seem to be clear about that at a higher level?" Recke's interjection sounded cool and matter-of-fact.

'Yes, comrade! But we must not forget that the unwise demands of Casablanca, which would require unconditional surrender and would result in over-Versailles, compel acts of desperation. «

"We know that," Reimer said bitterly. »Likewise, that knowledge is already taking hold - the demand for surrender is not directed against the regime, but against the German people in general. Somehow, shawms were blown before: war against the emperor, not against the people - in truth, however, it was the people you wanted to see oppressed! «

Gutmann looked over the two comrades as he spoke slowly: "Old and familiar things. It is all idle polemic. We have to reckon with facts and

take a practical position on them. My previous introductions therefore mean the declaration of global political forces that are active and effective at a higher level and that I will generally reveal to you. If I am not ready to do this with all thoroughness right away, the reason for this is that the whole complex of circumstances would seem too unlikely, indeed fantastic, to you."

"We are not small children," grumbled Recke, with an offended expression. "Finally, we finally got into this fairytale castle with a new machine. That means, "he corrected immediately," almost got here. "

»Actually, a machine was planned for this tour that should already have had diesel engines. With this model, we could have easily landed and restarted later, «interjected Gutmann. »However, there seems to be a mix-up here from Berlin. Whether wanted or unwanted, it will be difficult to clarify. «

"You could really get fed up with the whole circus soon," said Reimer angrily, after having been quite restrained so far. "We always have to pay front-line soldiers for the mess of some rags!"

"We have to get past it," said the major. »We at point 103 in particular are forming an activist task force that will serve their goals even if there is no longer a German government. And unfortunately that will soon be the case. «

"Yeah, cuckoo," snapped Recke, "there shouldn't be any suspicion; but who should we fight for when there is no order and no authority at home? «

"Our friend Reimer mentioned earlier that it was common knowledge that our enemies pretend to fight our government, but our people



mean, "Gutmann replied calmly. "So we serve a higher order in the interest of our people."

"If it doesn't go against our soldier's oath and our will to act is not misused ..." Reimer spoke hesitantly. Gutmann cut off the sentence with a sharp metallic edge: "We don't have Stauffenbergs!"

"Forgive me!" Reimer murmured. "But it is good if everything is always spoken clearly!" With firm pressure, he took Gutmann's hand, which he held out to him. Recke followed Reimer's example and added the question: "What should happen to us soon?"

"I think you deserve a few days of rest. A time lies ahead of us that hides diverse secrets behind veils and will also pose a danger to life and limb. Take advantage of the few days remaining for a recovery before an order for action comes. And one more thing: If you come across other uniforms and foreign civilians here in the next few days, don't be surprised! We have friends and allies in the world who are all willing to serve a new order. «Gutmann's voice became warning and insistent:» But above all: ask few questions and learn silence! «

"... as if we were washing women," Recke growled softly ... "Before Gutmann could satisfy, Reimer remembered:" A comparison is just coming to my mind; we have an amusement park in Vienna known as the Prater. There is between the shooting

and sausage booths a grotto train that is pulled by a ghastly Lindworm locomotive. When you've got your sixes out of the way, you can climb into the rail and are pulled into a dark tunnel by the beast, which is a mixture of crocodile and herring. About as if it were going on in the Hades. Then suddenly, on both sides, small illuminated caves appear in the dark corridor, which are animated by cute characters and

represent a moving magic kingdom. So a threatening driveway afterwards with all kinds of funny jokes. And it seems to me that we were just allowed to pay a six there to dash into a new jubilee gallery! «

"What if I did?" It was supposed to be joking, but an ambiguous undertone couldn't be hidden.

"... if so!" Recke looked up again. »For sniffing and beeping, isn't it? - Tell us at least a fairy tale, Gutmann, as our friend Reimer can. You always have to let go of something in your mind's eye that your soul can build on before you get a bullet or anything else! «

"Why not?" Gutmann spoke slowly and brooding. "As far as I can remember, you two are somewhat knowledgeable in history. Do you know the traditions of the old King Mithradates Eupator, who was also called the Great? "When the two captains shook their heads negatively and Reimer interjected that he was leaving school

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The major continued only briefly to remember the name: "Mithradates, with varying luck, waged three protracted wars against the world power of Rome at that time. At that time he also found the support of the Siliconian pirate state, which was actually an exile country of Mithracult supporters expelled from the surrounding countries . The tight discipline and order of the Mithra people from Silicia, who were left to their own devices and had to assert themselves against a hostile environment, made them fearful opponents and so their help for Mithradates was of great importance. And it was not Rome's merit that the king fell, but the fall of his sons caused the suicide of the ruler of Asia Minor. "

"The world has always been shabby," said Reimer. "Not the world, but the people!"

Gutmann right. "Anyway - I'm comparing here that point 103, like at the time of Mithradate Eupator, is a silicon, where men resolutely defend themselves against the environment. Led by invisible, evil forces, this environment is the visible expression of an intolerant and domineering age. At that time, it must have been time that Mithradates, the man of "Mithra Geschenke", could not achieve his high historical goal. The environment of his era was just stronger. But it doesn't always have to be that way! «

Reimer nodded. "Not at all. It just depends on how far you can go with the power of the traditional and

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of the earthbound. «

»Everything new is usually just as earth-bound; only one does not want to admit it because carriers of an existing order do not like to be replaced by a new order. This explains the hostility of an environment! «

"Very nice," said Recke. "That explains everything. But that old Mithradates ... "

"For a reason," Gutmann said. »There will still be causal relationships!«

"Wash me, but don't get me wet!" Mocked Recke. "I read the sentence somewhere: dark is meaning!"

"Let's leave it at that," Reimer decided. »I understood Gutmann. The slogan of our company would have been more realistic and more timely. Namely: Ultima Thule. But at least ..."

Gutmann spread his fingers so that the joints cracked. »One thing fits into the other ...«

"Ultima Thule, the island of the last heroes," Recke called slightly theatrically. »For my sake, I will continue to fly if I can use it to benefit our home. If it's not too late! «

"It's never too late," Gutmann replied cautiously. »Our watchword is: Not ex oriente lux, but salvation and light comes from the north!«

In the days that followed, Reimer and Recke had enough time to familiarize themselves with their surroundings

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do. To their amazement, they were not ordered to be the base commander or adjutant, nor was anyone else taking care of them. Recke had found a friendly companion at his roommate Juncker, with whom he got on well and who, instead of the often prevented Gutmann, took great care of the two captains.

During their extensive tours, the two flight officers were amazed to find that when they arrived at the base, their great astonishment was only a fraction of the facilities they had found. Among other things, Juncker, when accompanied in part, had explained to them that the ceiling flap of the underground glass hangar was also used to deploy a rocket launcher. Caverns were also blown into the semicircle of the Ring Mountains, which were used to hold various types of aircraft, which had an excellent runway on the trough plane. As Juncker indicated, there were types that were not yet in series production and in many respects were far superior to the machines currently in use. At least in this way, part of the military secrets would be beyond the reach of the enemies invading the empire, Juncker explained.

In the middle of the Ring Mountains there was a weather control point, which was briefly and humorously called frog glass. They also learned that the station had its own underground power plant, the one

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had a large capacity.

Pointing to the landing site, Recke said: "Only for experienced pilots ..."

"You have to fly to the landing, lubricate it from the side, catch the plane again and only then land," Juncker explained.

"There is no other way," admitted Recke.

Gutmann himself gave an astonishing answer to Reimer's occasional question about the functioning of the replenishment: "The technical supplies come from home, the food supply largely from the USA!"

"Lazy jokes!" Recke rumbled angrily.

"It is so," affirmed Gutmann. "We have friends, as I indicated earlier, who relieved us of these concerns. There are circles in the United States and Canada that know about the existence of point 103 without knowing its location and who would never find us against our will. Our Magnetofunk is safer than a number of anti-aircraft batteries. Even men from the American Federal Court of Justice are aware of the existence of our base. «

"And the supports?" Asked Reimer.

"Very easy! - Our supporting forces on this continent are of the opinion that they do not violate the interests of their country, because point 103 deprives the empire of potential that could currently serve an ongoing mission. The whole unit is also seen as a kind of opposition

against certain powers of the imperial government, which are designated with the code number 666. These are not the official positions of enemy power, but only the small groups of sufferers who have a different political perspective. It is these circles that supply our transport machines with provisions, as well as certain metals and alloys, which we need here. We also have workshops and a laboratory here; in the next few days you will also get to know these premises. «

Reimer gripped Gutmann's arm tightly, while Recke pinched his mouth. »If point 103 is a potential deprivation point ...«

"Not so excited," Gutmann reassured the captains. »There are two ways of looking at it: an earthworm and a bird's eye view! As an aviator, you should be ashamed to be counted among the earthworms. «

"Nonsense!" Barked Recke.

»You only have to replace the word potential deprivation with the word potential rescue, then you have grasped the correct meaning of the station!«

"Juncker suggested that, too," Reimer admitted. "You should better pay attention to such information," Gutmann said coolly. "Then certain rocket minds don't need to explode!"

Recke saw that Gutmann was on the verge of losing his otherwise inexhaustible patience. He put his massive hand on his shoulders and said good-naturedly: "No offense, star gazer, but you also have to understand

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raise us ignorant sheep that are constantly attacked by new knowledge and facts. We have complete trust in you, but it could be that we are all just puppets of an infamous game, the background of which would not be recognizable. You saw horses puke in those days! «

"It's good," said the major, reconciled. "But whatever may come, we can serve with confidence!"

The next morning the captains experienced a new surprise. They were dressed in warm fur parkahs, on a short morning walk outdoors when a machine rolled out on the runway that had a strange signature in place of the expected emblem. This time they were alone. Both of them stopped walking and stared at the wings and fuselage of the skyward apparatus, which was marked with black dots.

"Flash!" Cried Recke, looking around. Some of the men who were present at the start just disappeared into a rock cavern. "What was that midnight Japanese?"

"Want to see where Gutmann is." Reimer dragged his comrade away to get inside the station. "Strange, very strange," he murmured. "I had met a comrade in Oslo who claimed to have seen an airplane that too

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had a black dot on the wings and flew towards Sweden. «

"If I hadn't seen the same thing now, I would say he would have thought a ladybug was a plane!"

Recke replied. »Such hallucinations sometimes occur after a fight. But so... "Rushing through the underground halls and passageways, they searched for Gutmann everywhere. They also came across the civilians mentioned by their comrade for the first time, who moved freely and freely among the German staff. They didn't take the time to take a closer look at these strangers. There was only so much they could see in passing that there were exotic types among them. A few foreign military personnel also crossed your way.

Right now they couldn't find Gutmann. Only on the way to their rooms did they meet Juncker, whom they stopped immediately.

"Where's Gutmann?"

"At a meeting, gentlemen!" Juncker asked them both to his room. "Where's the shoe pressing, comrades?"

"Hm," Recke began hesitantly. "There's such a thing with black dots ..."

»Our aircraft registration! So - and? "" Our -? ... «

"You don't know that yet?" Juncker snapped his fingers. "Gutmann will be back around noon. He can explain that to you better. I want to leave that to him.

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Well - goodbye for the time being! 'He pushed the cap back on his neck, tapped his forefinger against the cap and went away.

"Simple thing," Reimer guessed. »Will probably be the new protective relay air force that Himmler has always wanted. Just didn't want to tell us so as not to offend us as rival club members. «

"What does it mean to hurt?" Recke sat on his cot. "From me, you can brush whatever you want onto the planes. The main thing is that we stay intact so far to at least keep an invasion from the east over our unfortunate home! «

"That has already started!" Added Reimer thoughtfully. »The last Wehrmacht reports already give German place names from both fronts. East Prussia is already gone! «

»I know that as well as you! The poor women and children. Unthinkable! It's a hell of a strategy to heap guns and people here instead of using the last to protect our civilian population. I'll tell Gutmann that he should put in a good word for me here with the local commander, the great stranger, to get me transferred back to a front unit! "

"Does it still have any purpose?" Reimer doubted. "Whatever we can use, the time would be too short and the fronts too compressed to stop the rollers from east and west.

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The celebrity can't hide that either. "" The Ministry of Propaganda just plays one more Roll, "admitted Recke. "But what then?"

»Gutmann has already indicated this to us! Persevere and to force a liberation and reversal of the situation on the higher level unknown to us. Your return to the home front would not change the existing facts. I share your feelings and have never pushed myself on a mission. Let us leave it at the tasks intended for us, because we are soldiers and not politicians! «



The two men sat just over an hour before Gutmann showed up. 'Heard from Juncker you were looking for me. I'm sorry, but my service ...  
«

"Not our fault if we're not on duty," remembered Recke, who didn't like doing nothing. "Otherwise, we wouldn't have been looking for you if we hadn't needed a thing to be cleared up. After all, at least you have to know what friend and foe is! «

"Junckers has already hinted to me that it's because of our aircraft registration numbers. Is that correct?"

"Yes," both admitted.

"That can also be explained," said Gutmann. He threw his hat on the covers and sat on the edge of Juncker's bed. Then slowly leaning back and resting on the elbows of the angled arms,

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he began to speak: »I want to justify without much introduction why we have no beam cross on the machines here and chose a black round blank as a sign. Above all, it has already become clear to us that home will sooner or later have to surrender ... «

"We talked about that just before you came," Reimer said. "A bitter realization!"

"Correct! - But you shouldn't stick your head in the sand like the ostrich. It is all the more bitter since we have already marched across Europe and were almost at the Suez Canal. But you know the saying of the times that change. Whether a huge portion of sinful politics or a number of missed opportunities are to blame for this is of no particular importance at the moment because it is not the past that is decisive, but the given of the present. If it should really happen that Germany has to surrender or the war is declared over after an occupation of the empire, all hostilities must be stopped at a point in time X. That would mean that the German Wehrmacht ceased to exist and that no one would be

authorized to continue fighting under the flags or flags of the Reich! «

"Oho!" Said Recke.

"Unless - as unrecognized warriors who ..."  
Gutmann made a gesture of shooting. If the fight continues, the Reich must not

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be compromised, because otherwise the effects on the civilian population through reprisals would increase the misery and misery. For this reason, we decided to create a new label for our machines as an independent organization, which will be discussed in more detail later. This black dot, as you call it, is Sol nigra, or the black sun, as it says in German. It has a deep symbolic meaning and should actually be a deep dark red instead of the optically visible black. It is the sol nigra of alchemy, in color indicating a certain phase of the lapis. «

Recke's mouth twisted. "What does that have to do with alchemy?"

"Only slowly! - First the meaning of the sun: it is the same symbol as the Gammadium, but from the aspect of the crucifixion. Exactly: our beam cross! " "Ah! "Reimer frowned. »What does the symbolism of the crucifixion mean? - Does that mean that we  
to be sacrificed? ... «

Gutmann looked past his two friends. »You can often interpret things how you want. The round shape of the sun can become a sign of salvation and save the German people determined to be sacrificed in the sign of the cross! World politics is not only practiced by governments alone, but also by forces that are above visible forces. «

"Those are no longer big secrets," said Reimer calmly.

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"It depends on. You speak of forces that are hardly visible, but are nevertheless recognizable. But I mean violence that is neither visible nor recognized! That's a big difference. Behind the scenes of world history there is a great showdown that will definitely decide a force for itself that is known to the few initiates as an esoteric world center or as the seat of the ethically positive forces. It is the real Ultima Thule; not only of the Aryan peoples, but of the whole world! «

Recke laughed mockingly, but Reimer leaned forward with interest: "Where is this center located?"

Gutmann shrugged. "I don't know that either. Globally speaking, it may not be far from here, but very few people are likely to know the exact location of this mystical point. Not only we from point 103, but also other organizations and groups of people strive to find this place or at least to receive the support and protection of this power. The future will show whether our search leads to success. «

"Combined with the words myth and esotericism: can't that be a mere assumption that, in the event of a mistake, the wrong assessment of the world's forces would have dire consequences for the gullible?" Reimer gave Gutmann a warning look.

"This center exists!" Answered the major with certainty. "Even the ancient Egyptians already knew it and called it Mount On, somewhere in the north.

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The same goes for the ancient Sumerians, who called the mystical place Kharsak Kurra or »Weltberg«. In the Bible, in the book of Isaiah, it appears under the name Har-Moed, that is, the mountain of the assembly. «

'No proof yet. Just traditional assumptions!

"Gutmann ignored Reimer's objection. "In Asia has even recently been connected to this force. «

"By radio?" Said Recke  
ironically. "No - telepathic!"

"Haha, now the oriental fairy tales come again  
in honor!"

"I appreciate your critical mind, bar. However,  
always remember that all knowledge of a person  
is only a fraction of what is available. We  
Westerners, as subjugators of Eastern peoples,  
have looked down upon the so-called natives  
with arrogance and contempt for centuries and  
are now ashamed to find that their history and  
tradition are at least as old, their art and  
philosophy just as great, and some things even us  
are superior. Their transcendental knowledge  
and powers in this area have been developed to a  
high standard, while we Europeans are still  
standing in front of a gate that is closed to us. You  
will get to know Mongols here at our station - I  
see you are surprised! - maybe after a few  
discussions you will see some things differently  
than before. «

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"Why not?" Replied Recke affectionately. "But  
further - how about the connection?"

"Very easy. Tibetan lamas of higher grades  
came into connection with the named center.  
They also know a world mountain and high seat,  
which they call Rirap -hlumpo in their language .  
I cannot say anything more about these things at  
the moment, but our ties to Tibet will  
undoubtedly be very beneficial and provide us  
with details to be known. An emissary, a Ta Lama  
of the Black Cap sect, is expected here today or  
tomorrow! «

Recke rocked his head. "What are the current  
opportunities for Tibet to help the German  
Reich?"

"None at the moment. But it has helped and  
will do so again if there are opportunities. Until  
recently, it had, through its liaison offices in  
England, provided the German government with  
important documents on English warfare and  
was able to inform them of the results of secret

meetings of the English House of Commons within twenty-four hours. The whole thing shouldn't have been particularly difficult! «

"What are the interests of the Tibetans?" Asked Reimer.

"A very big one!" Smiled Gutmann. »Above all, the visit to the German Tibet expedition under Professor Schäfer created a valuable and inexpensive personal contact between Germans and Tibetans. If not the expedition officer

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succeeded in solving certain esoteric tasks and gaining insight into secret books in the library in the Potala, which among other things should also contain secret predictions about the resurgence of the former Mongolian empire, so the visit met enough expectations. It also led to great political opportunities in Tibet because it expected relief from the English and Soviet pressures to come from the new Germany. Not only did it assume that Germany would bind Tibet's two dangerous neighbors, it was certainly hoping for a better way of winning over the West to Lamaism as a result of the suppression of the Roman-Christian position of power and preparing the prophecies unknown to us . We do not want to examine whether this would ever be possible or whether it was a miscalculation; the immediate political goal of relieving each other by throwing the balls is a good move, and Tibet has the greatest interest in Germany remaining strong or growing strong again. And inconspicuous helpers are often better helpers than so-called strong friends. «

"I don't know much about the Tibetans," said Recke. "Just so much that they like to drink tea with rancid butter. But I could still have sympathy for them. Except for the seal fat, I really liked the Eskimos. «

Another smile flitted across Gutmann's serious features. »You should never races according to

judge. This often leads to wrong conclusions. Furthermore, let yourself be advised: take the Mongols seriously and do not doubt them. They have a fine instinct and immediately feel whether you want them or whether you don't take them seriously. If they notice a trace of ridicule, they separate themselves and become silent like fish! «

Recke swallowed. "Mhm ..."

"Black cap lamas come to the realm of the Black Sun," Reimer whispered, brooding, more to himself. But Gutmann had heard the quiet words.

»Yes, it is the realm of the Black Sun! It is the gathering point of the esoteric circles of the Schutzstaffeln, the knowledge of which Mr. Himmler also suspects, but has not participated. It is that group of men who, according to the instructions of one of our spiritual leaders, the standard leader Rahn, seek the right and the right who, regardless of the Mosaic twelve commandments, have found their own right and duty; Men who arbitrarily and proudly did not expect help from Mount Sinai, but went to a "mountain of the gathering in the distant midnight" to get help and to bring their blood to the people! "

Reimer thought for a moment. 'Rahn? - Isn't that a man of the modern Cathar tradition? «

"Ah - what do you know about it?"

"Strictly speaking, nothing at all. I kind of heard it on the edge. "

"Yes that's true. The Cathars in the Guard Relays and

it is primarily the blackheads who look to the far north and Tibet. Rahn has also gained

particularly important connections that only a select few are aware of. «

Recke sat up from his casual lying position. 'Now I see more clearly. I don't remember Reimer anymore either, but your explanations have only opened my eyes now. I am a soldier and I don't understand anything about esotericism and metaphysics. But if the rich continue to be served here, then it is good. How to call things and how to explain them, that's me. I said a few days ago: I will continue to fly for the island of the last heroes. See, Gutmann, that I can get back into a box! «

'Wants to see what can be done. I have to go anyway, maybe I can get an order for the next few days. In the evening we can discuss further details of our topic. "He stood up and smoothed his skirt. Reaching for the hat, he said, "See you later, comrades. See you again! «

The two captains heard him cross the corridor and enter the room opposite, which he shared with Reimer, at the creak of a door. Immediately afterwards he left it again and walked away slowly.

"I have to see what Gutmann wanted in the room," said Reimer curiously. Followed by Recke, he also went out.

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In the other room everything was as usual. Reimer saw that Gutmann's locker was a little open. He opened the door gently and looked inside.

Recke saw that Reimer looked surprised. "What's happening?"

"Not much," said the man, looking indifferent. "I found a red cape in Gutmann's closet two days ago. Kind of a robe. Now it's gone. What could Gutmann have to do with it? It's a strange thing! ... «

## THE MESSENGERS

Grace to me and you, providence  
and fate, when I write these first  
traditional mysteries, only for my  
child immortality, a mystic,  
worthy of our strength, which the  
great god Helios Mithras gave me  
from his archangel so that I could  
alone, an eagle, walk the sky and  
see everything.

(Translation from Mithras liturgy)

The arctic sky was bleak gray. A pale glow  
beyond the edge of the horizon gave a hint of the  
light of a sun far away. Gusts of wind whirled  
small ice crystals and blew fine veils from the  
crest of the Ring Mountains.

The two aviators made their daily short tour  
outdoors with disagreement. Gutmann had  
returned so late the previous evening that the  
conversation that had begun during the day  
could no longer be continued. Left to their own  
devices, the two men found the growing  
boredom depressing.

In the long run, anything new in state-of-the-  
art technology and the strangeness of its  
surroundings could not give them a substitute for  
the inactivity to which they were committed

were apparently sentenced indefinitely.  
Somehow everything went its right and intended  
way, since they had come here from Vernäs with  
a valid order from their commander and Major  
Küpper from Berlin must also have been  
inaugurated. Furthermore, the presence of the



Waffen SS men , consistently above the team rank, was further visible evidence that point 103 had to be of extraordinary importance for the empire. For this reason it did not seem particularly strange to them that the regular staff of the secret base was formed by religious orders, which may have undertaken a special mission within the Order of the Protection Squadron. Gutmann's announcements from the previous day had now revealed a corner of these secrets.

The two officers had pulled the hoods of their warm fur parkahs deep into their faces. When they were just about to reverse, they suddenly saw three bright light phenomena high up in the sky, which flashed at a constant speed and in a triangular shape. Pale green iridescent panes, like the appearance over the Eskimo settlement on the Boothia Peninsula. The men could not estimate the flying height or the size of the panes. Still, one could get the impression that the strange missiles might be significantly smaller than the first disk seen. They sailed silently like light-emitting plates and disappeared from view after a short time.

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"I am no longer surprised," said Recke. »However - aviation could become a little uncomfortable over time!«

Reimer gestured toward the weather station in the middle of the mountain. "The men in the frog glass also saw these light plates. You can clearly see their heads behind the frosted window of the station! «

»They always look when there is nothing left to see!«

"There!"

A fine hum came from the air. A V7 gyro rotated closer and paused in place over the center of the landing trough. Shortly afterwards the camouflaged bottom flap opened into a dark gullet. You could clearly see how the flying device

made a slight correction of its position, then it slid vertically into the depth and disappeared exactly into the floor opening, which closed again immediately afterwards.

"Just like ours!" Said Recke. "The first landing we see as an observer. Because as often as we are outdoors, we usually find the airfield deserted. For the operation that prevails here, one should actually see more «

"I think we sleep too much. That's it! "Grinned Reimer.

Recke looked at him crookedly. "Do you know anything better about doing nothing?"

Reimer suddenly changed the conversation. "I have this

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Feels like Juncker came back with the device. If this doesn't deceive me, then maybe it would be possible to get news. Because the aerodrome command does not let the V7 go up for weather flights! "Followed by Recke, he walked broadly with the thick aviator boots to one of the station doors. »If the wind blows, this dog cold outside can hardly be endured anyway ...«

They chose their way towards the large landing hall. Coming through a connecting corridor, they saw the descending flight gyro standing not far in front of them, in the background of the hall two more that they had never noticed before. Reimer approached one of the men who was trying to get the plane to land.

"Did Major Juncker land?"

"Yes!" Replied the man. "As far as I know, he's with the Commander's Adju right now."

Reimer thanked him. Turning to Recke, he said, "Juncker will certainly return to his room from the Adju to take off the combination. It'll be best to expect him there. "

As they walked on they suddenly heard a loudspeaker instruction: "Warning - listen! - Clear hall three for landing! - Hall three... - Furthermore: keep ground personnel ready for the outside landing area! - I repeat: Hall three ... «

"It seems to me that the store is finally getting going," said Recke.

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"I noticed a higher level of activity this morning!" Agreed Reimer. "Is that also related to the illuminated plates we saw before?"

»Hm - on the Boothia peninsula it has also begun to change and move. It was really pretty back then - Aladdin's magic lamp over the magnetic north pole! - If it weren't for the old shaman's tragedy... »

"It was somehow connected at the time," said Reimer. "For the time being, this story is still a mystery to us. We may find an explanation for this later. And for the rest; We were wrong about landing at the time; the magnetic pole is no longer to be found on the Boothia Peninsula, but has now migrated northwest to the Prince of Wales Island. I spoke to Gutmann about it a few days ago and he explained that our cards still had their old positions. The magnetic pole is moving and has already moved about three hundred kilometers from the point we assumed. The disturbance of our magnetic needle was understandable even at this distance. «

'Nobody told us before we left. Damn negligence in Vernäs. «

Just before the corridor in which their rooms were located, they met three Japanese who were wearing uniforms. They identified their stripes on the shoulders as officers.

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Reimer and Recke sent military greetings and the Japanese also thanked them, smiling with an authentic smile. All three of them were small in shape, but looked extremely intelligent.

"The Japs shouldn't have dreamed of the North Pole any more than we did six months ago!" Said Recke when they were over. "Are able soldiers!"

Reimer had guessed right when he assumed in the landing hall that Juncker would soon be in his room. The two captains were not long in the room Recke shared with them when Juncker entered in flight clothes.

"Day, comrades," he greeted, and began to open his combination. Recke readily helped him move out. He even wanted to hang the overalls in Juncker's locker compartment, but the latter refused: "Leave the station wagon on the bed, bar! - I may have to start again soon. We don't have many men yet who can fly with a gyroscope. Would you like to complete a course?"  
«

"Why not?" Laughed Reimer. Recke also nodded with an approving gesture.

"We don't have enough men here for everything now," Juncker said casually. »You will surely find a variety of uses in the near future.«

"Hopefully," growled Recke.

"Why growling?" Juncker asked, looking at the comrade.

Reimer replied in his stead: "He is curious and

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actually expecting scalding news! ”“

Ah - and you not? ”

"Also," Reimer admitted, and laughed.

"Hm - actually it's just that we're just getting the news. I picked up an emissary from Asia from a certain point outside the Arctic. We have quite a few people here now and some are expected later in the day. A lot of things will be revealed at the Grand Assembly that we don't know yet. «

"We met three Japanese officers," Recke said.

"Oh, they've been here three days! They're the Black Dragon emissaries. ”

"Yikes - how horrible!" Recke laughed broadly. "What kind of club is that?"

Juncker remained serious. »The most powerful organization in Japan! She has an influence that goes far beyond the borders of her country. You are valuable allies, these Japanese? »

"Did they end up here with their own machine?" Asked Reimer.

"No. We picked them up about halfway on a long-haul aircraft. We basically do it this way for security reasons, and it is also very dangerous to fly in this area! «

"Why?" Asked Recke. »If you can navigate and have a good machine -«

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"I didn't mean that," Juncker said. "But there is a certain area - not too far from here - where there have been missing people who, despite a thorough search, have not been found. It's forbidden land."

"I don't quite understand." Reimer shook his head. "At today's level of aerial reconnaissance?"

»That's it! - I would just like to point out the sensational case of the Lewanewski polar aviator at the time. In 1937, this Russian, with five companions, flew a four-engine aircraft over the Pole to a non-stop flight to Alaska and suddenly disappeared from the scene. A radio report from him reported flying over the pole, later a message arrived that the right motor had broken down and all radio traffic stopped immediately. »

"There are occasional crashes," said Reimer laconically.

»The extraordinary thing about the case is based on the disappearance and the presumably misguided search flights. We old ones, who have been here at point 103 for a long time, are very familiar with this story. Keep listening: the aviator Wilkins carried out ten flights from northern Canada, as did the experienced Grazianski. The Russians themselves sent an icebreaker to the Beaufort Sea by plane , but were unsuccessful in their extensive search. The

most interesting thing of all the research flights is the fact that a flight route reconstruction on the polar maps

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It was found that the search planes should have found a trace of the missing from a distance. So the routes forked conspicuously around an area; it appears that some forces have diverted the search planes from their original course to keep them away from a particular area. The Russians made a number of flights later from a base on Crown Prince Rudolf Land , but all their efforts were in vain. The secret of Lewanewski and his companions has remained unsolved to this day. Since we ourselves are able to keep foreign machines out of our island here, it is quite possible that... "Juncker made an indefinite movement.

"If you have reconstructed a flight route, you should be able to easily make flight corrections based on it," Recke objected critically. »A strictly fixed route ...«

"I said earlier," repeated Juncker, "that, as is well known, our magnetic radio equipment can distract any flying machine that comes at us without the pilot noticing."

"That would mean that Lewanewski might have discovered something and had no chance to spark. This left two questions: What did he discover and who could have brought the Russian down or prevented it from sparking? «

"Right!" Juncker said. "Yes - the answer is still open."

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"Very strange." Reimer ran a hand over his forehead. "There is no parallel for this event."

"But. If not so tragic! "Reimer looked at Juncker. "Which?"

"Point 103!" Replied Juncker, clearly enjoying the astonishment of the two captains. "Land was once found in this area. During the First World War, the Canadian Macmillan undertook an expedition to find cracker land, of which the well-known polar explorer Peary reported in 1906. Macmillan made advances with sled teams from Ellesmereland and Axel-Heiberg-Insel and penetrated beyond the 82nd parallel, but could not discover the country. It must have been easier to find then. Since then, Cracker Land has become a fabulous country ... «

"Is that possible?" Recke marveled.

"Oh, science knows two more such cases! In 1907 the Koch brothers sighted an island that was later named Fata Morgana Island . About 30 years later, Lauge Koch repeated the search for the island suspected of being on the Nansen Ridge , but was unable to find it. Around the same time, a major Russian expedition under Samoilowitsch set out to look for the legendary Sannikow country , among other things . Despite modern tools, the Russians also failed. It is said to be north of the

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New Siberian Islands around the 80th parallel. «

"You are well informed about the history of polar research!" Reimer had to acknowledge.

"Pah," Juncker said dismissively. »Gutmann knows a lot more!«

Reimer looked up. »Gutmann spoke of a mystical high seat ...«

"Ah, really? - « Juncker raised his eyebrows. "When did he tell you about the Blue Island?"

"Blue Island?"

... «

"Gutmann didn't give a name," said Recke.

"Then he probably only spoke in general. But after all: this could possibly also be the solution to the Lewanewski problem . The management of

our base is dealing with this still unsolved mystery. «

Recke rose from the edge of the bed, put his hands in his pockets and stood broadly. "It's very interesting, dear Juncker. But doesn't our staff have any obvious concerns right now? "

"I think Gutmann has given you clues that point to causal relationships!"

"You have to understand Recke," Reimer said between them. »He probably understands everything, but at the moment he only thinks about what's closest. We all have relatives at home and are concerned about the chaos that will arise. "

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"That's understandable," Juncker admitted. 'I'm not much better. I have a family in Magdeburg. "A slight twitch went across his sharply cut face. "It is clear that we have to get out of the brooding. When the Grand Assembly is over, there will be a plethora of operational orders! «

"What kind of meeting is that?" Asked Reimer.

"Big council meeting!" Juncker said mysteriously.

Recke scratched his heels on the floor. "Like the Fiji islanders ..." But Juncker didn't listen. "I am a little bit tired. Let me sleep for half an hour! "Reimer knocked Recke angrily. "Certain things should be taken a little more seriously."

"Don't blame him," Juncker said to Reimer lying down. »It is always good to look at everything with a dry sense of humor. We all understand each other, don't we? "He waved his hand quickly, then turned his face to the wall. A few minutes later, his deep breaths revealed that he was asleep.

When Gutmann came to his room late at night, Reimer was already asleep. In the morning he was about to leave when Reimer awoke.

"Hey,  
Gutmann!"

"Yes?"

"Where so early?"



»A lot to do today! - Gotta hurry me up. "He pushed the door open and hurried before Reimer could ask any more questions. Penetrated through the briefly opened door

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Command announcements of the loudspeaker system.

Reimer stretched his arms and jumped up. He had to yawn while he was getting dressed. He had had a somewhat restless sleep and was dreaming. While there was a hurried bustle of steps through the door from the hallway and betrayed increased activity, he tried to put his thoughts in order and recall the dream images of the night.

But he only brought together blurry ideas that were related to the mysterious high seat in the arctic center. Gutmann's hints and Juncker's remark about a blue island had stimulated his imagination and made him dream of images that did not want to come back when he was awake. Somehow he had remembered that the strange glowing disks had played a role in his inner gaze. A feeling that could not be justified gave him the inkling that these phenomena could be related to this unknown center.

However, he immediately became unsure of his combinations when he used his technical knowledge and logic for his considerations. There was a gap here that he was unable to bridge. While he was still picking up his towel to go to the washroom and bathroom at the end of the hallway, he decided, for the time being, these mind games for himself

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to be kept and to see how Gutmann would comment on this occasionally.

In the washroom he met Recke, who had also got up and was about to leave. "How long have you been getting up with the chickens?"

Recke wiped a splash of soap off his right boot with the towel. »Funny comparison, since there are not only no chickens here, but no zoo at all! Your comparisons are lagging. »

"My God - sayings!" Reimer placed his small shaving kit on the top of the wash basin and removed the shirt. "Gutmann has already left again."

"Juncker too!" Replied Recke. »The whole aisle already seems empty today. The rush and the loudspeakers woke me up. «

Reimer had turned on the hot water tap and was starting to soap himself with the shaving brush. "Yes, no one in the neighboring rooms around us. I think we could be on for a while the whole bathroom for us here ' have alone. Nobody is pushing. «

»Oh what - bathe! - I want to see what's going on today. The station is open like an apiary. »

"The messengers must all be there, I guess." Reimer slowly began to scrape his chin.

"That's why. Hurry up mowing your stubble and pick me up for breakfast. »

"Mmm," said Reimer. He hurried to the toilet to quickly get out of the bathroom again

to find out. After almost a quarter of an hour he took Recke out of the room and went with him into the dining room. None of the comrades who became known and still unknown were there. Only the three Japanese officers seen the day before sat around a table in the corner of the room and talked animatedly to a bald Mongolian wearing a wide black cape.

The strangers were engrossed in their conversation and paid no attention to the breakfast stragglers. Her expression was serious and calm. No gestures disturbed the dignity of their conversation.

"I once got my hands on an illustrated work by the great Swedish researcher Sven Hedin," Recke

whispered to his comrade when they were seated. »Among other things, there was a Tibetan abbot who looked exactly like this black skirt here at the Japsen!«

"It may be that this man is the Ta Lama Gutmann spoke of," Reimer said. »An interesting person!«

The bald-headed stranger had an indefinable attraction. Recke kept glancing at the man furtively. "The Tibetans are strange and impenetrable people. I almost wanted to get to know their strange country! «

Reimer was about to answer, when he saw the man in the cowl wearing his black one

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Jetta's eyes suddenly pointed at Recke and stared at him intently. The llama's face resembled a carved mask.

Attracted by the power of this look, Recke held the pattern for a few seconds, then he became restless. He moved his lips slightly as if looking for words, but did not get a sound from his throat. Only his fingers made some agile movements on the table top.

"What's wrong with you?" Reimer swayed one foot slightly against Recke's shin. At the same time he noticed that after his comrade winced, a fleeting smile passed over the stranger's features. It was only a slight twitch of the corner of his mouth that gave the otherwise unmoved expression an ironic expression and betrayed its profound meaning. The small black eyes glittered almost piercingly under half-opened lids.

The Japanese also sat silent and did not move. A spell had spread over the people. Then the lama got up and said loudly clearly: "Buddhas ears are everywhere!"

"Buddha's ears are everywhere!" Repeated Recke with difficulty. »The man doesn't speak German and still understood everything! ... «

The Tibetan nodded briefly to the Japanese, then tightened the cowl and slowly walked out of the room. His gait was slurping and his eyes now turned inward. The Japanese followed a few minutes later.

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Reimer looked thoughtfully at his comrade, who was still staring at the hall exit through which the Asians had disappeared. »It wasn't a pocket player trick! ... «

»Truly not! - We will never be able to figure out what it really was. It must be a strange mix of telepathy and metapsychics. »

»Asia will always be a mystery for us Europeans. No matter how one may call or explain the inexplicable, it goes beyond our spiritual horizon. The materialism of the West has drawn its own boundaries, which beyond that only hinder any view. «

"Maybe that's a good thing," Recke said slowly. "Otherwise we might not be ceaselessly creative anymore, but dream and dumb. We have to constantly create and build, but not always stand with one leg on the afterlife ladder. Otherwise the world will fall apart! «

A man from the kitchen staff came over and put breakfast on the table. Black coffee and jam bread with jam.

"Just want to know where the guys get the coffee from here?" Asked the Kasseler, who always drank two or three cups. »In Vernäs there was only the beet water, called black sweat for short!«

"Probably from our patrons in America. Gutmann alluded to that. »

"Hm."

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During the quick morning meal, the meager conversation between the two captains was interrupted several times by loudspeaker commands for the airport operations. Readiness was constantly called. As little as it was possible to estimate the number of staff at point 103, the current instructions indicated that a significant number of men had already been flown in. The great strategic importance of the North Pole was unmistakable.

The two men knew that without words. At the moment, however, her thoughts were still mostly on the strange man in the black robe who must have understood Recke's thoughts.

Recke said suddenly: "If I come home safe and sound, I will read books on Tibet and also deal with Lamaism. I am now very interested in how far our knowledge has advanced. If the inner core should remain a mystery, I would at least want to penetrate the outer world. «

"Buddha's ears are everywhere," Reimer repeated the translation of his comrade from earlier. "I would no longer be surprised if the Ta Lama also felt the repetition of a similar wish."

"It is so incomprehensible that I would have vigorously contested it at all times had I not been instructed by the facts. If

however, apart from the oddity of this occurrence, guessing such a wish is of no importance. May one be able to guess thoughts. You can never put them into practice! «

As the day progressed, the tension between the two officers eased. The extremely high level of activity on the ward and the hustle and bustle of the men made Recke particularly displeased, who was fed up with doing nothing. Only the hope of the imminent operations made the men suppress their mood. Reimer was also starting to wear down.

The captains slept in their rooms that afternoon. Recke, who woke up first, went to Reimer and shook him up. "Up, Herbert! - Before I stumbled into your Kemenate, some guy from the staff came through the hall and called something from the cinema. Want to see if a film with salon heroes and sugar dolls is not shown. You don't even know what a pretty girl looks like."

Reimer scrambled up and blinked. »Who is talking about a cinema here? If that were true, Gutmann would have said something about it long ago. «

"Nobody chats here!" Whined Recke. "I heard the word cinema hall, so something like that must exist."

"All right." Reimer got ready and stepped out into the hall with Recke. In the direction of the dining room, they met no one. It fell

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noticed that, unlike the morning, there was an unusual calm. There were only a few men on duty in the halls of the Flugkreisel. All work stopped.

Recke approached a technician he already knew from seeing. "Where's the movie theater?"

The man looked at him in astonishment. "It's ..." He interrupted the beginning of the sentence and showed uncertainty.

"Nan?"

»You should actually know! Or -? «

"For cuckoo - there is not even a police dog in this labyrinth!"

The man breathed a sigh of relief. "I see. - From the corridor leading to the frog glass, the cul-de-sac that leads to the Roman room thirty-eight branches off just before the weather station. Through there - you can't go wrong again! " Mhm - thank you! 'Recke greeted cheekily and pulled Reimer with him. "Funny guy. He pretended to be there the secret laboratory of Peenemünde. «

They followed the path indicated. Their shadows on the floor grew or decreased as they entered or left a circle of light from the ceiling lighting. In contrast to the other connecting corridors of the station, this corridor was somewhat less illuminated due to its extraordinary length.

Before entering the frog glass, they came to the entrance to the indicated cul-de-sac, which led about fifty meters to a small door on which the smoothed wood was emblazoned with the Roman numeral XXXVIII. At

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there was a guard at the door who took a firm stance.

Passing the half-open door, they came into a small hall, which had a wall opening straight ahead. Dim light indicated a continuation of the path. There was a low murmur of voices.

The two aviation captains had no idea that the next few seconds would bring them the greatest surprise of their entire lives. Unsuspecting, only driven by the need for a little change, they entered the next room and stopped in surprise. What appeared to her eyes was neither a cinema hall, nor any other sober or technical facility, as they had previously found everything to be completely functional, but modest and only according to the needs of the military.

They were in an anteroom with a bronze astrolabe hanging from the middle of the ceiling as lighting. In the middle of the intricate metal tires, an opal lamp formed a glowing core that spread a mild, pleasant light. At two-thirds of the height of the otherwise bare room, the walls were adorned with the symbols of the twelve signs of the zodiac, while the ceiling showed in bright dots the figures of the northern starry sky, which were painted on a dark night background.

Her eyes wandered. On the left side of the wall there was another breakthrough, with a red curtain turned to one side. From the next one

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There was a murmur of voices like the sound of a sea. A large part of the station crew seemed to have gathered there.

A knowledge struck lightning in Recke's brain. He clutched Reimer's arm: "The Great Assembly!"

"Very strange," said the man as he went on. A spacious hall opened behind the curtain, to which a series of steps led down. And here they got a picture that they thought they saw the product of an exaggerated imagination. A strange hall with strange people.

The room looked like a church ship. On both sides of the long hall there were rows of benches with some of the men in the station sitting. The central aisle was lower and the hall exit continued through four more steps. The whole thing looked like a street, flanked by the walls of low bilateral balustrades, leading to the far end of the room. There was a kind of procession on this lane of people, most of whom wore red robes. The white coats of the temple lords might have looked something like this.

There were foreign guests at the head of the train, whose attire also underscored the curiosity of this gathering. The helmet-like black headgear of the Tibetan Ta Lama loomed over all men, next to whom the Japanese behind it looked almost small. While the Tibetans already

well-known black cowl, the Japanese officers wore their uniforms, but also black cloaks. A little later the two captains of the aviation could see that these coats on the left side of the chest had a dragon in silver contours.

Also noticeable was the presence of officers from other nations, including two American ones. Some of these men also had red robes, some of them black. A number of Indians with their tight white trousers and black, frock-like top clothes were also at the head of the long group. A few tall blacks, one of them a typical Ethiopian, Arabs in black burnus and two



Persians with their lambskin caps completed the picture of a worldwide constellation.

They all stared at a man in a German uniform, who, raising his red robe, raised his arm with a solemn gesture. A silver oak leaf shone on both sides of his collar patches.

"We greet the messengers!" His voice was full and audible throughout the room.

The two captains pushed unobtrusively to the side and waited for the things to come. All the quiet whispers in the hall had stopped. With a quick glance around, Reimer and Recke realized that to the left and right of the man who had just said the greeting was a statue, which was derived from ancient mythology. One of them posed

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the lion-headed Kronos, the other was the famous statue of Helios.

At the side of these mythological figures stood a German and an Italian officer of higher rank, representing a kind of guard of honor. The back wall of the hall itself had a large sculptural mural; it showed the Mithras representation, which is also known to all people with humanistic education. The lord of the sun, slaughtering the bull, and on either side the torchbearer, the lion, the dog on the bull's wool, the snake, the scorpion on the genitals of the victim and over Mithras the raven.

In the meantime the red coat from the end of the room had started to speak again:

"Praise the Supervisor, the Lord who rewards those who do what they want to do and cleanse obedience at last!" A murmur answered him as he lowered his arm. "The messengers know why they came and we are eager to hear what they have to tell us. The messengers may speak so that we can make decisions together!" He nodded to the messenger and stepped aside.

A Japanese captain with the dragon cloak was the first to step forward and turn to the gathering. He bowed low before starting to speak.

“We envoys from the Black Dragon bring greetings from our covenant to the Lord from point 103. The dragon is ready, together with the others

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Organizations to fulfill the Great Commandment of the world and to help to redesign it. In the struggle on the mental and mystical level, the federal government, together with the members of the Oomoto headquarters, will do everything in its power to achieve the great goals. The Red Sun and the Black Sun serve the same Lord! - That is our message and we will convey the decisions made here to the dragon in view of our holy mountain.”The Japanese bowed again, then stepped aside.

Another messenger emerged from the small circle of Indians. Plainly, without ceremonies, he went to the meeting, only bowing bowed. His almost flawless German had a slightly singing tone.

"What is above the sky and what is below the earth and what is between the two, the sky and the earth, what they call the past, the present and the future, is woven and interwoven in space, it is said in the Upanishads. - I am a chaprasi, a messenger from my country, and we greet the lord from point 103, who, like us, is in the service of the lord of the world! Our message is the same as that of the Black Dragon brothers and our mandate to communicate the resolutions of the Great Assembly in the service of the Upper Power to our guru. Here, near the Su-Meru, the old sacred high seat, the strength is being donated, which is the gates for humanity into a new one

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Age will open. "The Indian's eyes burned and cast a spell over the crowd. »If the people who serve the Lord of the Sun touch the hands of the world clock, then they will also be supported from centers of ancient wisdom. That's what the Great Guru has to say through my mouth! "With a slight bow to the German officer laying his right forehead, mouth, and heart, he stepped back and made room for one of the two Persians.

"I am the Säfir, the envoy of the sons of the Black Widowers. We also look straight at the World Mountain, which we call Pure in our language the Harberezaiti and to which we are all close here. Ahura Mazda's grace has opened our eyes and found it worthy to deliver the greetings of our community to the people gathered here on behalf of the Ustad. Whoever is a knower knows whose message I am saying and that it cannot be any different from that of the men before and after me. Anyone who has been cleaned by the fire and remains in silence will be opened all the gates. We are ready to do what needs to be done. My brother Mukaddasi, the Sufir of the Sufi Bi-Schar, is ready to take with me the message we conveyed . It is time for the flames of light to blaze higher and the forces of the dark to be pushed to their limits. That's all I have to say! «

"So it is!" Confirmed the second Persian, also emerging from the train. »Im nâzdi bâkuh dunjâi - we

are close to the mountain of the world, may the Great Power be with us! We are ready!"

As he stepped back, the first Persian added: "Huda wänd dunjâi 'l-ed'an-e mubaräk nikân-ra negâh nhi-daräd - The Lord of the World, who must be obeyed, protects the good!"

The Persians were followed by a Chinese man who was wearing a uniform again and who had overlooked Reimer and Recke. With a binding smile, he introduced himself as the ambassador of the Hungbund and repeated in English similar

sentences as his predecessors had said. "We conjure up the spirit of the North Pole, Si Nen Ti, who lives in the Great Bear, and look towards the Tien tze shan, the mountain of paradise!" He exclaimed.

"It is the Tao," he concluded, "that creates the harmony of the universe and to which we are subordinate. The Tao, which was taught by the mountain Tai shan and is recognized and preached by the sky master and the Hungbund as the basis of all being. So we knowing our coarse covenant also look at the secret high seat of humanity, the Kwen-lun, in order to receive the strength to fulfill our task. The sage Kung Futse said in his book Lun-Yü: The noble one is knowledgeable in duty, the common one is knowledgeable in profit! - When the hour has come in which the knowledges are called, we are ready too. That is the message of the great Koh, our old man from the mountain, and his two Hiong-ti! «

After the Chinese brought the

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Ethiopians, a Brazilian officer, a Venezuelan, a Siamese and a Mexican thoroughbred Indian in the rank of captain have the same messages. Everyone willing to serve the same goal at the given hour. As the penultimate messenger, an Arab, the only one accompanied by his two companions, stepped onto the dais with the two mythological figures. He dignifiedly raised his right hand before starting to speak. Under the dark Kaffijeh, a striking face looked up at the crowd, from which passionate eyes flashed.

"We are the Sufâr, the messengers of the guardians of secrets, the ancient Ali Sikh from Cairo and the guardian of the Valley of Wisdom from Jebel Hadhur! We are sent by the men who keep the ancient black stone Anât in the ›Tower of the Ephemeral‹, which is the mother of all existence. Her words are: Bring our greetings to those who are on the way to the mountain of the

congregation! We too are willing to complete the time and achieve it ourselves. So far, countless people have searched for the way to the light and finally got stuck in the thorns of doubt. We are no longer looking for knowledge, because we have knowledge! The knowledge of the secrets of the world that separates being from appearance. Just as on the Jebel Sindjar the Jesidi still sacrifice Melek Ta'us, the Lord of Evil, because they believe in the forgiving redemption of the high court, people around the world bow to the increasing forces of the negative pole and its magical influences. «

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The Arab took a short step towards the audience. His throaty voice rose as he continued in perfect German: "But no one can escape where his path has taken him. A sura in the Quran says: When the approaching approaches, there is no longer any denial, no reduction, no increase. If the earth writhes in contractions, if mountain rubs against mountain and atomizes to nothing, then you will be ranked three times! «- The Arab grabbed the burnus. "It is not a crescent moon over the world, but it is a cross over humanity. The keepers around the stone of Anät see a division of the earth into a western and an eastern half. This is the visible horizontal bar of this cross. The polar forces: white and black magic, the top and bottom of the invisible, the vertical bar, dominate the horizontal! So the physical strength is above the mental level and the ethos of mankind is determined from the Midnight Mountain, to which we cognizers look. So the Schech's message is: We received the invitation to the Great Assembly of the Black Sun and at the same time saw the shining discs in the sky. We read the signs that herald a turning point in time and promise a new paradise to the people of the coming Aquarian age. The Great Mother's High Time is ahead of us. The gate of the ›Tower

of the Transitory« is therefore open to those who know! - Insân idhab ilâ 'lbhabî waftahhu! «

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Approving murmurs were heard. The explanations of the man in the black burnus had made an impression and identified him as the personality of his group. The Arab had undoubtedly studied in Europe and also spent years in Germany. His expression in this language amazed.

Slowly sipping and leaning slightly forward, the Tibetan Ta Lama stepped into the center of the semicircle formed by the previous messengers. Reimer and Recke used this brief moment of expectation to push themselves even closer. Nobody noticed her.

The Tibetan lingered inside himself for a few breaths. Then he turned and let his searching eyes roam the assembly out of half-closed lids. For the more distant, he gave the impression of a sleeping person. The strange thing about him was enhanced by the fantastic headdress; the typical Tibetan monk hat with the large, dragon-like comb that bulged steeply.

When he started to speak in English, everyone leaned forward to better understand the Ta Lama because he was not speaking very loudly.

“I come as a Ku-tshap, as an envoy, the Mahasiddha Lugtog, who is connected to the wise men of Shangri La and to whom the voices come from midnight and from the underground realm of Aggartha. And that is his message and his prayer: I.

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bring forth the lamp, which illuminates all the realms of the world and is filled with the light of

the sun and the moon, in its precious vessel, far as the three thousand worlds, and in the sea of fluctuating butter, soaked with butter, the wick is stuck, strong as Mount Meru! - The lamp illuminates the world that is about to go into chaos if people do not remember in time. The shining discs of the mani are signs in the sky and they will multiply as the rift between the peoples deepens. The Ngönkyi Tsao Kung's message from the Lord of the World did not reach the ruler in the west, who made his soldiers fight against the whole world. He's not warned, and his enemies will benefit from it. "The Tibetan's eyes narrowed even more. »The Mahasiddha will mediate between the seekers and the harrowers. I also see men coming from here who are well received by us. Everyone has to go the way they are supposed to and everything will be fulfilled at the moment. «

"Everything is going to happen at the moment!" Repeated a voice from somewhere with a resonance that is common to all sounds coming from loudspeakers. At the same time, an indirect light shone and covered the cult relief of the background with a bright red glow. As everyone in the room remained silent, the voice of the invisible continued: "We have heard the messengers' words and now we know they are."

represented communities gained the same knowledge and followed the same path. We are therefore now releasing our news that will determine our actions! - Above all: The Yalta conference on February 1 of this year was an agreement between the Japhetites of the Crimea and the Shriners, the guardians of the Ark of the Covenant in New York. These forces were represented by the people of visible world politics. The result was, beyond the fate of Germany, a dictation for a division of the world into an eastern and a western sphere of power

for a period of ten years. These forces, both of which are subject to gray magic, will be to blame for the chaos that will come over Europe and, especially in Germany, will be a terrible time reminiscent of the Thirty Years' War. It is the terrible fulfillment of Walter Rathenau's prophecy: Germany will be a desert! ... «There was a slight modulation of the voice. "It is already certain that a tremendous wave of persecution will begin, which is equivalent to the collective persecution of earlier times. Just as the Albigensians, the Cathars, the temples, the Waldensians, the Patarsians and the Bogumils were once persecuted because of belonging to their orders or communities, so in the near future a collective agitation against the protection squadrons, the Vlasov people, the Ustasha members, start against the men of the Italian Monte Rossa division and also the Slovak Tiso people, just as many

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French and Flemish will be caught in the mill of an emerging east-west conflict . «

There was a brief pause in the art, during which some half-loud exclamations from the audience were heard. The voice of the invisible continued dispassionately and matter-of-factly: »The persecuted collectives will have the same path ahead of them as the hunted people of an intolerant world centuries ago. They are also designed to remain as a substance in order to enter the magical plane as such. The doors of Aggartha will therefore open to you! - Those who have acted contrary to the ethical principles of their communities and who have contributed to their misfortune through personal guilt have fallen for the World Court. Researching and clarifying how and to what extent collective persecution will be the task of the tactical group at point 103. - For the messengers of the communities close to us, it should also be said



that point 103 will change over the next five years Years strive to expand its technical-military potential in order to be able to appear as a determining factor on the mental level at the given time. For the related actions, which are carried out globally, we ask the support of the friendly organizations. Furthermore, we will focus more on the discovery and exploitation of certain raw material sources and also on the search and research of the technical-physical

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Potential of ancient civilizations. In this area too, we would welcome closer cooperation with the other groups! And a warning to everyone: We have no time to waste, as the Shriners in particular are trying to get the protection of the Big Pole. Their latest creation is the United Nations, or UN for short, which has been started for some time and whose symbol is a blue flag with the pole as the center of the globe. This gesture and the symbolic bow to the pole, this second edition of Wilson's old plan, should not be overlooked. The measurement of the forces on the mental level has begun, the work on the mystical level is increasing! We must therefore take decisions immediately after the messengers have arrived and we have heard their words. We will inform the messenger of the result. As commander of point 103, I immediately command the staff to the command center and interrupt the meeting. The Ia has to give an introduction about the situation based on the latest reports and bring the relevant documents with them. The renewed meeting of the Grand Assembly will be announced by a loudspeaker announcement. Guests are asked to enter the common room for the duration of the interruption. I repeat again: the staff is immediately in the command post! «

When the voice fell silent, the red light also went out. In the silence, the voice of the officer who opened the meeting could be heard

would have. In polite words, he asked the messengers to follow him.

While the men in the rows of seats remained standing in their seats on either side, the speaker with the red cloak slowly walked towards the exit, followed by the black cap lama, the three Japanese from Aikyojûku, and the other emissaries.

Ascending the first step behind the red coat, the Tibetan saw Reimer and Recke, who had pressed themselves against the wall and examined the train in detail. The Ta Lama stopped for a moment, the train stopped.

"Sang-gye ku-wang tschem-po!" He said loudly, his eyes fixed on Recke.

The Kasseler put the right hand hesitantly on the cap visor. "I don't quite understand," he stammered.

A smile flew over the masked features of the Ta Lama. He turned his head slightly and repeated in English: "Buddha is omnipotent - Buddha is omnipotent!" A secret knowledge sounded from the sentence of the Tibetan, the meaning of which was hidden in the future. Without taking any notice of the environment, the messengers left the room. The strangest thing was that the interlude had brought no surprise. The eyes of the other men had no longer rested on what was being said than the Ta Lama himself had paid attention to.

It was only after the messengers left that the rows of benches emptied casually and the men pushed without

special hurry to the exit. Only the two officers next to the statues of Kronos and Helios, the German and the Italians, remained in their place.

Reimer and Recke, who were also in no hurry, saw a man pushing sideways through the messenger's red-cloak suite and approaching him. It was Gutmann.

"Who led you here?" He asked, not unkindly, as he stood next to his comrades.

Recke pondered thoughts that had filled his mind since the Tibetan had left and did not even understand Gutmann's words. Instead, Reimer replied: "Feeling lonely and abandoned, we walked in the labyrinth of immortal gods and ..."

"... and so on," Gutmann sneered. "I know enough of those words too!" He took both friends by the arm and pulled them with him. "It's actually a good coincidence that you came here on your own. In fact, in the past few hours, I really no longer knew what things I should have thought of first. Your presence will shorten my explanations! «

Between individual small groups of men they walked through the cosmic vestibule, as Gutmann jokingly called the anteroom, and then through the corridors and halls to their rooms. Juncker arrived just behind them. Both officers removed the red cloaks and made themselves comfortable in Gutmann's room.

"The red robes at the assembly reminded

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to a court of law," said Reimer, pointing to the coats.

Gutmann sat down on his cot next to Recke and replied seriously: »This impression is not all that incorrect. It is actually - figuratively speaking - an arm of a world court! «

Recke looked up from his brooding. Looking at the Gutmann sitting next to him, he said: "Whether it's a court or not - I don't care! Something is happening on this sick planet, of which the little fellow on the front has no idea. There is still a lot of fog around me, but it always seems in politics that some things have to be hidden. One question: who are the Shriners?"

Gutmann leaned backwards. "If you remember the commandant's words spoken into the microphone earlier, he called them the guardians of the Ark. In this, a shrine, they guard the magic personified by Yahweh as the center of power of a partly folk, partly cosmopolitan active substance that works in both directions. Its political representatives on the visible world stage include the American President Roosevelt. Churchill and other men of world politics also belong to the world brotherhood of all lodges, whose mysterious head, the HOATF, based in Chicago, also stands above the Sanhedrin in the Inner Government of the World. All lodges are subordinate to the ›Head of all true Freemasons‹, who act as auxiliary troops of the

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Berges Zion are led to the goals of One World Government under profane camouflages. It is a power that has its net over all other forces and storms against the Midnight Mountain with everyone. «

"Oh, I'm beginning to understand," Recke said. "As far as the mystical or magical level is concerned, there seems to be a very old conflict between spiritual directions and ethical terms!"

"That's the way it is," Gutmann agreed. »The districts mentioned go back to the golden age of a long past human era. The fragments of lore of the Lost Paradise of the Atlantis period also mention that there was an interregnum in which black magicians of Semitic origin ruled over the Aryan Atlanteans. Without a doubt, they also placed their Bealim - their Baals gods - alongside the dominate god Poseidonis. The old black magic god cults of the Baals direction were rooted in the Semitic habitat; the Bealim survived the Atlantis catastrophe and survived - through a place name following in the genitive or with the article to identify God - as masters of the places concerned, predominantly as mountain gods. So the Baal Lebanon and Baal Tabor. Baal-Melkart

was a Phoenician urban baal. The latter was also worshiped in Israel-Judah at the time of the Omri dynasty . Before the immigration of Israel in the Palestinian area by the resident original

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residents of Bealim, who merged with Baal-Yahweh when the old places of worship passed to Israel . Esoteric terms and mystery wisdom that had seeped in with the Israelites from the eastern sphere of life conveyed their knowledge of an esoteric world center, the mountain Meru, known under various names, the Midnight Mountain! This high seat of the old Atlantis from a time when Greenland was still the Green Land reminded the Israelites of the interregnum of their race once held there. Isaiah cited the mountain in the Bible as Har-Moed, the mountain of the congregation. This gave rise to a mental variation; Mount Zion as a Jewish center with Yahweh as Baal Zion. They described the mystery of Asdard-Aggarth in Semitic: Gabbatha. The knowledge of these things intuitively connected the Israelites with a longing for the happy times of their rule over generations of Atlanteans. This mystical subconscious is the real reason for their constant restlessness and infiltration into the western and northern areas of life. In these, they are currently forming a gray magic circle with a black magic center, since they are unable to detach themselves from the black cult primitive. From this perspective towards the Arctic World Mountain, the penetration into the areas of the Great Pole results from the race against the white magical forces of the Indo-Aryan groups, which strive for an Atlantic renaissance. A long-term decision is looming: either they bring

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Shriners the tablets from Sinai to the Midnight Mountain and assimilate the White Power for the rule of Baal Jahweh, or the coming Aquarian Age of a new Yuga goes through the purifying fire of the north! "" This is an invisible front, considered by the masses of people as irrational is referred to, "interjected Reimer. »Invisible - in part, yes! - Irrational only for those who are not looking! - Incidentally, the irrational as the opposite pole in the dualism of all things is a primal force, which acts naturally on us without calculation and without the will to understand and cannot be replaced by any consciousness. The materialistic worldview of modern times denies all relationships to the original and as rational always remains on the edge of everything. Knowing that is Asia's secret. It is the result of the factual that we in Europe are slowly desolating or "moaning" because Europeans sacrifice their inner strength, the irrational of the coolness of reason, the coolness of ratio. However, anyone who knows about these things will understand a lot that might otherwise seem incomprehensible in life. If Tibet, the roof of the world, is in connection with the Ri-rap-hlumpo and the Chang-Shambala - the latter means Aggartha - it is a result of obedience to irrationalism. "Gutmann lowered his voice slightly. "And Tibet will be our best ally ..." "But it cannot break down the empire

Help prevent more, "said Recke gloomily.

"No. - Germany will temporarily be the victim in the struggle on the mental level. Last but not least

Reason for certain mistakes in their own politics ... But at the same time, other peoples are reaching for the torch offered to them by the north. Until then, however, in the sign of the Black Sun, we have to take preventive measures to prevent gray magical forces from entering the area of the White Circle! «

"There won't be a vacation to pick flowers and kiss girls," Recke sighed resignedly. "It's clear that I won't let you down ..."

When there was a pause in the conversation, Reimer asked a question: "Why can you never see the commanding officer of the base? So far he has not received us for a report, nor has he shown himself on any other occasion."

Since Juncker was lying lazily on Reimer's camp bed and lounging, Gutmann replied: »The commander lives among us, as it were, undetected. Surely we have all seen him without knowing that it was him. He comes to the halls and workshops as a fitter, as a non-commissioned officer and God knows what else. As a result of the neighborhood group organization, identification of his person is almost impossible. Everything is very finely crafted here. Only the Adju and the Ia know him. «

"And why all this?"

»For the sake of safety for himself! He has great knowledge and a loss of the boss would be a misfortune for us! «

"I thought the base was shielded," said

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Bar with hidden irony.

Gutmann looked at him disapprovingly, then said briefly: "Better safe than sorry!"

"Then the magic look of the Ta Lama won't hurt him," grinned the Kasseler.

"How do you mean?"

Recke hesitated for a moment. Then he told the two Waffen SS officers the two short episodes with the Tibetan. Neither did he hide his sensations, which had bothered him strangely. He reproduced the few words of the Ta Lama faithfully.

"Such words have weight and meaning," Gutmann said. "I shouldn't be surprised if they affect your fate. The man knows more about it than he said! «

The conversation stalled. After a little while the Kasseler got up and went to his room. Juncker followed. Before Gutmann lay down to doze, he said to his comrade: "I have a feeling that all sorts of things will happen now. A difficult time lies ahead of us! «

The time of rest granted to the men passed on the fly.

The waking dream of one or the light slumber of the other was disrupted by a loud loudspeaker announcement.

"Attention attention! - The Great Assembly enters

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twenty minutes together again! - The messengers are also asked ... - In twenty minutes! - I repeat... "Again a voice snarled the words.

"Hey, Reimer, up!" Gutmann had jumped up and reached for his red cloak. A squeak of the door from diagonally opposite indicated that Juncker and Recke were already walking. In fact, the first of them opened the door of Gutmann's chamber with the tip of his foot, while other doors in the hallway began to screech or slam shut. »'Out with you, you bunnies! ... «

Just as drops collect in a stream, the men ordered flowed from several sides in the main corridors and followed the same common direction to the meeting room. Now Reimer and Recke found nothing strange about the men with the red coats, who had the same path with them. It was no longer strange; everything was just unusual and strange details were no longer noticed.

The loudspeaker warned twice on the way. A myriad of small things repeatedly showed that strict discipline was used. Everything was strict and exactly like in the barracks of a replacement unit.

This time Juncker took the two pilot captains with him into the rows of benches in the meeting



room so that they had a good overview by his side and were no longer standing on the wall in the background of the hall

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had to. Gutmann apologized because he belonged to the escort and wanted to go to meet them.

Reimer and Recke still had several minutes to take a closer look at their surroundings. Her eyes were again drawn to the Mithras relief on the back wall of the room.

The weaker-looking light of the ceiling lamps in the background conjured up mild shadows on the relief and let the figures of the god of light with the phrygious cap and the two torchbearers Cautes and Cautopates come out vividly on both sides. The room itself was otherwise unadorned.

"What is the significance of the wall relief?" Reimer asked the Juncker sitting next to him quietly. "I've already sweated part of my humanistic education."

The interviewee turned his head slightly. »It is the Lord of the Sun! The one who is always awake, never sleeping, the all-knowing and all-kind. As the god of light, he is the unforgiving enemy of darkness and its evil spirits. As a protector of all truths, honesty and peacefulness, he strictly goes to court with all adversaries. Its meaning ... 'He was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the messengers. All the murmurs in the Saale died away.

The messenger train came through the aisle again, headed by the Waffen SS officer who had greeted them at the opening of the meeting. Behind the men from different regions of the world came a number of officers from the

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Base as escort, including Gutmann.

The leader of the train climbed onto the dais between the two statues, while the subsequent messengers formed a semicircle in front of the steps. He raised his arm again, literally demanding attention.

"Whoever sees the upper world purely and lonely and none of the gods can approach, can expect to hear enormous thunder crashes, so that he will be shaken. Then he said: Silence, silence! and the prayer: I am a star that walks its path with you and lights up from the depths. After these words, the sun disk will unfold! «

The speaker lowered his arm and continued changing tones: "We have asked the messengers to be in our midst so that they can immediately hear the decisions of the task force from point 103!"

Withdrawing, he pulled the red cloak closer and assumed a waiting position. At the same moment the red light came on again and covered the wall relief with a fiery glow. The resonant voice of the invisible came from the hidden loudspeaker system:

"The Great Assembly has met so that the time can be fulfilled as it is marked in the plan of the world. The messengers may hear: In addition to the statements made above about the major tasks of base 103 of a general nature, orders are now being sent to a number of men. You don't have to be a forecaster to know that chaos

the earth is already flooding and the politicians can no longer master the spirits who called them. We therefore do not yet know which difficulties our individual combatants will face. If, contrary to expectations, individual members of our base are found in areas where men of the friendly organizations live, we expect them to receive help and support. We are now throwing all the available forces to Germany to save technical potential and plans. The subsequent actions will look at the forces facing us to determine their

strength and positions. Regardless of all plans, however, a special task force is immediately deployed to devote itself to intensive research into the Arctic. All essentials that should occur during the mission or as a result of it will be communicated to the friendly organizations in a suitable form. We expect to receive quick information in the exchange process as well.

"There was a short pause. Then the voice continued: "At the end of this meeting, all off-duty officers go to Hall 1 and take note of the new duty roster drawn up by the orderly officer on my behalf. All officers who have not been assigned for the next eight hours remain at my disposal on call in their rooms or in the common room. During this time they become

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Part called to receive operational orders. We are now joining the world in the sign of the Black Ronde! «

The voice, speaking in short military sentences, broke off. The red light went out almost simultaneously. The men in the rows of benches looked at each other and exchanged meaningful looks, while the messengers' faces remained motionless.

Recke leaned over to Juncker: "Are Reimer and I also among the room detainees?"

"If you're not on the new roster  
- then  
yes! " "  
Hm..."

Now the messengers began to leave the dais, preceded by the red-coat man. They walked back down the aisle, then swung into the rows of benches on the side. Distributing on both sides, they took a seat in the first two empty rows at the request of their leader. At the same time, two men in the subordinate rank ran forward and lowered a canvas surface skillfully let into the ceiling. A mobile film screening apparatus had meanwhile been brought to the entrance to the

hall, unnoticed by the participants. The cables were connected with precise fixation and minutes later a bright white cone of light flooded the screen.

Approximately half an hour later there were excerpts from predominantly German and partly foreign weekly shows. The clever cut clearly illustrated

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the true location of the fronts in Europe. Huge amounts of American warfare material made available for use on one side; on the other struggled associations of desperately defending Germans. "We have to recognize the situation as it really is," said the accompanying voice of the tape.

After the film was finished, a map of Europe was projected onto the screen. A tall officer stepped out of the darkness onto the edge of the circle of light and used a stick to explain in detail the true situation on the fronts.

Juncker slapped the two captains: "That's the Ia!" The lecture, given with responsible objectivity, left no doubt as to the seriousness of the situation. The staff officer relentlessly explained the actions of the Allied troops and the deposition of their own units and the failure of supplies due to lack of fuel and material. He concluded that an occupation of Germany would be an unchangeable consequence of the development and in the final appeal appealed to the men at the base to unwaveringly serve a larger future. He concluded: "May the messengers take with them the certainty that the collapse of our country will not hinder the efforts of the communities. And however persecutions will go on, they are the purifying fire of the highest trials. And the highest of all things Mandatory!"

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The display stopped and the room was dark for a few seconds. When the room lights came back on, the crowd saw the head of the staff leaving the room. The red cape flew behind him like a flag.

"The meeting is closed!" Called the speaker into the hall. Those present rose from their seats and let the messengers go first before they also left the room.

"I'm flat," said Recke to the comrades. "This openness ..."

Juncker raised an eyebrow. "Do you also think that the SS front units are made of mutton?"

"Mhm - not that ..."

"The protection squadrons have an esoteric core, as Gutmann explained. The Reichsheinrichich - my Himmler - stands outside, but he knows of its existence. This creates a delicate situation that must be dealt with with caution. «

"I really appreciate openness," Reimer said into the short conversation. "Especially when you have to see clearly in certain things. But does it promote morale? ... «

"If a troop is good, a truth will never cripple. Rather encourage willingness to get the most out of it!" Juncker's explanation was dry and factual. »This recipe has proven itself here with us!«

The three men joined a small group

from officers who were struggling towards Hall One. The curious crowded in front of the bulletin board. The men who had arrived first were already pushing backwards so that the rest could move up. In a short time, Recke was the first of the comrades to look for the names.

His voice drowned out the others' banter. "Hey Juncker, you seem to be with the Chosen! Off duty! - And Reimer? - Stay behind, old boy! - Also free! - You have a mighty pig, both of you!" His broad back twisted slightly and one could clearly see the tense search. "Eureka!" He shouted, "there are plans for me too!"

He pushed back like a cop, laughing all over his face. He pulled Reimer and Juncker, both of whom had been wedged into the throng of the crowd, and pinched the Linz man in his arms.

"You're probably insane!" Said the man, indignantly at times because he felt real pain. Recke had no delicate handles.

"Don't be so silly," said the Kasseler. "Now we want to see that we are quickly put in house arrest."

For the next few hours the three men waited together in Juncker's room, who was trying to entertain his comrades. His statements were repeatedly interrupted by loudspeaker announcements,

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that came in clearly through the gap-open door. Mostly it was calls from officers who were ordered to command. Recke was inattentive, only Reimer occasionally answered Juncker. Time slipped.

"Now we've forgotten to see if Gutmann appears on the schedule as off duty!" Reimer clapped his hands together.

Juncker was about to answer when the loudspeaker interrupted his intention: "Major Juncker and Captain Recke in the command post! - I repeat: Major ... «

Bar was up in no time. "All good spirits praise the Lord!" He exclaimed. "Up, forward - both of us, Juncker! - Hey, what about Reimer?" He stopped his spontaneous outburst and listened. But the loudspeaker was silent and no longer mentioned a name. »For cuckoo!

- We won't be torn apart?" Juncker was already at the door. »Don't complain, Hear it first!" he said reassuringly.

When Recke entered the command room with his companion, he saw himself standing in a relatively small room, the furnishings of which

consisted of a large table in the middle, surrounded by a few shifted chairs. A bunch of cards covered it and seemed to lie randomly around a towering microphone. Opposite the door there was a glass pane in the opposite wall, which did not allow for a view.

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"Major Juncker and Hauptmann Recke!" Announced the former. "Nobody is there yet!" Said the Kasseler in astonishment.

"Pst!" Juncker said. "You can see out through the glass, but not inside. That's a thing ... «

"Don't talk so much, Major!" Chided the voice of the invisible. "At the moment we only want to deal with one order. By the way - the Adju will be with us immediately. «

"Höhö, be with us," Recke mocked. He looked at Juncker, who was standing there with a red face.

"Don't forget the microphone, Herr Hauptmann!" The commander also mocked.

The Kasseler bit his lip. Now they both had their blame away. He didn't even dare to look at the maps in detail. As he embarrassedly rubbed his toes on the floor, the door opened and the adjutant came in. He had some papers in his hand and greeted them warmly. His collar patches showed the same rank as Juncker.

Now the invisible man reacted: »Unfortunately I have little time and we have to get to the heart of the matter immediately. Only one thing for now: Captain Recke! - I am well aware that you are one of the enthusiastic officers and that you have a great sense of duty. Due to certain circumstances, you have reached point 103 without being prepared or screened beforehand. Major Küpper has for

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the crew of the destroyed twin construction took responsibility and gave the best description for you and Captain Reimer. Let me make it short! You haven't actually been part of our community yet, but your comrade Gutmann - and I think Juncker too - has largely informed you about everything. You will also be informed in good time about our organization itself. As things stand and what you know now, are you ready to fly and stand up under the Black Round Sign? ”

Recke looked at the glass as if he saw the commander physically. in front of you. "As long as you stand by your words - yes, Commander!"

A chuckle came back. 'You have character. I like you, captain! I'll keep an eye on you and encourage you. "An indefinable sound came through. the speaker system. Apparently paper rustled. Then the voice continued:

“I am ordering you to Prague with a new Dosthra machine , gentlemen! - The new model has a crew of seven, that is, five men for the service in the machine and you yourself as a special unit for the intended tasks. According to the state of the art, this machine can be called attack-proof because it has anti-flak armor. I see you are amazed, captain! You will have to get used to other surprises! Of course

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The entire crew bears the highest responsibility for the security and confidentiality of this model. When you land at Prague, nobody is allowed to approach the machine. Juncker, you take the lead! «

"Yes, commander!"

"You heard my words in the Great Assembly, gentlemen! Your task is now to prevent certain plans or constructions of a gyroscope from being accessed by other people. It is a model that is basically the same as our construction. The difficult part of your task will be that you will only be able to operate during the beginning of the signs of dissolution. At the same time,



however, you must observe the collective persecution that is starting and provide a report on the procedure that is as accurate as possible. As far as it is within your modest powers, you have every possible help if it does not endanger your task and the maintenance of the machine. I already have in my remarks interpreting **Lich** pointed out that forces will not become apparent for the persecuted. In this regard, it is particularly good to observe, gentlemen! Your later decisions will be significantly influenced by your reports. Always remember that! «

"Yes," the officers confirmed with discipline.

»In the Dosthra machine you will find all the pilot card equipment required for your route. I also leave you

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Give army maps in scale one to one hundred thousand from the area of Bohemia. The time of your departure has not yet been determined. Use the next few days to familiarize yourself with the peculiarities of the new machine and above all with its armament. There are still secret weapons that the enemy does not know. You are both exempt from base duty, gentlemen! According to the reports so far, your assignment may take place in about ten or fourteen days. However, you must always be prepared for an earlier order. Before you start, I will have you called again. You will now receive precise information for your order from Ia. Thank you for the time being! «

Both officers hooked up and greeted. The adjutant accompanied them to the door and shook hands with them in a comradely manner. "Congratulations!" He said. "You got a fine job."

"Damn it again," Recke suddenly said on the way to Juncker, "Now I've completely forgotten to ask about Reimer!"

"Just don't ask," Juncker warned. "We would only take Reimer a good chance. Our team is also

complete. The boss doesn't like exchanging! «

Instead of entering their room, they first went over to Reimer together. There they found him talking to Gutmann. "What is it?" Asked the latter when the two entered.

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"Everything in butter!" Replied Recke, using a common soldier expression. "We're going to Prague!"

"With a dosthra," Juncker added. Gutmann whistled through the teeth. »Our best model.

The big surprise of airspace. If the boss uses this machine, there is a lot to do with the job! «

"It seems so," said the Kasseler. »Incidentally, I'm extremely curious about the new machine!«

"Tomorrow we want to see them!" Juncker ran a hand over the top of the head. "I know them well enough, but I'll explain them to our warriors in detail. Besides, I also drive the machine. «

"Are you just curious when I will be called to the commander?" Reimer thought. To everyone's surprise, Gutmann replied: "Not for the time being!"

"Ah - why not?"

Gutmann winked with amusement, "He doesn't want to interrupt your life, which has now begun with all tranquility."

'Nonsense! - Seriously, what's going on? «

The interviewee put his hand on Reimer's shoulder. "Together with me - eg.!"

"For special use?" The Linz man was amazed. "We stayed together in pairs. - It's nice of the invisible boss. «

"Everything has its meaning." Gutmann made a mysterious expression, the expression of which was already well known to his comrades.

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"Old secret shopkeeper!" Criticized Linz.

"Oh - not at all - as a counter-evidence to your claim, I am even telling you that we will join the Dosthrra machine tomorrow . The boss wishes that you also know this type and learn to fly. That's how it works in one. «

»The boss's wish is also my wish. He's a very polite man when he calls his orders desires! »

"One more question," said Recke. "What about the other five men in the crew?"

Gutmann made a casual gesture. "They'll surely get in touch with us in the next few hours when the Adju got them on their feet!"

Gutmann was wrong. The excitement of the eventful day made the men forget that they were already exchanging their views around midnight. The constantly artificial light could easily confuse the notions of time. It was Juncker who, with a casual glance at the wristwatch, noticed that it was actually bedtime.

The phone rattled in the morning. When Recke picked up the receiver, the adjutant answered and informed him that the other five crew members would answer in about an hour. He and Juncker may stay in their room at this time.

The two men had enough leisure time for their breakfast and getting ready. At the expected time

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there was a knock on the door. When Recke opened, he saw a young Oberleutnant of the Luftwaffe standing in front of **him** and behind him on the opposite side of the aisle in a row an Luftwaffe sergeant and three sub-commanders of the Waffen SS.

"Lieutenant Jensen with four men reported to the command of the commanding officer!" He led the right hand with a casual finger to the peak of the briskly fitting cap.

"Ah - I'm glad you are!" Said Juncker, who had stepped into the aisle behind Recke. He shook hands with the pilot and introduced him to

Kasseler. "Jensen and I have flown together a few times."

Looking at the four men, he said: "Well - we all know each other!" Then turned to Recke: "These are in turn: Beer - an old Stuka man, then Paulsen, Krammer and finally our Flying Dutchman, the leader of van Huys! «

They were selected men who had started to report. All had awards and badges. Gutmann, attracted by the speech in the hallway, had also come out of his room with Reimer and smiled. "A fine crew," he said when the new greeting was over. » Dosthra staff already trained ...«

Under the leadership of the two Waffen SS officers, the two captains stepped into a hangar room blasted into the rock of the Ring Mountains, through which one

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small camouflaged stem was expanded. A few men from the ground staff were available.

Gutmann left it to Juncker to give explanations. After the first astonishment of the two captains had subsided, he pointed to a large machine that stood like a monster in the glare of the room. Reimer and Recke had expected a construction that would resemble a larger Heinkel or Dornier type. Instead, they saw a machine that resembled a pronounced attack aircraft. "This is the Dosthra machine, version E!" Said Juncker. It just sounded like he was pointing to an ordinary object. »The latest standard large fighter aircraft, series production and use of which are no longer possible at home.«

The two aviation captains, who saw this technical miracle for the first time, took a few steps to the side in order to better see the design. They saw a high-winged middle-decker in front of **them**, which had a five-sided fuselage cross section and whose thickened head piece gave the device the appearance of a malicious insect. This visual impression was reinforced by the fact that

on both sides a large black round plate looked like the eyes of the beast.

"A mighty bird," Reimer marveled at in his considerations. "It has a span of forty meters."

"Forty-five!" Juncker corrected matter-of-factly. "Hull length about thirty-five meters."

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"Boy, boy!" Said Recke in awe.

"We still have the C and D models here," Juncker said. "Model E is a much improved model and, as already indicated by the commander, flak-proof."

"I can't imagine that," said Reimer.

»It is made from the latest material. Namely crushed metal. It is a highly compressed metal that has been crushed under a compression pressure of up to four hundred thousand atmospheres and therefore has the highest strength with a low specific weight. Since it is mostly radioactive, the activity is dampened by a plastic pad. Almost any alloy, including steel, can be compressed into a light metal using this process. As aircraft armor, it is practically impenetrable. Secret deposits also prevent shaped charges from burning through. «

"You speak like a book!" There was respect in Recke's words.

"You have to know your machine!" There was a slight reprimand in the clue. He stepped up to the protruding head pulpit, which showed two tub-shaped combat stands arranged side by side. "Here," he pointed to two over-the-height wheels, about four meters in diameter, which protruded from the head on very strong undercarriage struts like gripping tongs of an insect, "this undercarriage is like the one on both sides

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retractable under the wings! - The machine has four engines, namely piston inline star engines of the Argus type. A fifth engine is located in the fuselage for special altitudes and an additional load jet engine in the wing ends . These nozzles can serve as control elements for narrow-angle course changes. «

"Excellent!" Said Reimer. "Only the angular engine nacelles and the bulky rump look a bit strange." As if speaking to himself, he added: "Hm, um - short, coaxial hammer-head props with four blades." He glanced down the fuselage. "Interesting! - Not usually V-shaped. The hull looks like a giant cigar! «

"And indeed - a somewhat strange coat of paint," the Kasseler said again. "Looks like the machine as a whole is speckled with countless eyes. Strange bird! "He checked like Reimer too. »Relatively narrow wings, split wings arranged one above the other. Somewhat inclined and low tail. Mhm ... «

"An all-metal construction," Reimer concluded his first considerations. Juncker nodded. »Already two thirds of the shell construction without frames!«

"And the performance?" Asked the Linz native.

"Well - you won't want to believe it. But the machine actually flies about eight hundred and thirty kilometers an hour and has a range of twenty-two thousand kilometers

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a summit height of twenty-three. The climb rate of seventy-five percent above the current hunter rate is particularly noteworthy, so that it is possible to get off at any time! «

»Thunder weather! - With an air fleet of such devices, the cursed war could still be turned completely in our favor. Soft fuel... "The impulsive knight clasped his hands together.

"I'm far from finished," Juncker said dryly. »The armament is also new and still secret! The Dosthra has cannons that are actually metal

emitters. "The Schutzstaffel officer feasted on the comrades' faces, before continuing:" The effect of these metal emitters is on the sandblaster principle, and their cutting action can easily cut through the wing of an enemy aircraft. The weapon has a normal trigger like a conventional on-board weapon and looks similar to one from the outside. The process is such that metal dust is chased by magnetic fields and hits the target as an extremely fine jet with strong acceleration. The effect of this weapon surpasses all cannons! «

"Oh my god," whispered the Kasseler. »This Dosthra E can no longer be beaten as a whole!«

"Yes," Juncker said immediately. »In a few years, the pattern E will be outdated. In the new age of jet fighters and outperforming sound

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speed, the speed of our large combat machines must also be increased significantly. Work is currently underway to generate new energy. We are still facing revolutionary upheavals! «

"Now the explanations are enough!" Gutmann cut off. "Now let's look at the thing from the inside!"

When the four officers left the hall at lunchtime, they were serious and silent.

## THE FLIGHT TO CHAOS

**Everything dark is permitted, even the secret of evil still has violence far into the upper room. But no longer to the angel: In the middle there was the fruit: to atone for his earth: to be redeemed.**

**(Wine lifter: Between gods and demons «)**

Three weeks passed without the hopes and expectations of the Juncker task force having been fulfilled. In the meantime, Recke and Reimer, like the two Waffen SS officers, had been trained on the Dosthra machine and were also often installed in the general service business. The long lingering on the base and the daily Wehrmacht reports let the mood sink to a low point. Even Gutmann was locked up and evaded everywhere.

The greatest optimists had now realized that the end of the war was imminent. Any use of miracle weapons and other surprises was undoubtedly too late in this situation, if such hopes could still be realized.

The only pleasing thing in the monotony of the outside

The company was shut down from all over the world by the predominantly clear weather, which tempted them to spend a long time outdoors.

A long flight took Recke over the Boothia peninsula. Instead of Juncker, Reimer flew with



him, curiosity drove him to settle the Netsilik people. They found the small settlement without difficulty, but completely deserted. To the surprise of the two friends, a short distance further south, where the peninsula struggled out of the mainland, revealed two posts which the experienced van Huys described as fur stations. At the time, the Netsilik people had had some reason not to reveal to their guests the relatively close presence of police and commercial posts. No doubt they also had more contact with the whites than they admitted.

Describing a large arc, the machine flew north again. The coastline of the Canadian mainland was considered the southern boundary for all test and practice flights. The command of the commanding officer from base 103 could never be violated without compelling reasons if it was not an order.

So almost the month of April passed. Vienna had fallen, the Red Army stood in front of Berlin, the Allies penetrated rapidly into the heart of the Reich in the West, and Italy was lost. Just at the time when the bonds of natural feeling of home and the human connection with relatives close the moods

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Driven to despair, Juncker and Recke were ordered to command. The commands and task forces determined at the time of the Great Assembly had long since flown and no man at the base still expected the Juncker team to deploy.

When the commanded officers stood in the command room of the commander and reported in accordance with the regulations, they met the Ia and the adjutant in attendance. As chief of the rank, the chief of staff gently shook hands with the two officers.

'I have summoned you on the instructions of the commander, gentlemen! - Are you ready to

take on a job that requires the fullest effort from the person? «

Recke glanced at Juncker, who straightened his body with an indifferent expression and answered the question in the affirmative. He immediately followed his comrade's example.

"I didn't expect anything else," said Ia calmly. "I asked this unmilitary question solely because I need men who are willing to carry out the command of the commander under all circumstances. With your task, you must at the same time take the knowledge of its dangerousness with you and not be impressed by the possible consequences. I've had the experience that voluntary assignments find the best fulfillment." The speaker's gray eyes glanced over the aviators' faces.

"At that time the commander spoke of an order

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to Prague," said Juncker. "It didn't seem particularly difficult at the time."

"Nothing has changed in the order," said Ia. "You have to fly to Prague. But be prepared that you will find an extremely difficult situation. Above all, you have to go to the destination immediately, otherwise you will find yourself in the chaos that is already beginning and can no longer solve your tasks. So be careful: Your first task is to secure the plans of a flight gyro, which is currently still in the east hall - remember all the instructions carefully, gentlemen! - the BMW site is being worked on. If it is somehow possible, especially if the object is ready to fly, then save the machine and the designer with his closest employees. The man's name is Schriever. If you come to Prague in time, you will most likely still find Major Küpper from Berlin, who will be of great help to you. The necessary decisions result from the situation encountered. In addition, you try to get an overview of the treatment that the Allies are giving to the volunteer associations. Of course, this means that

you have to stay in the geographical area long enough to be able to report on it. But the top priority is always: pay attention to the safety of the machine entrusted to you! «

"You can count on yourself," Juncker said. Recke also nodded.

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Ia added, becoming serious and haunting: »Whatever you may experience and move your inner self, switch off everything personal! - Just think of your duty! "He picked up a pile of cards and pushed them over to Juncker. »Take the cards that have already been put together. Everything you need is included. We didn't save. Everything else is done by the Adju. Send Lieutenant Jensen to him straight away to ensure that the food and other necessities are stowed away. And now, gentlemen - " Ia looked at the watch," - when can you start? "

Juncker also quickly noticed the time. "Half the morning is over. From us - in about two or three hours at most! "He took the pack of cards.

"Excellent! - It is very urgent. Every hour lost can be crucial. Do you have any wishes?"

When the interviewees said no, he shook hands again. "Then run off with a broken neck and leg!" He added, in a low voice: "God be with you! ... «

The adjutant warned Recke: "Don't forget - send Jensen here to me immediately!"

"Let's do it!" The Kasseler nodded.

Both officers greeted again and left the room.

When the Dosthra machine was ready to go on the matt white tarmac , an arctic phenomenon appeared in the sky. Like a white, colorless rainbow,

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a fog-like arc stretched snow-white like a huge gate across the vast sky of the polar region. Like a gate that leads back into the world of people.

In the air, whipped by the booming propellers, flickering silver snow crystals twitched and were whirled up from the ground. The noise of the giant metal bird penetrated the vast silence of the seemingly infinite Arctic like a defiant challenge.

The crew of the machine had already taken their places. Recke said goodbye to his comrade who had come with the adjutant to the ready-to-start Dosthra.

"Take care, Herbert! - If everything goes well, we'll be back in two or three weeks. What if - ", he improved," - of course everything will work out. "With a hint of gallows humor he said:" Poor guy, you can't even catch flies for the time being because there are no such beasts here. "

"Nonsense," said Reimer, roughly artificially. 'We have enough to do to fill the time. So watch ... 'He paused. After a strong handshake, he took a step back and pushed the adjutant forward. "He also wants to shake your fin quickly!"

The Kasseler climbed into the machine somewhat clumsily. Juncker was the last to follow close behind him. "The race is on!"

"Start free!" Came back.

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As the ground personnel released the train, the dosthra slowly rolled on; Growing faster and faster, she rose into the clear air in front of the exit of the Ring Mountains and thundered towards the uncertain fate with full force from the security of the base.

Recke sat next to Juncker, who was driving the machine, and looked at the dashboard. "Six hundred kilometers an hour

- a pound of thread! «

Juncker pointed down the window through the glass: "Grant Land. The northernmost Canada! «

The snowy land slid by as if pulled from a treadmill. Then followed a surface of water covered with floating ice. Looking at the map, Recke saw that they were flying over Robeson Sound, which separated the remaining Arctic island from Greenland.

The men looked tirelessly through the windows at the captivating picture of the white land and water desert. When viewed from a greater height, the water covered with floating ice looked like a green veined marble surface. Then another coast came into view. Greenland!

The high coast rose like the back of a whale from the surface of the Sound, in which the only bumps scattered icebergs of various sizes seemed to stand still. The speed of the aircraft did not reveal any natural movement of the landscape.

A little later, the machine already scanned the mainland. Powerful glaciers on an almost completely icy island, the

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largest in the world, prodded tremendously like the mountains of a home of giants into the pale sky. The glaciers formed a grandiose relief that a glacial landscape could hardly have shown before. The last magic castle Utgard of the Nordic Thursen; so the picturesque border lines edged out of the always leading horizon. It seemed almost incomprehensible that humans had already crossed this infinite white realm of Hrymthurs, the frost giant. Peary, Rasmussen and Lauge Koch had diagonally crossed the 80th parallel and triumphed over the hostility of a defiant nature.

The machine kept on its course, which should lead it from a sphere of eternal silence back to a blazing turmoil of humanity. As far as the eye could see, ice and ice again. The ice sheet weighed almost two thousand meters on the cliffs of an ancient paradise. It shouldn't be called Green Land, but Hvidland - White Land.

Another change of scenery. Sloping coast and again the sea covered by drift ice. Large and small clods, icebergs from the purest crystalline white to the most unlikely blue color and entire ice fields drifted across. In places you thought you were seeing a fairy tale in nephrite.

Later the ice became lighter. The density of the clods loosened, blue-green areas of the open sea increased and then - the open sea!

Scattered white spots still drifted on.

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Then in the distance, eastward, an island. Jan Mayen. Now the machine deviated further south and headed for the North Sea. Juncker intended to fly to German territory within sight of the southern Norwegian coast and to reach Prague without stopping. After a little over two hours  
came

the archipelago around Aalesund in sight.

Following the protruding arch of the coast, the Dosthra flew just south of Bergen to Stavanger and changed direction at high altitude across the open sea towards the Danish Esbjerg.

"If we keep this speed, we can reach the mouth of the Elbe in about an hour," said Juncker to Recke. »Now all of us have to be careful! - It is always possible for us to accidentally get into an enemy bomber pack. come in. Or what's worse - in a swarm of hunters! «

"I thought our miracle machine was safe," smiled the Kasseler.

"I'm not too concerned about that. But we now have other things on our minds than turning around in airspace! «

Darkness fell. The country on the left in the German Bight showed no light from any source. Neither a warship nor a returning fishing boat could be excluded on the wide surface of the lake. It seemed like there was a spell of loneliness over this part of the world.

The men stared doggedly and silently

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Aircraft crew through the windows. They deliberately avoided looking at each word or each other. They were depressed after their thoughts. Van Huis was no exception.

The home lay before them!

Coming from the depths of their souls, the men felt a deep foreboding, like an inner vision. The beginning of the night had spread a dark sheet of pity over the bombed-out country to spare the men the sight of debris and infinite despair. The night was gracious, but the men's bright knowledge was stronger. Their eyes burned and their hearts beat up to their necks.

The men of the Dosthra were all soldiers. They could not choose their fate, but were placed in a place of duty by the coincidence that made tough demands on them. They had experienced the war in all its horrors in different theaters of war and faced death without trembling. But they had not stirred up all of their feelings of previous experience as much as the area of their homeland that, despite heroic deeds, could no longer be protected. German villages burned only a few hundred kilometers to the west and people were hunted, martyred and slaughtered eastwards. Tanks drove in refugee routes, women were raped and children were speared.

Their hearts grew heavy when they thought that at the same hour as they were behind the

On-board weapons had to be lurking, innumerable defenseless people were at the mercy of an inhumane fate from which no one could save them.

Juncker tightened the height control and let the machine make its way high above the cloud banks. The clouds shimmered like ghost mist, played by the pale light of the moon. Even the mother-of-pearl contrails were iridescent in the glow of the Earth's satellite.

In the Magdeburg area they received weak anti-aircraft fire. Some clouds of explosives went off at a distance, then the shooting stopped. The

silver finger of a headlight suddenly broke through a hole in the cloud cover and jerked around searching. After a few seconds it went out again. Apparently you no longer cared about individual planes.

"They used to shoot out of all buttonholes when a suspicious plane appeared," said Recke resignedly. "You can tell that the people downstairs have no breath and ammunition!"

Juncker just nodded. He controlled the machine's course with suppressed movement. After a short while he added with mock equanimity: »We will soon have reached Prague. Then after a long time we will see trees again. Real trees! ... «

"And somehow also rainy weather," said the Kasseler maliciously. »Not just snow ...«

When the cloud cover retreated, the men saw the matt silver ribbon of the Elbe. Juncker compared the turns of the river to the plane map. "We have

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Leitmeritz in front of us. - Beer, spark the airfield! - Time to get in touch. «

"Yes!" Came the voice of the Sergeant through the headphones.

"Use the keyword 'arctic fox'!" Juncker added to his command.

»Yes - arctic fox!« -

They headed for the Vltava from Raudnitz. Prague would appear soon. The machine went lower.

"Radio link established with the airport," Beer reported. "We can land!"

"Good!" Using the map, Juncker headed for Gbely Airport in Prague. Beer kept in touch with the airport management.

After a few minutes, an illuminated runway suddenly flared up. Describing a bow, the dosthra landed and rolled out on the runway. Immediately afterwards the lighting went out again and the place was in the dark.



"Everything stays in the box!" Ordered the major. "Only Captain Recke and I get out for now. You can come out with it, Jensen, but you have to stay with the machine. Got everything? «

"Roger that!"

The officers climbed outside. A cool night air welcomed them, but it seemed to them like the warm stroking of a hair dryer. The severity of the arctic climate had no power here.

Ground staff men hurried over. A

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Officer stepped up to the exits. They could only vaguely remove the rank insignia in the dark. »The gentlemen are asked to stay with the machine! A major from the Air Force Staff in Berlin will be here in a few minutes. «

The dark hangars in the background of the square looked like huge humps. In front of it stood a few knife-making machines, whose unclear contours blurred with the darkness of the night. A familiar picture that made everything that had been experienced just before seem like an almost unreal dream. The sensitive gentleman ran a hand over his face as if to check his wakefulness.

"How is the situation here, comrade?" Juncker asked the strange officer.

The questioned took his time. Then he said slowly: "The Soviets are pushing Prague from the east and northeast. The Czechs are restless and are already taking on small raids. To the northeast of here in Kummer near Niemes is the Immelmann fighter squadron under Colonel Rudel, who is constantly flying his tank-hunting missions. So far, he has destroyed over five hundred enemy tanks alone! He keeps the Red Army from our throats a little bit, because he keeps hitting her tank tips. On the other hand, the Russians in the north are already pushing Dresden and will soon get hold of us. It's all lazy magic! «

"It's really not rosy," Juncker admitted.  
"Although I wasn't expecting good news ..."

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He was interrupted. A Wehrmacht car came up quickly and screeched to a stop in front of the Dosthra. The fine line of light from the slits in the headlight caps was dimmed, then one of the two men sitting in the car jumped out and hurried towards the group. "Who is the leader of the machine?"

Juncker came up to him and answered.

"Juncker? - Ah, that's excellent. We already know each other. I'm Küpper! "They shook hands. Then the major went to the Kasseler and tried to recognize his face in the pale night light. »We already know each other. You are one of the group under Gutmann flown by Vernäs ?! «

"Yes, Mr. Major. Captain Recke! «

»Oh - right! I remember. "He took the two officers under his arms and pulled them a few steps away. "It's high time you came! It'll only be a few days until all the crap is over. Unfortunately I cannot give you rest, but I have to put you to work for your tasks. I already know your orders and I am here to support you. But above all: you cannot stay here with the machine. When daylight comes up, no uninvited person should see the license plates of the machine. In addition, the airfield is at extreme risk, since the Americans control the whole airspace and keep worrying us. «

"Where should we go?" Juncker asked.

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"A little out of the way." He and the two Dosthra officers returned to the group of people still waiting in front of the machine. "Are you part of the crew?" He said to Jensen. When the latter

answered in the affirmative, Küpper continued: "Then be so kind and let the driver of my car drive you to my quarters. I have to get into the machine in your place to take it elsewhere! "

"Yes!" Replied Jensen when he saw Juncker did not argue. Without delay he trudged toward the car in his thick combination.

Küpper gave the ground staff a few brief orders, then climbed into the Dosthra with Juncker and Recke. The soldiers of the airfield cleared the runway, the engines howled again and the machine rose again from the ground.

The major must know the airfield and its near destination with complete certainty. He had taken Juncker's seat and said in a few words that he had flown in a Dosthra earlier. So it was understandable that the Berliner could take the risk without hesitation to make a night start under such dangerous circumstances. With nightwalking ingenuity and calm, the major came to an emergency landing site near the capital of Bohemia with the plane he was flying. "We're still reasonably safe here for the time being," he said as the roar of the propellers ceased. 'Now get out of the box. Don't forget handguns! «

After the officers, the rest of the crew came out of the machine. They stalked around in a slightly stiff circle. A cry from the darkness of the nearby forest startled her.

"Who's there?"

"Black-headed gull!" The major shouted back at once.

A number of people came out of the dark wall of the nearby forest and ran towards the plane. It was soldiers with storm baggage who immediately surrounded the machine while a sergeant major reported to Küpper.

"Our protection team," the major said to the planes. "Yes - and then we have to take the machine to the edge of the forest and camouflage it against aerial reconnaissance. We are

protected from the earth by a guard cordon. We are in a hurry!"

Having landed in Prague, the men from base 103 should no longer come to rest. Heavy battles were raging in Berlin, the Russians were swiftly moving everywhere and it was only a matter of days before the Allies from East and West would shake hands. Küpper had lost all connection with Berlin and saw himself on his own. He acted accordingly.

When Juncker and Recke asked him to secure the gyro and its plans, he waved him off. "I took care of this before the Dosthra arrived. The device is immediately before a complete overhaul, as one

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small imbalance caused some changes. The designer himself is responsible for ensuring that the gyro does not fall into the wrong hands and always has the plans within reach. We don't have to worry about him."

Juncker's brows drew together, but remained silent. He secretly asked himself whether the designer would find better security for his plans than in the Dosthra machine. When he later spoke openly to the Kasseler, he immediately shared his opinion.

The major didn't seem to be getting out of his uniform at all. During the day and night, he suddenly appeared everywhere and dealt with reports or took important files. So far, he had mostly relinquished the help of the base officers. With his consent, Juncker and Recke flew reconnaissance flights in a restricted area. Above all, they informed the major about the location of the nearby Vlasov associations, whom the senior police leader in Prague distrusted.

The flights always only lasted for a very short time because there was already a lack of fuel. During one of his explorations, Recke found that Vlasov's first division was moving to Sukhomast. At that time the Czech partisan activity increased

in the country. He noticed again and again how crowds of people in smaller towns in the vicinity of Prague would diverge when he flew over them at low speed.

That day he encountered just before landing in Gbely

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on a foreign plane that had no national emblem. He tried to fly at the machine from the front, but it avoided his maneuver at increased speed. She was more agile and superior. Since she was not hostile, Recke did not dare to attack directly. He was only surprised that there were still individual planes in this room, since he only had to be prepared to avoid an enemy crowd or squadron.

When he landed on the airfield, he first tried to reach Major Küpper to let him know about the strange machine. On the airfield management, he learned that Küpper was to be found in the office of the Higher Police Leader on the Vltava.

At his request, the officer on duty put a bucket truck at his disposal. "Don't drive alone!" Warned the latter. I'll give you two more soldiers. There is thick air in the country! «

Ten minutes later, Recke sat at the wheel of the car himself and drove downtown. He stopped the car at a major intersection and asked the Czech policeman on duty about the German police station.

"To nevim!" Said the man, shrugging his shoulders. With a provocative gesture, he showed his back to the Germans. One of the two soldiers swore. "He didn't know that," he said. So far, almost every policeman understood German. They'll be amazed at what's coming... «

Recke called an oncoming army patrol, the

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informed him immediately. »Right after the big bridge ...«

In front of the police station was a double post with submachine guns and steel helmets. From the guard in the hallway, Recke learned that Küpper had already left the house and had left with an SS major . The information was short and hasty. The whole house was filled with unrest and indicated the immediacy of moving days.

Recke climbed into the car and started the stopped engine again. Just as he was about to press his foot on the throttle, a man ran out of the house and called him; "Captain Recke?"

The Kasseler answered in the affirmative.

»Call from Major Küpper with a question about you! Captain, you shouldn't leave our office until you get more orders from the major. Something is going on in the city and you would no longer be able to get to the airport safely! «

Recke whistled. "That's how it is? - That's a nice mess! "As if to illustrate his thoughts, some shots rang from somewhere.

One of the gatekeepers shouted out. The watchman came out of the guard room almost simultaneously. Shots whipped again, which turned into an irregular crackling. The guard grabbed the submachine guns and peered at the two ends of the street.

"Drive the car in immediately, Captain!" The watchman jumped to the side to clear the driveway. Recke was bound by Küpper's instructions. He immediately reversed the car, then shifted back into gear and drove into the yard of the house. The heavy gate was closed behind him. When he jumped out of the car, the two escort soldiers swung out and waited for his order.

"Stay with the guard until the air is clear. If necessary ... "The Kasseler looked meaningfully at the two men. "Yes, Herr Hauptmann!" Both ran into the house with their guns. They were just about to open the gate again after a violent knock and three soldiers stumbled in. One of them had a head wound that was bleeding profusely.

"Uprising in Prague!" Roared the wounded. "The Czechs are armed!"

Recke also heard the man screaming and stopped on the stairs. When the men hurried past to report, he joined them.

In the corridor on the first floor, they met some police and SS officers who had come out of their rooms and wanted to see the boss. The soldiers were immediately asked what was going on.

"We went through Ulica Karoliny Světlé," she reported breathlessly, "when we suddenly heard gunfire. We immediately ran towards the nearby bridge as we did

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surprisingly got fire. Armed civilians shot at us from the opposite bank of the Vltava as we hurried through the short stretch of Františkovo nabeží. At the same time we heard fighting noise from the station area. We immediately sought protection here and - «

A door opened and a major of the police rushed out. »The telephone connections are interrupted! I can't get in touch with the city commander. I - ' He didn't get to talk in the tumult.

"Take up arms now!" Cried a lieutenant colonel in command. "The ghost will be over soon. Our powers are strong enough to make order here. We can easily keep the few hours until then if we are attacked here! «

After a few minutes, Recke himself was standing at a window next to the orderly, holding the submachine gun that he had fetched from the car in the yard. Behind rapidly improvised covers, the entire crew of the agency was ready

to defend themselves. Roof archers had also taken up positions.

A few people who were scattered still appeared and were admitted. They unanimously reported that the Czechs were overweight all over the city. "They're chasing us like dogs! ... «

After the latest reports, it became clear that the insurgents had taken away weapons and food stores and were in the possession of the radio

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station were. The train stations, the telephone exchange, the city center and most of the Vltava bridges were in their hands. The situation certainly looked very serious.

Violent battle noise came from the Hradschin, where the government offices were. Here, the attack waves of the Czechs remained in the fire of the defenders. Likewise, as the radio station announced, the security agency's office in Bubene remained.

"They are coming! ... «

Czechs were running on the street carrying rifles. The roofers opened fire and drove the attackers back. Two men stayed on the pavement. Her armbands marked her as irregular.

A little later the insurgents repeated the attack. They came from all directions and tried to drive the defenders of the German office out of the windows by machine gun fire. Clouds of mortar and stone chips shot away from the wall of the house, where the MG sheaves hit with a short, hard hammering. Every now and then a piece of glass from the open windows shattered on the floors.

Under the fire protection of high sheaves, several troops advanced. The German roofers focused their fire on an enemy machine gun group that had ventured too far, and temporarily silenced the weapon. The other rifles couldn't do much to the defenders because



they were usually positioned at an acute angle to the rows of windows. The Germans were immediately at the windows and, in turn, held the submachine guns into the nearby groups. Screams rang out, men staggered and fell. The Czechs withdrew again with heavy losses.

"That should be enough for now," Recke said to the orderly. "The guys have had enough for a while!" He wrinkled his nose as the air stank of powder. »I've already shot two magazines. Can you take any more? «

"I'll get some right away!" Said the orderly. "I know better about the house." He ran out of the room and came back in a few minutes. "Here!" He threw a whole box of magazines on a table. "It'll be enough for the next few hours."

The fighting noise continued throughout the day. The police station received fire repeatedly, but a concentrated attack failed to materialize. The roof guards reported that the insurgents had blocked all access to the office and were lying in wait. Striking out as a fighting group to the Hradschin did not seem advisable,

It grew a little calmer as darkness fell. Only a few shots were fired, while the Czechs roared and screamed all night long.

The office men slept little. The events of the past day and the ongoing noise at night allowed only a few men to admit properly

Come calm. One of the few was Recke, who was wrapped in a blanket on a large desk and fell into a deep sleep after the tension of the past two days. Only a new series of close shots made him start up in the morning.

The flaring fighting in the city suggested that the insurgents were now trying to fight down the

individual defensive blocks of the Germans. That morning, enemy roofers also tried to hold the police station down by fire to allow a storm from the street. However, their plan was prevented by the German snipers. Several of the irregulars were shot down, after which the others withdrew.

Hours later, hell suddenly seemed to be going on. In addition to the bright popping of the rifle fire and the automatic weapons, the dull gunshots were added. A more distant pawing and rattling suggested tanks.

The ever increasing noise of the violent street fights broke off quite suddenly. Shortly afterwards, German tanks rolled through the streets, and behind them, stormtroopers from Waffen-SS associations followed. Until the evening the uprising was largely put down temporarily. The Prague broadcaster made urgent calls for help to Vlasov General Bunitschenko, who dealt with the majority of the first

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Vlasov division was still in the Suchomast area. At the same time began in the service of the higher

Police chief and chief of the traffic control center interrogated detainees brought in to determine the leaders of the uprising, reports were received that the Czechs had committed inhumane riots and hunted down the German civilian population. The arrival of foreign SS units and, above all, the alarming of the SS replacement battalion of the "Das Reich" division in Prague-Rusin and the replacement unit of the SS artillery in Beneschau had temporarily halted this activity.

Recke decided to wait until Küpper informed him. He sent the two Luftwaffe soldiers back to the airfield in a motor vehicle and informed the operator of the telephone flap under which he himself could be reached.

Instead of a phone call, a light tank drove up in the evening to pick up Recke at the command of the major and take him outside the city to the Dosthra machine . Küpper lost few words, but acted quickly.

As the tank rattled through the streets of Prague, the turret gunman said that a few hours ago they had seen slaughtered Germans as they had not thought possible on the various fronts of their missions in the long years of the war. Even women and children were among the victims

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a fanatical crowd whose hatred of Germans knew no borders. Weapons had been handed out to the insurgents at Bubna station, who immediately fired German wounded on the hospital train standing there. Furthermore, a large number of Germans were missing, but the German relief forces were not sufficient to systematically comb through the city.

Undoubtedly some of the missing were dragged along by the retreating Czechs to their hideout.

When the tank gunner described what he had seen and heard, he peeped continuously through the viewing slots of the turret, ready to fire at any time. He cursed every now and then.

The sun had already set behind the White Mountains and violet veils were sailing across the hazy sky of Prague. The tank drove across the country road leading out of the city, between houses and farmsteads that all seemed extinct. Occasionally there were still shots from somewhere. "You should be able to drive around behind the houses," said the driver. »But we have neither time nor fuel! ... «

After a long drive they stopped in front of a forest. "I think we're here already!" The driver muttered, waving to the shooter.

The man pushed back the tower cover and slowly jerked up, carefully peeking around on all sides.

"Damned area! Every forest has the same trees and nowhere is there a number plate. In addition this budding darkness ... «

The tank rumbled a little further, then the man in the turret opening was called from the edge of the forest. "Are you bringing the pilot?"

"Yes!"

"Surname?"

"Knight!" Exclaimed the Kasseler and pushed himself up next to the tank man before he could ask him.

"That's right!" A few soldiers jumped out of the bushes and a non-commissioned officer reported to Recke.

The Kasseler left the vehicle to follow the men. But he was wrong when he assumed that the tank would turn immediately to go back to Prague. He was astonished to hear that the sub-officer sent the tank commander an order from the major to drive in from the side and move into a disguised waiting position. Küpper's special mission became more and more apparent through the tools made available to him.

A soldier led Recke into the forest, while the group with the NCO remained on the sidelines as a field guard. The two men stumbled in the dark over the roots and bumps of the ground, the branches of the bushes hit and scratched their faces. The Kasseler held out his submachine gun for protection and ducked his head.

Then the trees spread apart and one

greater clearing opened. It could also be detectors that extended to another piece of forest, but Recke could not perceive it so precisely. About twenty paces to the left were dark outlines of a strange structure that cast

deep black shadows. It was Dosthra, covered with camouflage nets. A few moving shadows were a watchful guard.

One of the next posts made a half-loud call, which was immediately answered by Recke's companion. "... safe here!"

Then the major came out of the dark and just after Juncker with Jensen. The three officers surrounded the Kasseler and shook his hand. Küpper's tone was heartfelt when he said, "I'm really pleased, Captain, that you're back safe and sound. They were looking for me, but could not reach me in time. The main thing is that ... «

Recke fought back. "These days you have to be prepared for everything possible or impossible! I actually had an important message from my last flight. "

"Which should have been out of date long ago," the major tried to cut off. "Better tell me how things went with you!"

The Kasseler was not deterred. "I think my report is still important. On the return flight of my short exploration ... «

»... you have larger clusters of people

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observed from the air. Sure, that was the rioting for the uprising! «

'No, Major! - I came across a machine that was superior to my machine and had no license plate. She didn't attack ... "

Küpper grabbed the Kasseler by the arm. "How was it? - A machine without a license plate? Are you sure ?! «

"Yes!"

"- Hm. The machine evaded to a certain extent?" "Yes!"

"Very interesting. Can you describe the construction, or at least its approximate appearance? "

»Only superficially! It all happened very quickly. The most striking was the wing construction. They were relatively short, broad

on the trunk and slightly tapering backwards. The machine looked like a triangle with a tail. If there was no deception, it was a turbine plane. ”

"Very beautiful. You can imagine a lot. ”Küpper's expression was not visible in the dark. »But the most important thing is the origin. Where there are no signs or no signs, all the conclusions remain guesswork. «

"And the behavior?" Asked Recke insistently.

"It's strange, but not clear!" Replied Küpper. He also turned to Juncker and Jensen. "Now it's time to be very careful in the air, gentlemen!" In a soliloquy, he added: "I'll probably take care of the gyro designer

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have to. Maybe the bat bird was lolling in the air because a little bell was jingling in the BMW square . «

The officers spent the night inside the plane. The major had given the security team a quarters in the immediate vicinity as quarters.

The next morning Küpper received a radio message from Gbely airfield that reports had arrived that the Bunitschenko division was marching on Prague and disarming smaller German units on the way. An organized German hunt by insurgent Czechs also began in the country.

Küpper immediately called the three flight officers and the first lieutenant of the security team for a briefing. He bluntly communicated the news to them in a few words and concluded, "I no longer believe it is my responsibility to leave the guards behind after the Dosthra has departed, cut off from all connections. Lieutenant, you would otherwise fall into the hands of the Soviets if you could defend yourself against the Czechs first! ”

The guard's leader smiled thinly. "Either way, I think we only have a few days left before we ..." With a meaningful gesture, he drew the index finger of his right hand over his throat.

"God forbid!" Called Küpper. »Do you have any suggestions

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Gentlemen?"

Confused silence was the only answer to his question.

The major looked at the men standing in front of him. "Yes, it's a tricky thing," he confirmed to them. "So, to make it short: I order you, Lieutenant, to immediately move the guard to Prague so that you can sit down with your unit if the situation becomes unsustainable. Our tank will accompany you to the city limits. Get ready for march immediately! «

The lieutenant raised his hand to the cap visor. "Anything else, Major?"

"Yes," said Küpper slowly. 'Leave me six bazookas. I think we may still need them urgently. You can follow up in Prague! - So that would be all! «

While the lieutenant immediately called his people together and ordered the field guard to secure them on the side of the road, the major turned to Juncker: "Our task is only now beginning. Since I cannot do everything on my own, I have to ask you to take over the leadership of the tank and, after the guards have joined their own units in or before Prague, to make the additional attempt to return here with as much fuel as possible. Don't stay away too long, because we are now dependent on protecting the tank! «

"A question, Major!" Said Recke. "What happens to

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the men of the tank when we leave? "

"That is already clear," Küpper replied promptly. »The tank stays here because it is essential for our next tasks and our protection. If there is no other way, we will blow it up with our

bazookas. On the other hand, people will be deposed with the Dosthra in the west today or tomorrow!

"Without papers?" Asked Jensen, somewhat naively.

"People report to me for special use," the major informed him. "I'll issue them an OKH march order so they won't be picked up as deserters. Because of course I can't land on the few remaining airfields! «

The first lieutenant of the guards came back. "Do you want me to start the report, Mr. Major?"

"No!" Said Küpper briefly. "We all have no time for Larifari. See that you get on. And all the best! «

Immediately afterwards the guard's men marched off. The six bazookas that were requested lay under a bush near the Dosthra. The sand-colored warheads of this dreaded anti-tank weapon lay in the green like huge Easter eggs.

Juncker came out of the Dosthra. He had gotten his submachine gun and hurried after the moving team to take over the tank standing by the field guard. "Hurry up!" Küpper called after him.

Recke scratched his head thoughtfully. It was more

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a gesture as a need. Then he said, "Major, now the Dosthra crew has to keep watch. We have to be prepared for all kinds of surprises! «

"Correct! - Let the four men come here immediately! «

The Kasseler shouted for Sergeant Beer and the other men. When they got there she took Küpper up immediately and made it clear to them that they all had to be posted regardless of their rank. The men grinned as he explained. "Why are you bared like hat horses?" He asked.

"We even enjoy it," Beer said evenly. "Maybe we'll find lily of the valley ..."

"Stupid jokes," growled Küpper. "One of you has to face the road to show the returning tank,



the others keep our bird safe from the other wind directions. Get out now! «

"Yes!" The four men were gone in an instant.

The major said to Recke, "Wait a minute!" He stepped toward the plane and took out a briefcase from inside. When he returned, he opened it in front of the Kasseler and took out a thing that looked like a wallet in size and format. When he pushed back the lid, he saw a fine device with a row of small buttons. »A new two-way radio!«

The Kasseler was amazed. "It looks cute."

Küpper sat down on the grass and loaded

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Stretch out next to you. Then he began to explain the apparatus in detail and instructed the Kasseler in how to use it. After this had repeated the few handles tentatively, the major said: "Keep the device straight away! - I have secured a few pieces of it and we will have to use the small devices in the next few days. As far as I am aware of the overall situation, the Red Army will move into Prague in the next few days, while the Americans will stop shortly before in the West. This will bring a dramatic period of history to a temporary end and begin a terrible tragedy. Our own fate depends primarily on our vigilance! «

"Then it would be time for us to sit down too," Recke said. The situation troubled him.

"We'll let the Soviet leaders roll past us," the major said calmly. "If things get queasy, we can still fly out of the loose trap." Reaching for a map of the Protectorate, which he half-opened from his leather wallet, he sketched the current course of the front. "Without a doubt, all of our associations in the area between Bolesławiec and Budweis will approach the Americans and surrender to them so as not to fall into the hands of the Soviets. Therefore, the Vlasov division under Bunitschenko will also have to evacuate

Prague because they need to be in a double hurry,

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if they do not want to be liquidated immediately on the instructions of the red commissioners. The second division of Vlasov under General Sveriev will already be on the west march from the Budweis-Strakonitz area. Details about these Russian volunteer associations would be extremely important to us, but we have to leave it to the evolving circumstances to find out more. We also have to take care of what's going on at BMW . Hopefully the gyroscope will be afloat before the enemy bursts in and the toy inherits. Under no circumstances should that happen! «

"Hm," the Kassel man lost in thought. He watched through a narrow slit in his eyes a small beetle that was slowly crawling up a rocking stalk. Physical fatigue paralyzed his thinking. The final outcome, which looked so different from what the victories of the past few years had expected, shook him. If he still managed to fight the emergence of despair, it was partly due to the example the major gave him through the serenity brought up.

"Are you already blowing tribulation?"

'No, Major! - I'm just amazed at the way things are going on on earth. "He laughed a little forced. »The planet rotates incessantly at the same pace and lets fate tumble incessantly on its stubborn circle, causing blood and tears. And that's all

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Of course ..."

A strange expression flew over the major's face, which Recke couldn't quite interpret. Then

he said when he got up: "If you want to philosophize, remember only one sentence, Captain: Life is a ring game!"

"It's military, Major, Barras philosophy!" "It's the healthiest right now!" Küpper brushed it  
Boot tip one lump of earth from the heel of the other. »Come into the machine; want to spark the airfield! «

Before the major climbed up, Beer emerged from the bushes that had taken over the observation of the street. He gasped and was out of breath. "Mr. Major -!"

"What is it, Beer?"

»I think it will start again in Prague. An armed group of Czechs were just marching towards the city and singing songs. Iwan will probably be very close by or come running sideways. «

"And if so!" Küpper thought for a moment, then gave the sergeant a radio from the folder he had tucked under his arm. »Stay in your post under all circumstances and take the device with you! You've known it since yesterday. This will make it easier for me to pass on your reports. However, you may only leave your place if there is a direct danger for you and us. Roger that?!"

"Yes, Major!" The sergeant took the little one

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Apparatus and struck again in the forest.

Now Küpper tried to get messages from Gbely airfield by radio. Strangely enough, the local radio station did not answer the call. The major came out of the house anxiously and called to Kasseler, who had stayed outside: "There is already some devilry going on! No more tails in Gbely. «

"What do we do now?"

"Wait," growled Küpper.

The tank came back in the afternoon. Jensen, who was constantly on the lookout from the plane, received Beer's announcement and promptly reported. Küpper and Recke immediately hurried to the street and waited

until Juncker had driven the vehicle into a small path and got out. When he saw the two officers, he hurried to them immediately. "No going back to Prague!" He announced.

"Why?" Asked Küpper.

»The Czechs have started the fight for the city again with the support of Russians. They slaughter our wounded and hunt for all German civilians. Gbely airfield was taken and forty-six planes fell into the hands of the insurgents. The SS units and small parts of the Wehrmacht fight bitterly, but can hardly master the situation. Our security team immediately defended one

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Hospital, which was about to be stormed by the Czechs. «

"Damned gang of pigs!" Küpper swore.

"When they saw our tank," continued Juncker, "they were pounding like rabbits. Then when I had to turn, they were peeking out of some holes again."

"What about fuel?" Asked the major.

"We stole a truck back. The Czechs abandoned a column of wagons when we rumbled past and an SS unit appeared at the same time. We loaded our tank with canisters, the rest of the men took the unit."

"Excellent!"

"What now?" Juncker looked at the major, waiting. Küpper thought for a moment, then said: "Leave him

Drive tanks to the Dosthra in a roundabout way, Juncker! "As the tank started up again, the officers left

the shortest way through the forest back to the machine and took Beer. "We don't need a Dosthra guard," Küpper had said. Juncker and Recke looked at each other but said nothing.

"I will fly out of the tankers immediately!" Replied the major afterwards, noticing the looks.

The major had all the men meet in Dosthra Square . After a few words on the latest events, he handed one to the tank leader

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March order for home. He wanted to fly out with Juncker himself. "Get your things," he ordered the tank men, "and get them in the machine right away!"

People were visibly happy to get out of the cauldron without any risk. They therefore immediately followed the instructions of the staff officer. Küpper continued:

"For you, gentlemen, I have made the following division: you, comrade Juncker, take over the tank with Captain Recke! I will also assign a man from the Dosthra crew to you. The rest of us take over the machine to fly out the tankers and meet in an approximate south-south-west direction from Prague. I think it is the case that you drive through the Vltava Valley , which is relatively safest due to the fact that the operations have been relocated there - at least for the next day or two - and from seven in the morning we start at half-hourly intervals to establish our ultra short wave connection. I will fly from the southwestern Bohemian Forest until we have a connection. Is everything fine?"

Juncker said no. "I received the command of the Dosthra on the instructions of the base commander at one hundred and three and would not like to hand over the machine without the express orders of my immediate superior!"

"My dear Juncker," said the major gently, "you know exactly what duties and powers I have

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have. It is not so much a question of competency now, but of the fact that a matter that has started is completed. We have all the freedom within our

community of action and should not be petty. Don't you think so? ”

"If you take full responsibility, I'll comply," Juncker agreed. He chose Krammer as a passenger because the man was a bit thin and would not take up much space. The complete division of the groups was now made.

Krammer fetched food from the Dosthra and stowed three of the bazookas inside the tank on instructions from the major, loading the rest onto the plane. Part of the fuel was also refueled in the Dosthra, to which Küpper mixed a few additional chemical cartridges, the composition of which was as secret as many other details of the flying machine.

At five-forty-five the Dosthra rose, quickly rose, and flew after the setting sun. The radio gave the best wishes for the journey of the tank, which at the same time set its tracks on the Vltava Valley in motion. Juncker thought it wise to drive straight through the area. Above all, he shortened a distance and also avoided surprising encounters with Soviet tank tips, which could appear in this area at any time. Past individual farmsteads and smaller towns

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the three men reached the Vltava after about an hour and a half at the confluence of the Beraun river. Driving along the left bank, they encountered several armored personnel carriers that stopped on the street. Juncker found out from a first lieutenant that they had orders to Prague, but did not want to continue because of the unclear situation. The Czech capital is largely in the hands of the insurgents. The two officers of the tank were also unable to provide the lieutenant with any information.

These were the first signs of a breakdown of orderly operations and fronts. The gear train of a previously unsurpassable war technique began to fail.

They drove around Königsaal and were overtaken a little later by a truck column, which

was secured by an SS unit and apparently brought material westwards. There was lively movement all over the street and various groups of vehicles were busy loading various things that were supposed to be brought to safety from underground operations. As far as Czech loading workers helped, they seemed willing to work. The German weapons were still respected here.

A little off the quayside, however, they received ambush fire. It immediately became clear to the men in the tank that the Czechs were only waiting for the withdrawal of the German units in order to attack the rearguard or the German civilian population. At

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They turned Mirowitz while a Wehrmacht column with charged civilian refugees continued south.

The beginning of the night was bright and made it easier to move forward. A woman called her from a single house they rattled past. It was a Sudeten German who, despite all warnings, wanted to stay in the little yard. She informed the men that refugees had said that in nearby Pibram were the insurgents who had caught Vlasov's chief of staff Truchin and his adjutant Romaschkin two days ago. The Soviets would also have run through and would have taken Truchin out of the place immediately.

Recke, who had spoken to the woman from the tower hatch, thanked her for the message. He declined his offer to drive a stretch of the way with them and to get to safety.

The conclusion from the woman's testimony showed that there was no longer a solid front and that the Soviets had already been behind the backs of the Moldavian associations on various occasions. Juncker therefore decided to drive around Strakonitz.

They crossed the street to the western end of Blatna when they heard gunshots that were fired

in the immediate vicinity. Juncker stopped immediately, while Recke carefully examined the area.

Half-right behind them appeared on the country road

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a bunch of people whose screams and hoots were clearly audible. Then two shots popped in between. A woman screamed.

"Go on, drive on!" The Juncker from Kassel asked. "There's a mess going on ..."

"It can't be done," came the driver's voice, hollow and pressed from inside the car. "We can not ..."

"Don't talk nonsense!" Recke shouted desperately in despair, "Go on or I'll jump out and run alone ..." Before he could continue to speak, the woman from the dark crowd of people could be heard screaming again with a shattering mark. »Helpeeeeeee! ... «

Recke suddenly dived, swung the gun barrel and released a shot.

"Fool!" Cursed Juncker, "now it's about the sausage! ... 'He started the tank with the engine roaring and headed for the crowd, which flared apart immediately.

There was a passenger car on the street that had been stopped by the Czechs. Two dark bundles lay in the street in front of it, while a woman ran towards the tank without being hindered. The fleeing insurgents sought cover from the tank and only a few minutes later a few shots were fired from the armor of the car. However, they did not prevent Recke from remaining in the open tower hatch.

The rushing figure was a young girl with her blouse and shirt hanging in tatters. She held her arms crossed against her bare breasts and

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fell to the ground a few steps in front of the tank.

Juncker had opened the eye valve and stopped immediately. "Bring the girl in, Krammer!"

"No longer needed," cried Recke. He jumped out of the tower, hurried to the girl and picked her up. She was completely upset and let herself be lifted up like a helpless being and carried to the vehicle.

Kramer was already waiting and helped bring the girl into the car. As soon as the men had climbed in, the Czechs started to open an angry fire, which, however, could not harm the tank. Tongues of fire spilled out of the nearby scrub. Irritating calls followed.

»Nenechte nênce startovat - Don't let the Germans drive off! Usmrt te nênce - Kill the German! - Napred

- Forward! ... «

Despite mutual encouragement from the cover, none of the rebels showed up. Recke shot two shots from the tower while Juncker drove to the stopped car and stopped next to it. The two bundles, which lay next to the radiator of the car, turned out to be German aviation officers who gave no sign of life in the pale light of the rising moon.

Krammer jumped outside and was two steps away from the car, the blow of which he tore open. With a quick glance he saw that it was empty. He took a small suitcase and dashed back into the tank just as quickly. Another shot lashed while getting in.

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The man squeaked. »Heaven-ass! ... «

Recke took the suitcase from his hand and put it down. "Got something?"

Krammer just mumbled. "Believe, a little scratch on the thigh ..."

The turret lid and the front eye flap closed suddenly, the caterpillar tracks of the tank rubbed against the road surface and then ground forward in the soft soil of the site. There were

still screams. »Zabite nênce - Slay the Germans!  
... «

"Shoot it, Captain, shoot it!" Cried Krammer, furious. "I looked at the dead officers. The Czechs killed them by shooting their necks! I saw it clearly ... «

"Calm down, Krammer. Check your leg! "Still, Recke peered out into the bright night as he spoke. Two Czechs jumped up from a nearby row of bushes, which the tank was heading for, and tried to escape sideways.

The Kasseler immediately swung and fired. One of the men jumped up and fell to the ground, half overturning. The second ran on instead of taking cover. Despite the darkness, Recke caught him. With an outcry, the victim fell like a piece of small game.

Roaring all around again, but nobody showed up. Even the shooting had stopped because the Czechs might have seen the pointlessness of what they were doing. The

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Panzer was invulnerable to them. Only incomprehensible curses followed.

While Juncker continued with the newly opened eye valve, Recke looked at the girl and Krammer. The latter crouched on the floor, leaning against the wall, carelessly pulling down his pants, and was just about to bandage his injured leg.

The Kasseler took the dressing pack from his hand and looked at the wound with the help of a flashlight. It seemed like a simple shot of meat. He unwrapped the bandage over his thigh and put two more packages on top of it, since the first roll was still supplied with blood during the bandaging. "Stay calm for the time being, Krammer!" He said.

The girl was also sitting on the floor and was completely apathetic. When she carefully touched Recke, he felt a shiver run through her body. So he reached for a blanket and threw it over the girl. "Wrap yourself tight!"

Instead of an answer, she suddenly sobbed loudly. "Oh my God! ... «She pulled the covers over her head and the sobs turned into a constant whimper.

Recke went to Juncker. "What should we do with the poor being?"

The Waffen SS officer kept staring out into the night.

"If we come across a column, we'll hand it over. Maybe we will meet an association behind Strakonitz that is moving back to Bavaria. "There was a slight regret

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in his voice with.

The tank ate its way through the forested hill country. In Strahl-Hoschtitz they crossed a watercourse by rattling over the small bridge regardless of any load-bearing capacity.

Immediately afterwards they were stopped by a strong group. They were soldiers of the second Vlasow division who had not yet marched to Krumau with the majority of the association. When questioned, a Russian staff officer who spoke fluent German said that the Americans in the south had chosen Krumau as the prisoner collection point. However, he and some other officers believed that they were not safe from access by the Red Army there.

"I don't want to fall into the hands of the Americans so quickly," Juncker said to the Russian. "I wouldn't like the close proximity of the Soviets either!"

"We also have concerns," replied one of the Vlasow officers who had joined them . "If the Soviet commissioners take us from the Americans ..."

"Where do you want to go now?" Asked the SS officer. 'Straight ahead west. Far to the west! "The Russian staff officer waved him extensively Poor.

"We may still meet in the next day," Juncker said. "Anyway - good luck!"

The Russians lined up in front of the tank and gestured lively. »Don't fool now! With us, with us... "Juncker feared a coup on the vehicle. "Move out of the way!"

The staff officer brought his face very close to the eye valve. »» Germanski - good comrades! - Stay with us! - We'll be leaving in a few hours. Protect our rearguard! «Some Russians repeated:» Germanski - good comrade! «

Recke leaned over to Juncker. "We'll have no other choice! We even find it convenient because it makes our observations easier. If the head of the association comes into contact with Americans, we can still get out of the rear! "

Juncker nodded. "Good," he said to the Russians. "We'll stay with you for the time being!"

"Good, good!" The staff officer called a few Russian words to the nearest soldiers. These ran away and came back after a few minutes, dragging some fuel cans with them. »Sprit here! - We don't drive anymore. All marching! ... «

Recke got out and thankfully received the canisters. Juncker immediately refilled the tanks and threw all empty containers out into the ditch. Then he steered the tank into a field while Recke stopped with the Vlasov officers .

When the SS officer returned to the group as a guard after the vehicle was parked, leaving the wounded Krammer behind, the officer explained

Staff officer in-depth the US handover negotiations. He and the other officers expressed concerns about accepting the Americans as a protective force in the immediate vicinity of the Soviet Union. "They'll hand us over when the commissioners make the request. And they will definitely put forward the request! ... «

The Kasseler doubted

"Yes!" Said another Russian. »Americans have no idea about Russia and Europe! - I was listening to a delegation and chabbe Americans speaking. They know nothing about the Liberation Army and are stupid friends of the Bolsheviks. You will still see! ... «

"And if so," said Recke. »But deliver :? ... «All Russians nodded vigorously. "You will ..." The staff officer informed the Germans that parts of the second division were already beginning to march to Kramau. Parts of the replacement brigades and the officers' school wanted to move further west. He himself led two battalions westward. His distrust of the Americans was too great here. However, he also complained that the Germans themselves had not fully trusted them. Nevertheless, he held out his hand impulsively to the Germans. »We did well

Friends! «

In the darkness of the fading night, the beginning of the unit began. Half-loud Russian commands brought the soldiers to their feet, which immediately changed

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disciplined to form marching columns. The rearguard leader and another officer asked to be allowed on the tank.

The beginning of the hustle and bustle, which did not go off without noise, had also awakened the girl. The tiredness from the shock of the experience had made her fall asleep despite her uncomfortable situation, while Krammer had kept watch. When the two officers got into the tank, they looked at the girl. "Are you cold?" Asked Recke.

"It's not bad," she said. Her voice was thick and brittle. Shortly afterwards she tried to say a few words of thanks for the help.

"Where are you from?" Juncker asked.

"I was a news agent in Prague. Two officers took me with us when we had to rush out of town. We got through detours through the

country quite well, and at first we were several carriages and armored personnel carriers. Only when we turned south alone... "As far as could be seen in the dark of the chariot, the girl had put her hands over her face again. "Oh - it was terrible!"

"Head up, girl!" Said the Kasseler gently.

"They weren't human anymore!" She suddenly cried out. "They dragged us out of the stopped car, kicked the two officers and hit them in the face with rifle butts. And then - then - I only heard the cracking of the shots. They wanted to tear my own clothes off and do violence.

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They were like animals - like beasts! - Oh, there is no god anymore ... «

Krammer remembered: "Who owned the little suitcase in the car?"

The girl swallowed a few times, then said, "It must have been my luggage. The officers couldn't take anything with them. "

"Here he is," said Krammer simply.

"Oh! - Thank you. "After a few seconds, she added:" At least I can put on a shirt and a blouse ... "

"You can do that right away," said Juncker. "We're going on again and we all have to look out of the tank into the open anyway."

Juncker squeezed into the driver's seat and pressed the starter. While Krammer was still limping towards him, the tank rolled on again and headed for the street. The hum of the engine swallowed the bustle of the marching soldier's boots. Company after company moved orderly into the beginning of dawn. With the last one, the tank rattled along as a rearguard.

The mounted Russians chatted with Recke, who peered out of the open tower into the forest. They openly admitted that they were all possessed by excessive fear.

Recke could not escape the spell of this collective fear of death of the hunted and desperate men.

The whole atmosphere was loaded with the tension of thinking in the same direction. Everything around the tank shrank into a limited mystical cathedral.

On both sides of the road the black walls of ancient forests grew tall, while the sky arched like a pale gray blanket. The columns of the marching companies looked like a snake of shapes that were sucked in and swallowed by the soft night. Only now and then did weapons clink or some cookware clatter against the rifle stock. If the tank temporarily turned off the engine so that one could listen to someone else's engine noise, one could make out the small background noises in the almost unreal silence.

When the morning mist rose completely and the coolness made the men shiver, the specters of fear and trepidation marched alongside each and every one of the Vlasov people as invisible companions, as it were called by the harmony of sensations.

Stopping exactly south-west, the association left the larger street and continued on narrow footpaths. The pulling of the marching columns slowed the pace temporarily. They passed another small unsightly place, the inhabitants of which remained invisible. Before the head of the train the dark crest of a large mountain of considerable height was heaving.

The Vlasov people went there in silent, hurried trot .

The path started to climb and the forest moved closer to the path. The undergrowth grew thicker, large ferns adorned the edge of the path like a primeval magical garden, and broadly

spreading branches of ancient giant trees swayed gently in the cool breeze of the morning, which also set the mist in motion.

The sound of the rattling tank at the end of the long train was an ugly scraping discord in the oppressive silence of the gloomy surroundings. The Russian officers shivered like gnomes on the steel fuselage of the chariot.

The leader of the rearguard troop turned to Recke: "There are forests like this here in our home." His melancholy eyes wandered around. He said more about himself: "Will we ever see her again? Oh sswiataja Rossiya -Heiliges Rußlandl ..."

The train suddenly stopped. Waving arms continued from column to column until the rearguard also held. Scraps of words buzzed through. »Side engine noise ...«

The rearguard, who translated the message, asked for the tank engine to be switched off. The men listened intently. Some of the Russian soldiers had prostrated themselves and were listening to the ground for propagating earth noises. Nothing. Just steady silence. Not even twittering birds.

The hold was also used for a short rest,

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while soldiers swarmed around the top. Since the Russians had very poor food, the Germans shared their morning snack with the two Vlasov officers.

The girl, too, was a little more relaxed in the morning and did not grace herself when she was offered breakfast. When she stuck her head out of the tower loft and was greeted almost humbly by the Russians, a trace of a friendly smile stole across her face.

The dawn light of the early day showed that she might have been around twenty-three years old. Her tousled blond curls could not hide the fact that she was undeniably pretty. With a tired movement, she brushed her hair back from her



face. She had big blue-gray eyes that were still red from crying.

"Good thing girls come home with us," said the rearguard. "Otherwise nothing can get through alone. Ceski like animals. Nothing good! «

Recke described the nightly incident to the Russians in a few words. Tears ran down the girl's cheeks again.

The Russians nodded seriously. 'Chabben seen a lot in the past few days. Couldn't help but more. Warr too late! "The second officer added:" Ceski chabben wounded wounded in the hospital, eyes gouged out beforehand, orren cut away and other tortures ... Chabben in a village

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German women found. Naked, stomach cut open, breasts gone and babies thrown against the wall of a house. Chabben seen this, so help us God! ...

«The girl groaned. »My God, people can do anything like that? ... «

"Oh what," the rearguard dismissed the question. "Ceski nothing people!" Again waving arms and half-loud calls. The columns slowly started moving again. After a short stretch of the trail, the forest stepped back a little, overlooking a wider road that cut the Vlasov people's path. Behind it, the black-green curtain of a mighty forest dammed, which in places rose steeply up to the high crest of the mountain, which now rises hard on the road.

"Bavaria begins behind this chain!" Juncker called out from inside the car. He had glimpsed the map.

The bandage crossed the road and turned into a dark ravine that led up the mountain. Juncker raised concerns about Recke as to whether they could follow the association on this path.

Before Recke could talk to the two Russians about it, a cry from several hundred throats rose into the already bright morning sky. Immediately afterwards, the crack of a grenade broke the hitherto silence of wide, apparent loneliness.

The previous dull fear of the Vlasov people increased to an outrageous horror when the

Soviet T34 appeared with its wide caterpillar tracks. His long gun barrel swung in like a threatening finger and another shot came out of it. The bullet howled, pulling over the rearguard's heads and shattering ahead with a light blow.

The German tank had just reached the road and was a good target for the rattling enemy. While the Vlasov people broke into the high forest to seek shelter in its increasing depth, Juncker had to turn to get into the undergrowth as well. The Vlasov officers had jumped off and hurried after their husbands.

Recke swung the turret of the tank backwards, even though they were inferior to the Soviet tank. Before he was even able to release a shot, an enemy grenade struck the caterpillar track of the German tank and caused an inevitable circle, thus preventing the chariot from escaping.

The tank grinded with one chain into an underground depression next to the street and sagged. In a moment, Recke had pushed back the tower cover and pushed the girl outside. Despite fear and horror, she **had** pressed her small suitcase against **her**, with which she fell after a few jumps behind a bush.

At the same time, Krammer had crawled out of the back of the tank and was carrying a bazooka. Uncovered, the pipe under the

Arm clamped and pull off, the work was a few seconds. The fiery cloud of fire shot from the rear of the gun, while the minehead hit the ring between the massive hull of the tank and the mighty turret at a short distance. A bright tan

rose and with a deafening crack splinters and chunks flew around. Then - a mighty flash of flame, bright yellow, changing into a wobbling red and an all-covering brown-black smoke cloud - that was the end of the T 34.

"Well, we could have done it," said Krammer. Then he knelt down as if he had lost something. The rocket-propelled grenade clanked to the ground.

"What's going on, Krammer?" Recke and Juncker jumped in. When they got to him, they saw that his face was chalky white. Krammer's mouth twisted into a grin. 'It was all hair. But we're not so cheap yet! "He slumped further and supported his torso with a visible effort.

"Geez, you got something!" Juncker tried to support him, but Krammer refused. "Please don't - it would hurt me unnecessarily ..."

'So speak, Krammer! Where have you ..."  
"Juncker urged.

'It's just a little thing. The colossus gave me a few more beans from its MG sheaf . It's just enough for a free ticket to the kingdom of heaven or to the kitchen of Teufel's grandmother. «

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The two officers looked at each other helplessly. The pounding of exploding ammunition came from the burning Soviet tank, and the stinking swaths spread like a wall. A roar could be heard from behind. Krammer's face contorted. »Give me another fist! Quick, quick - they are coming! «

"Don't talk nonsense, Krammer! We'll take you!"  
"The major called to Recke:" You take him by the legs... "

"No, no!" Cried Krammer. "I do not want. Give me a fist! ... «

The men hadn't noticed that the two Vlasov officers had also joined them. The rearguard himself brought both remaining bazookas out of the German tank without a word and silently placed them next to the seriously wounded.

"Germanski bravely!" Said the Russian to Krammer. He knew there was no more help. He

said hastily to the German officers: "Quickly - up into the forest! - Listen! - Bolsheviks come there..."

«

"Please go!" Asked Krammer, who had understood the words. Juncker jumped back to the tank and was the only one to take out a leather case and two submachine guns. There was ammunition, some cards and the VHF radio in the bag. When the men jumped into the nearby bushes, a second T34 was just emerging from the smoke of the burning tank.

They heard him shouting while running: "Unterscharführer Krammer logs off! Greetings ...  
«Then again

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a detonation accompanied by a prolonged crack and crackle. Looking back, they saw that Krammer had also finished the second colossus. He lay face to face in the dust of the street and stopped moving.

After a few steps, they came across the girl, who watched the whole scene with frightened eyes and waited for her to be taken. She had felt unable to flee alone.

It was high time that the men had left the street. Despite two burning tanks, others were already rattling behind the thick wall of smoke and gunfire was heard.

The four men and the girl hurried uphill. In front of them and to the side, other groups of men broke through the matted thicket. While running, the rear guard shouted to the Germans: »We are also chabbing some dead! First grenade - three men dead ... Behind us Bolsheviks - many more are dying now! ... «

Sweat poured from the faces of the refugees. Whistling, they pressed their breath through their noses, undeterred onward. Again and again rifle shots rang through the semi-darkness of the forest.

In insane fear, no longer able to defend themselves coherently, chased by superior forces, the persecuted pushed ever closer to each other

and continued to climb the mountain in groups and troops. A high column of smoke in front of them magically attracted them.

The Soviets apparently had one from the side

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had a more favorable climb, because suddenly groups of them broke into the flank at the same height.

"Wperjod - Forward!" Came their calls. "Urrä, urrä ..." Some of the Vlasov people fell down. Her screams screeched through the forest. The girl started to scream, infected by the screaming in the tumult.

The officers swore around her and tried to silence her. Only a tough order from Juncker was successful. Bullets were already whistling through the rows of trees nearby, and some Vlasov people who tried to resist fell immediately.

They were still running, following an unconscious compulsion, towards the high smoke finger, which seemed to be spilling out of the earth like a signal.

A clearing opened in front of the refugees. Behind it stood a weathered rock wall, ripped and cracked. The Vlasov people stumbled across the interspersed area like a broad wave. Hundreds of them ran towards the rocks as if they were sheltered in the gaping crevices.

"That's crazy!" Cried Recke, holding Juncker and the girl back. One Russian stopped, the rear guard also ran out into the clearing. After a few minutes he collapsed.

"Here!" Juncker dragged his companions with him. They squeezed behind him through a thorny undergrowth that grew at the foot of a massive Findelstein. A

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Cavity at the bottom of the rock was just big enough to protect the four people huddled together. As tore **up** the Russians by the group at the last moment going broke back outside and tried following his comrades to win. He hurried after them in a zigzag.

Juncker and Recke peeped at what was happening between the branches. A few of the first earth-brown Soviet soldiers were already running across the clearing, the wounded collapsed Vlasov people mercilessly spitting with their bayonets. At the same time, the wave of desperate men, possessed by the fear of a terrible end, crashed onto the rock face.

And the two Germans saw how suddenly a strange figure stood in front of it and raised both arms against the sky with a summoning gesture. A Mongol, in the strange costume of his country and with the characteristic cap on his head. There was a tension in the air that almost paralyzed and no doubt emanated from the man who stood like a statue in front of the invading Russians. A hypnotic effect was felt.

The smoke coming from the fissure condensed and became a wall of fog that drifted towards the Soviets. At the same time, the pursued rushed towards the largest column of the wall as if shouting and disappeared inside as if they were being swallowed. Behind the wall of smoke the rocks danced in the flickering of the falling veil. And suddenly was

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the Mongol disappeared.

A little later the smoke had completely disappeared from the ground. The Soviet soldiers let out screams of anger and surprise. Most of the two Vlasov battalions had vanished into nothing and escaped the Soviets.

Recke and Juncker cautiously pulled their heads back when the strange Mongol disappeared just as suddenly as he had surprisingly stood in front of the rock.

The girl had pressed herself against the boulder and held her clenched right hand over her mouth. Her eyes were frightened wide ...

The officers looked at the clock. The same thought had inspired her. It was against seven. Recke took his walkie-talkie out of his pocket and got ahead of Juncker. Although the agreed time was not there, he was already calling.

Nothing. The men had no choice but to remain lying flat in complete calm. So ran by the minute. The dewy floor was uncomfortably cold.

After a while, Recke tried again. This time he got an immediate reply. The dosthra was already in the air and had to circle somewhere nearby.

Küpper's first request was about her location. "Can't we tell you exactly," said Recke. "Are in the middle of a high forest mountain, in the immediate vicinity of a rock face!" Juncker took that from Kassel

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Device from hand. He reported very briefly that Krammer had fallen and the tank was unusable. "Break out south immediately and keep in touch!" Was the order of the Major of the Dosthra.

However, this never happened. In the opinion that the Soviets had already advanced, the two officers crawled out of the undergrowth and told the girl to come with them. Holding the submachine guns ready to fire, they stalked a few steps when suddenly they were called in the back: »Ruki werch - hands up! ... «

Juncker and Recke dropped their weapons. The girl tried to walk a few more steps, but a sharp "Stoj!" Stopped her.

"Damn it and sew it up," Juncker said softly. "Such a situation ..."

They were immediately surrounded by a group of Soviet soldiers. One of them picked up the dropped weapons while another reached for the girl. "Oh girl - chorosho ..." A Russian noncommissioned officer pushed the butt of his

assault rifle into the side of Recke. "Dawai, dawai! ... «

They stumbled forward and were still glad that the Russians tolerated the girl in the middle of the captured officers. Making a little bow, they came back to the clearing of the dramatic scene. They were immediately brought to a group of officers.

A Russian captain turned to the prisoners. "Where's Vlasov soldiers, huh?"

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Juncker looked at him. Then he pointed to one of the crooked figures. The dead man was about ten paces away and had another arm with clenched fingers. The white plate with the blue St. Andrew's cross glowed on the upper part of the left sleeve.

"Pjos - dog!" Yelled the captain, beating Juncker with his fist. in the face.

The SS officer stood stiffly and did not flinch. A stream of blood shot out of his nose and stained his blouse. Only his eyes got an unapproachable haughty expression. It was as if he was looking through those standing in front of him.

The Russian took on Recke by grabbing his blouse. "You say - where Vlasov people?"

The Kasseler pointed to the rock face. "There!"

The Russian raged: "Nothing there - you come with me! - Show me!"

The prisoners were pushed forward until they and their companions were standing directly in front of the wall. In fact, there was no sign of the disappearance. Even the Germans have never been so puzzled. occurred like this event. For a moment it seemed as if a glimmer of secret knowledge of the deliberately arrogant, angular features of the SS officer were flying .

As the Russians continued to shake their heads, the group found a man groaning on the floor with his hands on his stomach

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kept pressed. It was the rear guard of the last Vlasov company that had been hit by a bullet.

One of the Soviet officers went to him and kicked him. The Germans could not understand the questions asked in Russian. The Vlasov officer rose slightly from the floor and looked only at the Germans. »Germanski - brother! - We'll see Russia again - through Mother Earth's lap... "A bang - and his head fell hard to the ground. The Soviet officer had chased a bullet through his forehead.

The Germans turned away in disgust. Although their own fate was now completely uncertain, they both worried about the girl, whose fate was beyond doubt in a few hours. Escape was impossible here.

"Dawai!" At an order from the Russian captain, they were led downhill with their original escort, who was still carrying the Germans' weapons and had even left the girl's suitcase.

The two officers deliberately pretended to stumble and slide quickly so as not to let the accompanying soldiers come to rest. They had noticed the looks that the girl coveted.

Just before they reached the street from which the tragedy had started, they heard the deep hum of a large airplane near them. A quick glance changed the assumption that the Dosthra was on the lookout after the connection was broken. Resigned, Recke shrugged

Shoulders.

The day's surprises had not yet ended.

They entered the street a few hundred meters below the two Soviet tanks that were still smoking, and were taken to a convoy that was empty as transport vehicles for the soldiers swarming in the forest. The escort's NCO pointed to a small open car at the end of the train. Again: "Dawai!"

Some soldiers shouted at the corporal. They raised the assault rifles and placed them on the

officers. The situation became threatening. Apparently, however, the noncommissioned officer had a specific order that prevented the prisoners from being liquidated. With two Russians at the driver and three more backwards at the prisoners, the car started after a short time, moving northeast of the nearby German border.

The Russians set a good pace. The hard driving on a bad road shook the people sitting on the car properly. The guard swore.

At a bend the car stopped suddenly. Halfway across was an open passenger car with Russian officers who were exclusively Mongolians. One of them jumped out of the car and came to the prisoners, whom he examined closely. He hardly paid any attention to the girl, but he even looked carefully at Juncker's black collar patches and

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yellow high bar. Then he went back to his companions with whom he spoke in detail.

When the sergeant started up again, the Mongols turned and drove after them. After ten minutes they came to a small town whose houses were flagged with Czech flags. Irregulars with rifles and armbands stood at the entrance to the town and waved their weapons threateningly as the car with the prisoners came past. »Zabite nêmce! ... «

They stopped in front of a better looking house in the middle of the village. The Russians jumped off and pushed the Germans past the raging Czechs into the house. The noncommissioned officer went ahead and walked through a dark passage that led into the courtyard of the building. While the prisoners had to wait, he strode through the courtyard and opened several doors of the stable wing until he had found a suitable chamber for the Germans.

"Pascholl - in there!"

The officers let the girl go ahead. The corporal made a gesture as if he wanted to pull the girl

back, but refrained from doing so. Only a mocking laugh distorted his features. "Evenings!"

The room was completely dark. Only through the cracks in the wooden door did a fine strip of light enter and draw a bright line on the opposite wall. At times he disappeared when the guard passed the door. The girl was crying again and was completely broken. The two men didn't dare

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To give comfort.

Junker's first inspiration was to take off the wristwatch and empty his pockets. At the behest, Recke followed his example. Then they asked the girl to put the small FM device and her personal belongings in her suitcase. Juncker's VHF device was unfortunately in his leather case, which had remained with the Russians. They had been incredibly lucky that the girl still had the suitcase and that the officers had not been looted immediately. They attributed this to the hustle and bustle of the morning, which had brought the Russians such great surprises.

The two men spoke in a whisper. The most obvious was their fate, which at best meant a deportation to the east. Otherwise, her life might only count by hours. They avoided talking about the girl.

An outbreak was also completely hopeless. There was no way they could get out of the place in any way if they got the job done. The latter was also just a mental game.

Recke thought of sending a message over the radio, but Juncker categorically rejected the idea. As he knew the daredevil Küpper, it would only endanger the Dosthra and its crew without being able to get help themselves. "If we were in danger, we would be shot immediately!"

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SS officer. "We already know the Ivan ..." "Then we throw the device in the crap!" Opposed Stretch out angrily.

Juncker calmed him down. »When the time comes, the advice comes, is a nice saying!«

"And it's good to lie in a cool grave in summer!" Sneered the man from Kassel.

After a while of deep silence, Recke asked a little more conciliatively: "I want to eat a whole straw broom if I can make sense of the miracle of fog. Can you explain that, Juncker? "

»It is as strange as it is simple! The strange Mongol, the personification of the roof of the world, has let his magical powers play, as the Asians would say. We Europeans can accept that we are all subject to mass suggestion. The Ta-Lamas in particular get along very well. "Juncker stroked his rough chin. "The esoterics would say that Aggartha opened the gates to the persecuted and deprived them of a threatening fate. The Exoterics: A delusion of the gods struck the persecutors with blindness. To put it simply, the Soviets were fooled by a llama! "

The day passed without caring about the prisoners. A few shots were heard far away, but no conclusions could be drawn. Juncker suggested that she was a witness to the mountain magic of

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should be of temporary value and therefore still have a grace period.

The narrow strips of light on the wall were already pale and went out completely after a while. A new night broke and now shook the girl, who was now clinging to the men for protection. "Kill me," she pleaded, "before you leave me to these animals!"

As if to confirm her immense fear, polyphonic noise and the roar came from the village into the courtyard.

Intoxicated local residents apparently celebrated a cheap victory and fraternized with

the soldiers of the Red Army.

The noise continued.

Suddenly the wooden door was opened. In the lighter cutout of the door stood the dark silhouettes of some men. One of them said in throaty German: "Up! Come along immediately! «

Juncker was the first to step outside, the girl immediately followed behind and Recke broke it. There were four men who covered them from all sides. "Don't speak!" Warned one of them.

Walking across the courtyard, the Germans saw the doorpost lag behind and stare after them. The men pushed her into the hall, where they had to wait a moment. In a few minutes, a second post came out, giving one of the four the submachine guns and Juncker's leather

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bag handed over.

"Go on!" Said the spokesman. In the glow of an opening door through which the second item with the items had come out, the Germans realized that they were being picked up by Mongols. It may have been the same people who had stopped their car in the morning.

Stepping out onto the village street, they were immediately hastily pushed into a waiting closed car. While the Mongols sat on the seats and let the girl sit back between them, Juncker and Recke had to crouch on the floor. Then the car started quickly.

Before the end of the town, the Mongols stopped only briefly. A few Russian words were enough to immediately release the exit. When the car continued on the way, the prisoners saw that the armed Czechs at the exit of the village were all drunk. Grinning, they stayed behind.

The car drove into the dark of the night. After a short distance, he turned off the country road and rolled out of a cart path into a narrow forest aisle. Recke's estimate that the village was now more than ten kilometers behind. Individual

houses on the edge of the country road had shown no light.

When the vehicle stopped at the edge of a shrubbery and night-black trees cast their shadows, the girl opened her mouth to a cry. Immediately one of the Mongols sitting next to her stopped her faster

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Moving her hand over the lower half of her face, suffocating an attempt to scream. "Not. speak - otherwise broken! «

The man's threatening tone intimidated her.

One of the men left the group and stayed longer

Time away. When he returned, he spoke to his companions in a strange idiom. Then they slowly bumped their way across the aisle in order to drive across a clearing with fields after several hundred meters. Rocking and groaning, the vehicle rolled over a small ditch and continued on a dirt road to a single house.

The door hung open on its hinges. No animal came forward and no resident made itself felt. A Mongolian flashlight showed that the house had been left in disarray or that some of it had been looted afterwards.

One of the Asians went out of the car again. The other three entered the bedroom with the girl and the two officers, where there was a bed on two sides of the wall.

The German-speaking Mongol took the girl by the arm and pulled her to a bed. »Here - sleep a few hours! Don't worry! "Then he turned to the officers:" We'll stay here. Till the morning."

"Then what happens to us?" Juncker asked without excitement. The Mongolian looked the questioner in the face for a moment. A mild ray finger of the rising moon haunted his broad face

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and made the dark eyes sparkle. »Buddha's ears are everywhere! - He also heard this question and will answer it at the right time ... «

"Buddha's ears ...?" Recke stepped toward the Mongols. Juncker also seemed astonished at the answer.

But the Asian turned away from the correctly spoken German sentences and continued talking to his companions.

Since the Mongols remained seated in chairs around the table in the middle of the room, the officers threw themselves on the second bed without hesitation. The physical and physical fatigue **did** they immediately fall into a deep dreamless sleep.

"Up!" The Mongols were already at the door. "Quick, quick!" Another pale morning. Again fog in front of the house and a cool freshness. The car drove over the field and forest aisle back to the country road and then overland at high speed. Juncker and Recke observed that the driver and his companion carefully examined all the signs at the crossroads.

Turning into a narrow path and after exiting the short forest, the car stopped suddenly. "Get out!"

They all trudged together over soft soil, bent around a forest tongue and suddenly stood in front of a large, strange airplane, the strange design of which reminded strongly of Recke's air encounter in the Prague area. They played over the metal hull

first rays of the rising sun.

The Mongols hurried to the middle of the fuselage under the short triangular wings. The head of the aircraft showed two horizontally protruding horns, which gave the structure the appearance of a carbine head. The two German officers were unable to determine the purpose of this curiosity. The most striking thing after a hasty panorama was the caterpillar chassis

under the middle of the fuselage and the lack of any number plates.

There was no more time to look around. In a few minutes the men and the girl were stowed inside. Two Mongolians waiting on the plane took the luggage of the four companions out of the car, which simply remained abandoned on the dirt road. Then the metal bird rose with howling turbines into the sky and shot with increasing speed eastwards, towards a goal unknown to the Germans ...

## SECOND BOOK



## Solstice

The Exalted said:

So I once announced the devotional teaching to Vivasvant, Vivasvant communicated it to Manu, Manu Ikshvâku.

So she went from mouth to mouth, they knew the royal ways, - But through the long time this teaching was lost here.

(Bhagavadgita, IV / 1, 2)

Germany surrendered! - The war is over.

While the whole world held its breath on May 8, 1945, the men stood at point 103 in front of the radios and listened to the latest news, aside from everything that was going on.

»... The weapons have been silent on all fronts since midnight. At the command of the Grand Admiral, the Wehrmacht put an end to the hopeless battle. The heroic struggle of almost six years is now over. It has brought us great victories, but also heavy defeats. The German Wehrmacht honorably surrendered at the end of a huge superior force. True to his oath, the German soldier has always done something unforgettable for his people. The homeland has him to the end with all his might under the worst victims

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supported. The unique achievement of front and home will be finally recognized in a later just judgment of history. The enemy will not fail to respect the achievements and victims of the German soldiers on land, water and in the air. Each soldier can therefore proudly put the weapon down and hand in hand, bravely and confidently in the hardest hours of our history, for the eternal life of our people.

The Wehrmacht commemorates its comrades who have remained in front of the enemy. The

dead commit to unconditional loyalty, obedience and discipline to the fatherland bleeding from countless wounds! «

That was the final part of the last German Wehrmacht report.

The men's faces were more closed than usual. The collapse of the empire touched the roots of their ties to their homeland and depressed them. Their little secret kingdom and the unshakable faith that animated their community were the only thing that left them a chaotic world.

For Reimer and Gutmann, the day of surrender was a doubly painful one, since a short-wave message arrived, in which Major Küpper announced the lack of Juncker and Recke.

On the third day after this historical date, a murmur went through the ranks of the men at the base that a woman had arrived as a messenger the previous night, and the base had arrived after a few

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Hours. The adjutant was more silent than usual, and no one from the airfield on duty agreed to further explanations.

Towards the evening of the same day there was another radio message announcing the return of the Dosthra machine under the command of Major Küpper. Other machines were still pending and had not yet reported. The major was thus the first witness to be able to provide authentic reports of the day of Germany's capitulation and its first effects.

All rumors and announcements in connection with the events had sparked unbridled curiosity among the base personnel. In addition, two planes flew in from the Canadian coast the following day, from which some American officers and Indians emerged. Their planes were discontinued and the strangers stayed locked on the base. Shortly after them came the Dosthra with Küpper and another German long-distance machine. Despite the obvious fatigue, the major

immediately went to the command room to report to the commander.

People outdid themselves in assumptions and conjectures, but without coming to credible results. Only the returning Dosthramans dropped some remarks, but without exception were pretty much at the end of their powers. You gave

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into their quarters with somewhat uncertain steps.

After recalling the adjutant to the administration, Küpper was referred to Juncker's room. A man on duty led him after he was released from the command room after a brief report on key events and left a number of important papers with the Ia.

It was more a matter of course than coincidence that before entering his quarters in the hallway the major collided with Gutmann, who was just coming out of the roundabout room, also aiming for his accommodation. After the first short greeting Gutmann asked a direct question about the whereabouts of Juncker and Recke.

"Come with me!" Asked the major. He let Gutmann into his quarters and told the story of the events of the past few days in brief, sketchy lines without introduction. He concluded his description with the last KW radio link in the south-west Bohemian Forest and made the assumption that both officers had fallen hands with the Soviets. "It was impossible to do anything for our comrades under the circumstances." There were deep shadows around the major's eyes. He blinked wearily at the person opposite and pinched his mouth.

"So there is hardly any hope left?" Interjected Gutmann.

"Hope?" The major made an uncertain gesture.

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"As I could see, the Russians - and occasionally even the Americans - kill SS members of the prisoner immediately when they are captured. Only larger groups and units are driven eastwards to Siberia. «

"If so ...!" Gutmann's face showed a desperate expression.

"Damn it, Küpper rumbled. »We are soldiers! Or not?"

"Of course, Major!" Gutmann put his hand on the cap visibly, then left the room clumsily.

Reimer soon found out about Küpper's landing and immediately went looking for Gutmann. After asking in vain he found him in the common room. It was shortly after Gutmann left the major.

When Linz entered the room, he refrained from asking any questions. Gutmann's expression was enough for him to know and answer. Just as his companion had recently succumbed to the resignation of hopelessness, he sat on his cot with a feeling of inner emptiness. So he waited without being aware of the wandering time until Gutmann repeated Küpper's report in a few words.

After a long silence that followed, Reimer said, "I can't imagine it. At the end of the war of all times ...? «

"Junckers was smart," muttered Gutmann. "But even Archimedes fell through the hands of a common mercenary after the occupation of Syracuse."

Reimer stared as if he were looking through the windowless room. "The death of our comrades has not been confirmed. That's why I think they're still alive! ... «

Both men looked at each other. But fate was silent on the silent question of her eyes.

The depressing calm of the past week suddenly turned into a bustle when a loudspeaker announcement called all the men at the base into the assembly hall. In addition to the few men on duty on the radar, the radio station, the television and steering connection and a ground staff readiness, the base members went to the meeting place individually or in groups shortly before the scheduled time. Even without any special advice, all men were clear and agreed that their activity would now begin once the latest world events had ended. The announcement made at the Great Assembly was now to be fulfilled.

"Today's meeting applies equally to those who know and those who do not know," Gutmann had said to Reimer when both of them were getting ready to leave.

"The ignorant?" The Linz man laughed a little mockingly. "Certainly! - Knowing a goal still doesn't mean  
to have basic knowledge," instructed him

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Gutmann. "I also believe that today we will all be more ignorant than knowing together because we are facing fundamental changes. I could get that much from a few hints from the adjutant in the morning."

"You think of everything, except one thing: the end!" Reimer was in no hurry to leave. "We have no authority anymore. It used to be called: *le roi est mort, vive le roi!* Now there is no one left who could or should represent our people and our state! «

"As if it were about it," said Gutmann. "You have to be able to copy lost things. Authority and state are more or less limited terms; they can be rebuilt by a biologically healthy people at the right time.

»If a people retains self-consciousness in their biological elite. Because of the general decline of the West, the amorphy of the mass is a given factor that can only be compensated for by

superior leadership in order to enable the overall substance to slowly recover. «

»A task that requires a lot of patience; but it is the only way that leads to permanent existence. For the rest, authority and the state are not represented by the masses, but by people who are called. These vocations must come from the biological elite in order not to ensure a constructive, temporary , but a natural development for a long geological period. Just healthy

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Peoples outlast fate. They always outlast the biologically and physically weaker! "Gutmann took his peaked cap. "We want to go now!"

When the two officers entered the assembly hall, most of the seats on either side of the aisle were already occupied. In one of the last rows of banks they found some free places.

In front of them were the American officers and Indians, whose special mission was still a secret.

"Caution!"

An aviation lieutenant posted outside the door of the hall had called out. The men immediately rose, took a stance, and looked at the incoming chief of staff, who, accompanied by the adjutant of the commander, took a quick step to the dais. The emblems of the collapsed empire were missing on the left upper arm and on the cap.

His figure tightened as he turned to the assembly. A quick glance at the men, then he began to speak:

»The falling runes of history have decided: Germany has ceased to exist at the moment! There is no longer any state authority and four military governments have taken power in the divided empire. I would like to inform you of the decision of the commander of our base: Point 103 applies

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immediately as detached from the rich and is not subject to the capitulation of the German Wehrmacht in its military unit. All national insignia of the German Reich must be removed from the uniform pieces immediately! The sign of the Black Sun is for the time being the sole symbol of our secret independent empire.

Only the German Wehrmacht surrendered! - There was expressly only a military capitulation. The Dönitz government is and remains - irrespective of whether it can exercise its legal authority or not - the only lawful government of a German Reich in the pre-war borders under international and constitutional law. However the Allies act in the East or West, nothing will change in this international and national legal situation. The Allies may disregard these rights, use their powers to use satellite governments by force, and try to keep Germany dismembered on the ground. But they can never create a legal situation out of the world. A normative force of the factual can never outplay a right!

But let's build from the past:

In the geological period of the older quaternary or the diluvium, a cultural sphere spanned a long epoch, encompassing a large part of the continents, which were then shaped differently. The bearers of the same were the people of the then Arctic-Nordic and later branching off Atlantic -Nordic race.

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Ancient finds, such as the twenty-five-thousand-year-old inscription, the oldest in human history to date, on Monhegan Island on the coast of Maine, as well as the similar, almost identical signs of the archaic-Chinese script, the drawing stones of the Hedschra Mektuba of the Sahara Atlas, from Carisco-Rock and Desert Queen Well in California, from Tanum in Sweden and Hodein Magol in Nubia, they are all the oldest witnesses of this vast circle of the megalithic era. The continent of Gondwanaland,

which comprised the east coast of South America, Africa, Arabia, India and Australia, was separated from the Arctic Land by the wide Tethys Ocean, of which the Mediterranean Sea is a residual sea, which consisted of East and North America, Greenland and Scandinavia. Two arms of this Tethys ocean formed the later Atlantic Ocean. So the face of the earth was shaped significantly differently in the late Paleozoic and early Mesozoic. Likewise, the now sunken plaice area of Atlantis can be assumed in the outgoing tertiary and in the quaternary, north of latitude forty degrees north. Only Greenland, Spitsbergen and Franz-Josefs-Land remain from this continent as fragments. Iceland also rests on a Miocene basaltic floe from the old Arctic Atlantic continent that connects Greenland with Europe at a depth of four hundred to five hundred meters. Part of the large continent was the mighty North Atlantic threshold, which extends from Greenland, Iceland, southwards over the Reykjana Ridge, the Faroe Islands, Rockall Island and

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extends the telegraph plateau and can only be submerged in the course of the diluvium.

The Doggerland was also an area that has sunk in a more recent geological period. The sinking of this area around the middle of the last millennium before the turn of the times is a historical disaster that still affects us! «

The chief of staff took a little break. Then he continued emphatically : “This Doggerland was the main part of the old Forsete country, also called Polsete country . And this country was a heartland of the old Tuatha empire, the oldest empire of the Germans! It was the home of the Ingväonian peoples, whose ships with the gooseneck Steven or the swan spirals are still captured in the pictures of men of the foreign boat type in Ancient Egypt and in Ancient Iran . It is the Pulsata people who, in biblical history as



Philistines, fought their struggles with the oppressing tribes of Judah. The Tuatha were the bearers of the Neolithic Great Stone Grave Culture and their name means the Germans! German means ›tuath‹ in Old Irish, ›thiude‹ in Old Frisian and ›tiutian‹ in Middle High German. The past shows that the term 'German' speaks linguistic and folk history from the Baltic region to Scotland, Ireland and south to the pre-Roman Italians. This encompasses the younger Stone Age or the period from six thousand to two thousand five hundred before the turn of the times. The ones in the area of this room

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large stone tombs, the megalithic tombs, dolmens, giant beds in northern Germany, Scandinavia, Scotland, Ireland, Holland and northwestern France are still existing witnesses of the uniform cultural circle, the North Sea culture. It encompassed the whole of Atlantic Europe in a cult, religious and ideological commonality.

After the fall of Doggerland, the rest of the Tuatha peoples were defeated by the Celts in fierce battles in the last millennium before the turn of the times, thereby largely destroying the great traditions of the Tuathha empire . The druid shamans, whom ancient writers reported praising bloodthirsty superstition , took the place of the Ban-Tuath, the folk mothers or the wise women of the past, the bearers and guardians of the Norse ethics and folklore . Nevertheless, high, ideological residual values from the Tuatha megalithic tombs remained, especially terms of their wise Gottschau.

A common feature of their godly life was their belief in a God-father, the "Great Spirit"; the world spirit beyond time and space. The great world law, the world order, was revealed to them in time and space by the cosmic circulation. This was the "son" of God! This is how God-Father

worked and revealed himself through the "Son", the epitome of the cosmic world order, the eternal return, the year as a cosmic law. This is the big one, the world

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comprehensive law that appears in the ancient Indian scriptures as the order of the Varuna, the will of the highest god of heaven. It should come as no surprise, then, that the ancient Irish sagas report that Patrick, who preached the teaching of love of a 'white Christian', and his companions were greeted enthusiastically by the Irish not only as saviors from the blood rites of the Druid shamans, but as recurring hill men ! It was not the Oriental Christian with the strange throat of the first two letters that came to them, but the old Nordic Krist, the god-son of the spirit of the world from the legendary Avallon.

This son of God in primal belief, whose runes appear in the prehistoric Scandinavian rock art and in those of North America, is none other than Thor. The gate of later Edda, the son of Allfather and the earth; the hammer and year god of the Scandinavian peasant staff calendar. He appears in the prehistoric petroglyphs in three symbolic arm positions of his annual course. Resurrected in the winter solstice, born again, as a figure with arms raised. The man rune of the bar script! It is also the great symbol of salvation on the North Atlantic world mission.

With the beginning of the declining half of the year after the summer solstice, the Son of God descends and becomes a person who has to suffer and die, and then go into the bosom of Mother Earth on the winter night of his year so that he can be reborn.

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The Tyr rune symbolizes the figure with the sinking ane!

Entering Mother's Night - arriving in the July or Christmas night of the year - the Son of God reappears in the form of a cross in the form of a cult symbol at the winter solstice. As a uranum beginner, born again, he begins his year. It is the old Nordic cult cross, the spokes of the world wheel pointing in all directions in the form of the bond and the eternity indicating. The bond to itself, the primordial religion expressed as knowledge.

The worldwide spread of this calendar-based cult symbolism of the primal belief of the Nordic-Atlantic people was demonstrated by the temporally and spatially coincident representation of the same signs. To speak to the Italian philosopher Evola: The Norde tradition is not a myth, it is the truth of the ancients. Even in the earliest prehistory, where the positivist superstition suspected the ape-like cave dweller until yesterday, there was a uniform and powerful prehistoric culture, from which an echo echoes in everything the past has to offer us as an eternal symbol.

Examples of this expansion are the rock carvings in Owens Valley, California, by Umari Cachoeire on the Rio Caiarý - Vaupes in Brazil, in the Chicama Valley in Peru, various in Spain, such as those in Bacinete or the Cueva de las figuras, in Brastad, Sweden, the stone

from Ingelstrup in Denmark, in Retlo in the Caucasus and the previously mentioned archaic-Chinese or the Nubian and North African finds. It is to the great credit of the German-Dutch scholar Herman Wirth and the German Wegener that their research has enabled a clear look back into the past of human history. The blood-seriological studies by Laurence Snyder confirm the development picture of the

past. The linguistic and written history of the French Terrien de Lacouperie and Gobineau's parallel assumptions, Hubert Schmidt's archaeological results in China, and Röck's work on the ancient cultural relations of the Toltecs with the Old World in the communications of the Vienna Anthropological Society are all one Rounding off and confirmation of the great work of the two first-mentioned scholars, whom Julius Evola also recognizes in his historical-philosophical structure.

To stay with Herman Wirth: the further back the layers of the cultural religions of antiquity, be it the ancient Sumerian, the ancient Persian, ancient Indian, ancient Egyptian and the ancient Germanic traditions, the more a merging of the deity figures shows itself as a distinction from an originally uniform , cosmic idea of God, to finally dissolve completely in it.

The revelation of God through his son in the cosmic and worldly year is also the law of

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eternal change and eternal return. The moral world order is based on the emergence, decay and rebirth. The Son of God carries heavenly light without being the sun itself. It is only its substantial revelation as light and warmth, as a life-awakening principle.

Even the old Iranians know the godsole with the light from the airyanem vaêjô, which was in the far north and was not only the origin of their sex, but also the seat of the glory. That mystical power that suits the Aryan races and above all their divine kings. It was the place where the martial religion of Zarathustra first revealed itself. The island of splendor, where Narayâna, which is the light, is located in the north. The Son of God, who stands above the water, above the coincidence of events. They also report of a Nordic primeval race, the Uttarakara. Based on the Stone Age written and cult symbolic

monuments of the Atlantic Occident, it is clear that the course of cultural development went from north and west to the east. Only the inadequate knowledge of the oldest documents, the Atlantic linear script and symbols, was the cause of a previously opposite assumption. The light came into the world not from the east, but from the north!

The solar Apollo was taken over by the Greeks from a Hyperborean tradition that goes back to the oldest root of the Son of God. With the in

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Hella's Apollo, which had become at home, also remained a constant reminder of the distant Thule, the mysterious northern land of the immortals, the island of the heroes; the sun island, where the blonde Radamantys rules. It is the same Thule that the Toltecs know as the country of origin, Tula or Tollan, the old sunny country and paradise of kings and fallen heroes. The Aztecs also kept the memory of an ancient home in the north; Aztlan, the white earth, the land of light.

These are just a few coherent references that could be found in a wide variety of traditions as a reminder of a Nordic original culture and origin, in which a transcendent, inhuman spirituality was closely linked to a heroic, aristocratic and triumphant element. To a victorious form over the chaotic; to victorious superhumanity in the sense of Nietzsche, about everything that is human and telluric.

It is remarkable that the pantheistic primordial religion of the Norde tradition with the Tuatha son of God was not a sun god religion but a god sun religion. That is an essential difference!

It was based on a consequent knowledge of nature in its entirety and was far from the sun god religions in the southern latitudes of antiquity. These only emerged as the end result of a southern settlement of Atlantic gentlemen

and their mixture with lower-lying, darker ancient races, such as in Egypt and Central America. The accuracy

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These results are confirmed, among other things, by the found range of Hierankopolis, which represents the ruler of the kingdoms of Lower and Upper Egypt, Narmer, with purely Nordic race characteristics, in contrast to the native peoples he defeated. His heraldic animal was the bull, the old common symbol of the Atlantic-Nordic breed.

Accordingly, the Mithraic cult is nothing more than a renewal of an ancient form of God cognition, which had long since been darkened. Eastern mysticism was already overgrowing the ancient Aryan mysticism. Nevertheless, Mithras with the bull, the ancient symbol of the Tuatha and the ruler of the cosmic year - the age of the bull - is a hidden inheritance from the oldest human history from their past high times! «

An increasingly loud murmur went through the hall. There were isolated exclamations. The speaker commanded silence. "That is not all. The symbolism of Christianity is at its core according to what has been said above

- death on the cross and rebirth - nothing more than a profane, humanized repetition of a natural high culture religion! Thanks to the legend of the Messiah, sanctified and disguised with oriental mysticism, the idea of the Redeemer adopted the subconscious longing of human beings for the light height of the past. Christ and Quetzalcoatl, both from the same symbols of hope and the same root, but partly an abused inheritance.

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It is noteworthy that the conqueror of winter, rigid death, the born again and the resurrected, the reawakening of light and life was portrayed as horned in the old symbolism. It is the sign of the new divine life force. This also gives rise to the oldest form of Lucifer, the Bringer of Light, who, as such, or as devil-horned, became the horror of a purpose-built show. The horned son of God, the ancient revelation of God, had to fall because he was opposed to the new dogma of an oriental-mysticist hierarchy. Instead, the pale fish-head was raised.

Mithras, the Lord of the Sun, is nothing more than an attempt to save the Son of God with the bull symbol. It is the bridge that leads back to the holy beginning. This beginning is eternal because it is subject to constant renewal beyond time and space. Mithra's bull sacrifice is the end of the bull age, the continuation of which brought the son of Lamb to the end of the cosmic ram year . This ended at the secular cross, the form of a cult tradition. He rose to rebirth to end with a timeless promise. The fish symbol is the symbol of his rule in the fish age.

In this way the horned became Ba-al in the entymological mother house Ba , constantly cosmic obeying his destiny, but his secular

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wait and see. Mithra is the bridge so that Ba-al, the Bal-dr or Baldur the Tuatha, may rise again with his people! «

Another movement passed through the assembly. Leaning forward attentively, the men listened to the explanations. After a brief moment, the learned staff officer continued: "I repeat: the killing of the winter-sunny animal, the bull, defeated the lord of the cosmic year, the age; the son of God was able to free himself from the winter solstice house for his resurrection and at the same time start his cycle of the year. After the fall of the Polsete country , the fish-headed

people later condemned him to hell, the depths, the interior, to his previously declared mother house. The hands of the world destiny clock are constantly running. Europe, the old habitat of the white people, faces a g eistigen renewal that will determine the age of Aquarius. If it fails, it becomes a peninsula in Asia and the spiritual tomb of the Tuatha. It is the great task of those who come to renew the legacy of the past for a reflecting humanity.

With the appearance of the fish-headed, the destruction of the aristocratic principle by the uprising of the slaves, the disinherited, the homeless and without tradition began with their resentment against everything that meant strength and leadership. The poison of proselytizing fanaticism, with a barbaric Semitic

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Coming over the ancient Rome was at the same time a galvanizing substance for all Asian-southern factors of decay, which had already penetrated into the structure of the pagan empire and the germ of the occidental visitation, as Evola also suspected. The collapse of Rome, the last solar bulwark of a bygone era, opened the way for all subsequent strays and degeneracies, up to the state of today's Europe. This was all the easier to do, because at that time, which was already tied to the fate of obscuring the divine - ragna rökr - the tribes of the Nordic race element , which had been dispersed in their powers and leaders, could be partially detached from the old spiritual elements .

Continuing with Evola: In the Hebrewization of the Greco-Roman and then the Nordic world, which is largely thanks to Christianity, there is in fact the uprising of the lower classes of those races through whose domination the Aryan-Nordic peoples became their glamorous Cultures had arrived. The oriental spirit, which already determined the collective feeling of guilt and atonement, but which emerged above all



after the defeat and bondage of the chosen Voikes and buried with the prophethood the remains of the aristocratic spirit, calls the same inferior forces of the Aegean-Pelasgian tellu rism on which the Achaeian tribes had subjected; that of the caste of the cûdra, the so-called dark ones

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Caste - krshna and demonic caste - asurya - on which, in India, as a form above chaos, the mingled, the hierarchies of the three higher castes of the born again - dwîja, rose up to the type of brahmâna and as "great god in human form «Conceived king; finally the powers of what the myth tells us in the form of the Nordic Rinthursi or the multitudes of Gog and Magog, which Alexander the Great had blocked the way through a symbolic iron wall.

The age of the fish is the age of the uprising against the traditions. But it is not just a constant struggle against the discipline and order of the slaves and inexhaustible, it is above all the irrationalism of this epoch that awakens chaos.

The eastern man shows the smile of the sphinx. He knows that the coming millennia will be his in the rhythm of world events when the West collapses. The western man as a whole senses the decisions. He faces the coming with a feeling of insecurity. This is the hour of the descendants of the Tuatha, the Atlantean-Nordic people who have to walk the way with the man rune of rebirth, as the ancestors did before.

The misery and decline of the Tuatha Germans had to become infinitely tremendous in order for them to find their way back to themselves through purification and deepest renunciation in order to lead mankind

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can. The symbolism of death of the protective relay, which goes into the cosmic winter solstice, is replaced by the rune of the poor son of God and the return to great light. And just as the path of the Arctic-Atlantic migration of people led past North America to the Old World, this time the Tuatha spiritual path must go back to the New World in order to close the circle again. May the people who have emigrated to the North American continent for centuries, together with the primeval race, recognize where they all came from, who they are and where they should lead their destiny.

Base Men - The Manis-Isolas, the shining disks, will be the messengers of the Great Mother who is guarding the Son of God. You will urge people to stop and learn. It is also the beginning of Germanism, which has reached the low point of the popular cycle with the end of the Fitch Age, and is taking a new turn from the southern tendency of its forms to the northern tendency.

The cosmic winter solstice is also the solstice of the Tuatha Germans, who with their rebirth will carry the old sign of salvation and the light of the north into the distance. Over the Mitternachtsberg, where the year has only one day and one night, the bridge leads to the Great Year, to the primal light. There is the great gate into the eternity of being and the way of the sun, the Brâhman way. It is the devayâna that

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Sun Gate , of which the Matrayâna-Upanishad also reports. From there, God-Father gives away the power of calling - the sign of our base will be replaced at the right time by the color symbol of the turn, the sun in silver and white. Some forms will have to change.

Item 103 is in the highest operational readiness for the upcoming departure and will know how to fulfill its task under a new sign. The dark forces who want to aim and reach the Midnight Mountain will experience the old Luther

substitute: ... they have no profit, the Reich must remain with us! «

Deep silence followed the words. It was as if the silence of the vast Arctic had spread to the assembly. No scratching, no clearing of the throat could be heard.

The announcement of the surrender of the German Wehrmacht had seemed like a clubbing days ago, but it hadn't come entirely unexpectedly. On the other hand, the lecture given by the chief of staff in a militarily short form was a revolutionary opening, which made current world events appear as a passing second of the world clock. It shrank into a bitter but brief phase of the world view of human history, which made the descendants of the Tuatha go the way of humiliation in order to lead them to their great destiny. So from the depths of dejection the little plant sprouted hope in the hearts of those who lingered in their distant homeland with their thoughts ...

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Men had never before become more aware of the importance of their base than with the now simultaneous knowledge of a greater responsibility that arose from the perspectives of the boldest, most extensive historical research. The light of a broadcast rose radiantly over the mists of the past.

The chief of staff straightened. As if this were a sign, all men stood up to a simultaneous impulse and took a stance.

"Men, do your duty - the service goes on!" Cried the staff officer. He put his hand on the cap, went down the dais and went to the exit with quick, echoing steps. The assembled eyes followed him until he left the hall. Only now did the tension ease.

While the men mostly remained in their places to exchange their views, the adjutant pushed through the eager speakers and took the Americans out of the crowd to guide them out. It

was only after them that the men slowly pushed to return to their quarters or their offices.

Gutmann had grabbed Reimer by the arm and was pulling him with him. The man from Linz was silent, his forehead showing deep folds of thought as he followed the comrade. The murmur of voices surrounded the two of them as they headed for their room in the throng of the crowd.

Once there, both men made themselves comfortable.

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As if the Linzer Gutmann's eyes were on him, he broke his silence. Slowly, still caught up in thoughts, he said: 'So far, my knowledge of past things has got no further than the Diodorus report and the Critias book by Plato. The memory of the legendary Atlantis was captured. In retrospect, the Ia built up the pulling away of a large veil. Changing the shape of the continent is not the decisive factor for the fate of the earth. The main thing is always the human being. Everything that builds creatively, everything that is destructively destructive results from whether people recognize their calling or bypass their purpose. Not the devil marked by the dogmas, but the animal man is the bearer of evil in eternal conflict with the God-man of the good. This is the struggle that ethical man has to fight with the beast-devil, the bastard without animal instinct and without human reason. Even if a continent and parts of the original home are sunk or buried under a thick layer of ice, the Nordic mission has remained. It is always the root that gives the tree strength to the recurring green. So we have to return to the origin before we start. «

Gutmann just nodded. "I have known the deep connections for some time. Over time, this Nordic tradition changed from the visible to the invisible; it became an inheritance that was in one

secret chain from few to few transferred. It was always only the lonely, strong, who could completely or partially overlook these connections. Even the ethical of tradition requires a superhuman measure compared to the materialistic average of a Macchiavellian epoch. Few people rise like shining comets from the darkness of time and preach the return to the high values or the superhuman. One of these few was Nietzsche, who collapsed under the force of his own knowledge after he was able to ignite the illuminating lightning. «

"You could have talked to me about it earlier," Reimer chided.

»One is easily mistaken for a fan key at the wrong time. That's why I'm mostly silent. Just like other people who have long guarded part of this great knowledge. There are also Cagots, - Cathar Goths, - who found the traces and images previously explained in the Pyrenees and guard some other secrets. «

After a short thought, the Linz native asked the question: "Why was the Mithra community formed?"

"Mithra was the other force, who wanted to force a decisive choice for the further course of the Western intellectual history when the world of antiquity was on the verge of collapse. It was a warlike cult of the Aryan-Iranian tradition, the ruler of the sun, the hero with the old Norse symbols of the torch and the ax. The

Symbols of the reborn through power, which a syncretic but no less meaningful myth adjusts to the hyperborae god of the golden age. Mithra was subject to the Eastern mysticism of the Pisces. Nevertheless, it remained in small communities.

Even if it is out of date, it is half the way to achieve the goal via the military virtues, a cult of soldiers. Only for reasons of expediency does it still count as a bridge - as the la said - into the now open gate to the ancient truth. This community has tasks to perform. Above all, the hoarding of military power. «

"And why the encrypted way?"

»Everything in space has three dimensions, each term is tied to a dualism. Good can only become a counterpart to evil if it takes up the struggle on all levels. The nature of the fight and all of its varieties are essential. «

Reimer didn't reply. Slowly he took off his aviator blouse, took a pocket knife from his pocket and slowly began to cut off the embroidered silver emblem of the struck empire. Gutmann started the same thing. "The collar patches too?" Asked the man from Linz.

Gutmann slowly looked up from his separation work. "The mirror? - No, they stay! «

"It's strange," criticized Reimer. "It won't save us from being tried as pirates if we have any incident

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Fall into the hands of a regular executive

«Gutmann smiled. "If, my dear, if ...!"

The service on point 103 continued in full discipline. Several aircraft of the last built models had been hijacked from the Reich area, and a naval group had caused two snorkeling submarines to branch off . This was a lot of work for the base people, since a separate base had to be created for the boats far south. In view of the ice conditions, you had to choose a place on the west coast of Greenland. Although this second base was only intended temporarily, the work was carried out with great care. The necessary material was largely supplied by American friends. The connection was

maintained by flight gyros, which had no terrain difficulties due to their vertical landing.

At that time, Reimer was commanded for gyro training. The ingenuity of this strange construction captivated his aviator's heart and he was there with body and soul. In a short time he was so far that he was ordered with Gutmann to the connecting flights of the submarine base. The men he met there were old navigators, rich in experience and carefully chosen. He found out from them that at the time of the surrender, a number of boats had also broken out southwards, about whose whereabouts or destination nothing has been known so far. The men said so

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Presumption that any of the empire's personalities had come on one of the boats, but they did not know any details.

Gutmann had frowned at this. »Among the suspected destinations, Antarctica was also mentioned. That would be misguided! "" The high seat of the Apocalypse? "The Linz man tried to kid.

"In the esoteric sense - certainly!" Gutmann was calm and matter-of-fact. »However, for the rest, the apocalypse is the symbolic description of human development in the fish age. Only the rising Aquarian age, and at the same time the great solstice of the Tuatha, will replace the time of the lamb in the sign of the fish. This also gives us the task that Ia spoke of in the congregation. «

"Do we alone have the knowledge?"

"No," replied Gutmann briskly. "Even Rome and the Bible Students have the knowledge. They also know about the fulfillment of time in terms of the revelation of the New Testament. In the thirteenth chapter it says: Whoever has wisdom should consider the number of the beast, because it is a man's number and his number is six hundred and sixty-six..."

"This is Kabbalistic!" Reimer thought for a few seconds. "When we were brought to this base at

the time, did you mention cipher 666 as that of the dark forces in the realm?"

"Yes," replied Gutmann. »Often, certain

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Circles tried to make Hitler himself the subject of this number mysticism. However, that was not the essence of the matter. In contrast, the influences of this number were perfectly recognizable in the realm. They are the results of cross-connections to the animal that has number and name. If you do not read six hundred and sixty-six arithmetically, but rather sixty plus six plus two hundred plus four hundred in terms of Kabbalistic tables, then a secret correspondence that differs somewhat from the common transmissions results in the sequence of letters and the name Soradt by inserting the associated vowels. But this is nothing more than the hidden name of the sun demonium, which becomes effective when the Son of God returns to his mother house, towards the south. Decreasing power of the Son of God means increasing power of the demonium or vice versa. - 666 was the symbol of treason! «

"You know very well about the numbers game!"

»You can only understand the thoughts and actions of others if you also know their language. Because one peculiarity determines the other! And when you read the Bible, you have to consider the magic of the Ark of the Covenant to understand the encryption. Nietzsche confirmed these connections to a certain extent in his idolatrous twilight! ... «

An excellent intelligence service connected the base with the big world. They slowly oozed

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Communications that reported the persecutions the Commander had predicted in the Great Assembly at the time. The reports were particularly shocking, according to which the Americans had handed over large parts of the capitulating Wehrmacht troops and the Vlasov units, which had been removed to the West, with their commander to the Soviets. The same applies to the delivery of generals and requested Waffen SS units. The renewed interaction between the Shriners and Japhetites became more and more recognizable. A small number of men had come later. Quite a few from the United States' prison camps, where they were freed by the friendly American group and flown north. It was also known that a military base was built on the coast of East Greenland, but this was irrelevant and not identical to the base previously prepared.

According to reports, about eighty to a hundred Wehrmacht men should be there. There was no connection.

When Reimer spoke to Gutmann about these people, the man explained that the presence of these soldiers would no doubt be known to the Allies and that it was in the interests of these men to return home quickly. One could not foresee how she would react to a shipment under point 103.

Gutmann was wrong here when he assumed that he would soon return home. He couldn't open any more than anyone else

The base suspected that these eighty men were only discovered and promoted in 1950. Nonetheless, Reimer made two search flights with the command of the commander, but was unable to discover this base. Snow cover or fog made the search a failure.

Flying became more difficult in June and visibility was extremely difficult. It was the time when the temperatures of the polar area rose and thick fog covered everything. It was in this

uncomfortable time that Gutmann and Reimer were assigned a technician to train at the flight gyro.

The man was very intelligent and knew a lot. To the surprise of his teachers, he had understood all the details in a flash. In response to Gutmann's astonished question, he informed the two instructing officers that he had been involved in the creation of disks in the empire that were once used as a bomb blasting agent. On the other hand, he knew nothing about the fact that designers in Wroclaw and Prague had also dealt with the flying disks.

He said that the explosive disks, jellyfish and later cork, had been launched from Rechlin in late summer 1944 and had been used against a strong enemy bomber pack via Schweinfurt. The explosive disks were equipped with noise detonators, had a diameter of about three to four meters and were attached to their command aircraft using a winch of 1,500 meters of rope, which then

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Arms raised. Behind the enemy bandage, the disks were released and then went off with heavy smoke. The German squadron flew its attacks three times, with a total of one hundred and forty-five bombers being shot down in the Schweinfurt area. Only when American escorts later appeared did the Germans lie down steeply and fly northward.

However, the technician remarked bitterly, the squadron leader would not have received praise for this tremendous success, but would have been threatened with the court martial because of the arbitrary use of a new weapon. And strangely, jellyfish and cork were never used again, even though they had proven so brilliant.

Some of the materials and plans have now fallen into the hands of the Russians. Likewise people of the staff in Rechlin.

"Is such a thing possible?" The man from Linz shook his head at the report, while Gutmann

preferred silence.

"Unfortunately," said the technician again. "You just have to imagine that - a hundred and forty-five bombers in a short amount of time!"

"And some of the things are now in strange hands," rumbled Reimer. 'Damn mess! ... «

"There was a system here that was stronger than ..." The technician did not complete the sentence.

Reimer looked at the man. "This system is part of the great anonymous plan. That broke ours too

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Lieutenant in Vernäs when he desperately shot a bullet through the head. "

"Hm," said the man from Rechlin. "Cases like this were not uncommon ..."

Time passed and the month of June rounded. The sky was steadily veiled over the Arctic Ocean and enveloped the whole scene in a dreary gray monotone. The ice rinks showed dirty-gray wakes and the air saturated with steam steamed up the window panes of the planes. On the other hand, no swearing from the pilots helped. The sky cleared only over the mainland zones, but the ground was very wet. Instructions for increased caution were given to pilots in early July, as shipping in the northern zones increased by November. In contrast to the beginning of the stay at point 103, Reimer could not complain to Gutmann about boredom. After months of use in flight operations, he finally got to know the workshop operations under Gutmann's leadership. Now it was only really clear to him why so many technicians and specialists were brought here as workers. In these underground halls, people worked relentlessly in shifts. Raw materials, tools and processing materials were continuously flown in from transport machines. The men of the base called their workshops, in

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to whom they processed various materials and who formed a small independent armaments factory, jokingly the forge of Vulcan. A large, excellently equipped laboratory dealt with analyzes and experiments. All kinds of metals and alloys were stowed in the storage rooms. Unalloyed titanium was present, which was more impenetrable than armor plates unless crushed metals were used for certain purposes, then molybdenum to increase the strength and corrosion resistance of the steel, and also columbium for similar purposes, which could also improve the weldability of the steel, Vanadium with its high wear resistance, germanium for high-frequency technology, hafnium, zirconium, tantalum and others. Furthermore, semimetals, such as gallium, which were used for special military purposes, thallium, which in a certain compound was sensitive to infrared radiation, had already been used for night aiming devices, and also boron, cesium, tellurium, cor, indium and others.

For Reimer, the entire technical area of these divisions was new territory. It impressed and captivated him. Gutmann, who was also ahead of him and superior in knowledge, was very patient with explanations. One evening he surprised him by asking him to come to Ia.

At first, Reimer had looked at his companion incredulously. "Well, what's going on?"

"There will be some questions to answer," said

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Gutmann in his serious way. "Above all, you will have the opportunity to raise questions and requests yourself. I think there will be an order for us afterwards! «

When the man from Linz entered the command room half an hour later, he was greeted by the adjutant, who pointed him to the Ia, who sat behind the middle of the large map table and gave a friendly nod. He cut Reimer's military report short and waved to Gutmann.

There were three other officers on the side of the staff officer who were already well known to the Linz man.

"Captain Reimer," said Ia, "I called you and Major Gutmann to give you an honorable assignment after our small commission met! For the time being, I only have a duty to clarify your final position on base 103. «

The Linz man involuntarily raised his eyebrows, suggesting a silent question.

The staff officer waved to Gutmann to take a seat on a chair. Then he continued, leaving Reimer standing: "It is customary at our base to have a commission meet from time to time to engage soldiers and other members of our community and to check them for suitability. The suitability is generally given when the candidate has learned that he is serving a good and necessary cause. But he has to do this

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know too! «

This time Reimer didn't flinch as the Ia looked at him inquiringly.

»I will continue: We have given you time to examine what at first seems strange to you and to give you an insight into everything that the base has to offer in terms of surprises. Comrade Gutmann vouched for your attitude and that is enough for us. We ourselves have also come to the conclusion that we have not only a good pilot and comrade ahead of us, but a soldier who takes necessary things with open eyes and willingness. You attended our last gathering, in which I, on behalf of the commander, showed our men the past and related high goals for the resurrection of the Nordic peoples. Of course, I had to do this in the thorough form of a scientist, although I am primarily a soldier like you. But it was undoubtedly enough to capture the basics. The men at the base understood me. Surely you too, Captain Reimer ?! ”

"Yes!"

»As I was convinced during a discussion with comrades Gutmann, he only recently explained the general meaning of Mithra. However, he did not explain the esoteric meaning to you. If you're interested - I'm ready to make up for it! «

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"I ask for it!"

The staff officer smiled. »You can never know enough! Listen: Mithra's esoteric significance to our military potency is based on the aspect of the Lord of the Sun, initiation as a metal deity. This is already evident from the consonants M - T; Accordingly, the Mithra Mysteries today represent the path of initiation through metal design. They lift metalworking and metalworking from exoteric civilization, from the world economy, from commercialization and elevate it to a culture of high esoteric importance. The work in the metals, the production of weapons and war equipment, corresponding to the warlike heroic Mithras aspect, becomes literally an end in itself at point 103; for the purpose of gaining the self, the completed individuation and realization. In detail, this means a gradual readjustment to the machining and processing of the metals, a mysterious work ethic, which of course is completely different from the usual manufacturing spirit. Despite the most modern facilities, something is regained here from the attitude of the craftsman - you could even say something from the devotion of an alchemist. It is precisely through the highest possible perfection of work tools that it is possible to concentrate on the essentials of the work. This gives rise to possibilities of shaping and design that an industry can never imagine.

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This process results in an absolute superiority of the workpieces, which are neither products nor are they allowed to be.

The work in the metal mysteries Met-All - that is, the entirety of the metal world - understandably includes the rarest occurrences of metals. Difficulties in creating rare species are relatively easy to overcome as commercial considerations and profitability concerns are eliminated.

Furthermore, the metals, in a sense understood as *materia prima*, are naturally subject to the projection of the archetypes in the course of the gradual initiation and in the correspondence of the individuation process. This explains the fact that a large proportion of the base's products have the typical shapes of such archetypes. This includes above all the mandalas in the form of the gyroscope. For this reason, the strong interest of the base 103 for all types of such devices becomes obvious and clear.

The works of the metal adepts prefer to be given an autonomous character; this autonomy of works can best be expressed in airplanes! As an independent system, these are almost unrelated and free. That is why airplanes of archetypal or rune shapes are the most popular works by creative adepts, which bring them to true mastery. Something of the metallic purple that the adepts under the

Project the instructions of the hierophants into the metals as a tincture; sometimes win the other way around from the metals - this purple clings to all weapons and devices of the mysteries as an aura. It makes them ruling and indomitable.

If you want to smile, Herr Hauptmann, wait a moment! - The merging of our technicians and specialists in their plants or in their trials already led to considerable success at our base, which achieved more than would be expected. Nothing is more obvious with the prayer of the alchemists

than the alchemy, which is widely smiled at by the ignorant. Men are currently working in our base laboratory who, not so long ago, were involved in secret attempts on behalf of the Schutzstaffel Reich leadership in the Reich . However, it was above all Himmler's wish - to make gold ... «

The chief of the staff twitched slightly with the corners of his mouth before continuing: »Alchemy and its processes are basically chemical-physiological-psychological in nature. They therefore require the personal commitment and personal participation of the surgeon, in contrast to chemistry, where the process is only initiated or initiated. Alchemical work requires high morality and a high-quality ethos of the actor, because internal processes in a suitable atmosphere through suitable ones

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Means must be projected into suitable materials. The real goal of alchemy is to depict and shape these inner human processes in the material. The surgeon redeems the matter and thus takes the place of the Creator in a sense. In the alchemical process of projection, the purpose of existence of humanity is realized and thus this itself. Successful projection requires preconditions and has repercussions. Man and matter become one and together. The alchemist anticipates the condition that will later be given to the whole universe or at least to the earth. Since the alchemical process has to begin long before its material character in man, self-refinement of man is not only an essential prerequisite, but the prerequisite for the work in general.

This is about integration, about the gradual becoming conscious and thus overcoming the collective archetypes, in short about self-realization.



There is an extremely large number of archetypes that need to be integrated. This integration can be done within a mystery community, but also in complete isolation. Or also during the alchemical work itself, which is then correspondingly arduous and can often take up a whole life.

If the alchemist sees an instrumental goal in the lapis, so

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he will of course endeavor to use it for the benefit of his fellow human beings, be it as a medical device or technically.

There is a separate alchemical technique, just as there is a chemical technique. For example, with the help of the lapis it is possible to produce a so-called biomotor machine. This is partly the basis for prehistoric aviation, which is spoken of in the old Sanskrit literature. There are a number of varieties of it. Some of them can be released into free space as autonomous creations. Others operate cult devices. Those in the free space also serve as soul companions - psychopompos - as initiation devices and the like.

In classic alchemy, by the way, the creation of a miniature planetarium as a machina was popular, to illustrate the solar system. It was sufficient to produce a melt flow from the metals corresponding to the planets and to project a little red tincture onto them. This melt flow immediately left the crucible and rotated, imitating the natural planetarium, floating freely on the ceiling of the laboratory for some time. With the help of the lapis, it was thus possible to repeat the entire creation in all of your undreamt-of parts at any time. In this way the creation of the earth could be modeled and experienced.

I can see on your face, Captain Reimer, that this is all new territory for you! This is understandable because in the

commonly knows of alchemy no more than of a cumbersome goldsmith's art with incantations in the presence of black cats and phosphorescent-looking owls in a cellar-like room. This is the well-known dream book alchemy , so to speak ...

You have to have an understanding of certain things in order to understand the fullest commitment of a laboratory technician at the base. And I can tell you, Haupttann Reimer, that our base has an even deeper spatial system in which special experts attempt a Vril analysis . Vril is a molecular force and, according to ancient reports, is hidden in the cave of the sun . This force is said to be suitable as a driving force for aircraft and has already been used in the ancient Indian flight system. In the Ramajana of the old Indian traditions, the flying vimanas are already reported, although mercury was also mentioned as a partial mean of the driving force. In an English translation by Dutt in 1891, it is textually stated that, on Rama's command, a magnificent car with a tremendous roar climbed up to a mountain of clouds. At another point, it is said that Bhima flew with his Vimana machine on a tremendous beam that had the shine of the sun and was as loud as the thunder of a thunderstorm. The Mahabharata then contains further precise figures and references to a horrific weapon effect. Then in the eighth book

striking details that point entirely to nuclear weapons. - Our Indian friends are concerned with the reconstruction of the old machines using all old sources, observing all precautions

for secrecy. According to reports available so far, this work has been successful.

We also deal with the extraction of heat from the air around us using a benzene-water vapor process that was developed by the engineer Doczekal, who died in 1944, and which is considered a kind of perpetuum mobile. So there is something going on at point 103!

At the experimental stage, the generation of electricity in all of its physical states is a massless body; gaseous, liquid and solid. Only a lack of facilities prevents us from following the practical path of thermal fission in order to make nuclear energy directly available for our purposes. There is still a lot, but that should be enough for now. Point 103 is not an island, but an empire, Captain Reimer! «

The flight officer just nodded. He was extremely impressed with the staff chief's versatility and realized that he had a superior of a special size in front of him. Even if he could not keep all the details of the explanations, the fundamental remained in his mind. Thinking back at lightning speed, he himself found the perfect explanation in

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the conclusion of the specified letters MT, in a common connecting Mi-thra, Me-tall, Mo-tor, as soldatisch connected Trinity. All that remained was the why after the mystical. But Gutmann had already answered this self-question in an understandable way. This was a fight at all levels. The visible and invisible.

"Are you unclear about something?" Asked the chief of the staff mildly.

"I had to rally for a moment," Reimer admitted frankly. "I also looked for a final explanation, but found the answer myself!"

"It will surely be correct," smiled the staff officer, knowingly. »With the knowledge of the transition to the Nordic aristocratic principles of ultima Thule, for the re-emergence of the comprehensive Tuatha empire under the sign of the man rune, the actual meaning of point 103 can also be understood. We don't want lansquenets, we want soldiers who serve knowledge! «

"The political soldier is always the best soldier," confirmed the man from Linz. »If politics is meant in the higher sense, this contributes to the physical superiority of a weapon bearer!«

"Right!" The Ia nodded benevolently, while the other officers murmured approvingly. »Our views coincide. I hope that applies to everything fundamental? "

"Yes!"

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"Then, Captain Reimer, I ask you: Are you ready, now and forever obliged, to fly for our high goals and to work as a soldier with all your strength and knowledge as before?"

The Linz man looked at the questioner firmly. He replied brightly and clearly: "There is no higher goal than a national rebirth. I am ready to obey the ancient law of solidarity! «

The officers got up from their seats. The chief of staff walked around the table and stepped very close to the flight officer. A bright light sparkled in his eyes when he said: "I commit you to unconditional obedience, comrade, Captain Reimer!" The chief of the staff pressed his hand firmly to Linz. The rest of the audience followed his example. Gutmann was the last to approach his comrade: "You are now definitely ours, Reimer! Whatever lies ahead, we'll wear it together... «

"Something more official!" The Ia spoke dryly and matter-of-factly: "Major Gutmann and Hauptmann Reimer, - be ready to receive exact orders for a flight to Southwest Europe tomorrow. In the evening of tomorrow you start!

There is a mission to be accomplished! "He put both hands on Linzer's shoulders at the last word, but added nothing more, then gently pushed him out of the room and beckoned Gutmann to follow the comrade...

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## THE GRALSBERG

It went to Fontane la Salvasche,  
Lost to a claus in the rock,  
Chose the Trevrizent as the seat.  
Parzival now experiences with him  
Secret customer of the grail.  
To a cave the landlord led him  
...

Wolfram v. Eschenbach

The engines of a Type E long-haul Dosthra aircraft howled and with increasing speed the machine rolled over the damp runway. No sooner had she detached herself from the floor than she pulled up steeply thanks to her excellent climbing ability. The figures of the remaining ground crew quickly melted into small dots. The ring mountains of the base looked like a passing magic circle before the whole thing disappeared from the eyes of the machine crew.

Major Küpper sat at the controls in the cockpit, his face still. The monotonous gray of the polar expanse stretched in front of him. To the south, the horizon showed a slight brightening.

Gutmann and Reimer were Küpper's companions to the pulpit. All three remained silent and pondered their thoughts. Küpper eyed the landscape carefully, now and then

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paying attention to the dashboard again. He hadn't looked at the cards yet. The sub-leaders Lechner, Bernemann, Kreß and the Norwegian Torkildsen were in the two trough-shaped combat stands. These men, too, eyed themselves silently, guarding against surprises.

Küpper now flew to Greenland on the same route that Juncker and Recke used to go to Prague not long ago. Only at this point the initial view had not been as hazy as the months of June and July in the polar zone. The fog banks over the thawing and sometimes tearing ice surfaces of the pre-zones of the pack ice area blurred the borders between land, ice and sea. Maintaining a south-easterly direction, the closed benches gradually remained and an open drift ice landscape came to the fore.

Only immediately before the start did the Dosthra crew learn that the first destination was the Pyrenees. But only the three officers knew the purpose of a special mission. Gutmann's job was to find a certain belisse within a certain area in the eastern Pyrenees. As a result of the political confusion, this man was hiding somewhere in or around the Ariege Valley. As the head of the staff had emphasized before departure, Belisse was an important personality of the Cathar tradition. Once found, he should be prompted to come along after point 103. Reimer should be Gutmann when fulfilled

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support this order.

Furthermore, a farmer near Ax les Thermes in the Foix department, at the foot of the eastern Pyrenees, could give them valuable help.

This single reference to help options made this task extremely difficult. This peasant had to be found and questioned with extreme care so as not to endanger the whole company. Another danger was the strict control of the border areas on both sides of the mountain range. France, in

particular, was a hot ground, as individual scattered German soldiers or groups as well as Frenchmen persecuted by the Resistance tried to avoid being captured and attempted to flee to Spain. It was therefore clear to the commissioned officers that the slightest inattention should not only lead to the failure of the task, but also put them at risk.

Küpper flew the machine between Craig-Harhour on Ellesmereland and Dundas Harbor on Devon Island and headed for Greenland over the drift ice-covered Baffin Lake. The deliberately maintained high altitude prevented the exclusion of any animal or human life. On the other hand, the sky cleared over the sea, alleviating the oppressive effects of the polar latitudes.

The engines sang their even song. Scraps of haze rushed past as the machine pulled high over it. No bird, nothing that moves the eye

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would offer. As drift ice became less and the sea more open, icebergs moving majestically south crossed the flight of the giant metal bird.

Reimer was silent and gripped by an inner restlessness. How different was the flight in the opposite direction months ago, which at the time led to the supposed magnetic pole and contained completely different expectations. The surprises of a never-before-seen occurrence that resembled waking dreams had revolutionized everything that had happened before and always gave him new problems. There was a thoughtful look and determination at the same time as he looked through the glass to the emerging coast of Greenland.

Küpper did not allow radio communication with the southern submarine base. There was also no reason to do so.

They scanned the huge island, which in its vast expanse almost resembled a small continent.

Without knowing it, they almost flew the same cutting line as Juncker had steered a while ago. Only that fog was currently flowing over Greenland.

The Dosthra obeyed the tour with deeply humming engines, the minute hands of the clocks rounded to hours and again there was a water surface under the machine. The Atlantic. The long-haul plane cut through the air at increased speed. The metal sang. The men in the floor pan peeped uninterruptedly into the wide airspace at Küpper's command

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and the deep water surface, which shimmered gray and jade green.

Turning sharply southwards, the men flew over the Westfjords of Iceland at a very high altitude and then took a steady south-south course that pointed into the Bay of Biscay. The Norwegian Torkildsen was the first to sight and report a large ship heading southeast. Küpper moved the machine unaffected.

After a while the major turned to Linz: "Would you like to take control of the machine for a short time, Captain Reimer?"

"Of course!"

The men exchanged places. Somehow, Reimer was pleased to be able to pilot the large combat machine in action. His long thoughtfulness evaporated and his clear eyes wandered between the dashboard and the water landscape. The responsibility of his task raised his self-confidence. It was not just a question of demonstrating the navigational abilities of a transoceanal approach, but of ensuring the anonymity of the aircraft with great care. For some time now, the sky had regained the familiar look of Europeans. The increasing temperature with the changing latitudes led suddenly from the eternal winter into the midsummer due to the rapidity of the technical age. The men of the Dosthra enjoyed the warm rays of the sun with great comfort. With the speed developed, the



target literally grew towards them and already the

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same day would still prove whether the landing of the crew and thus the initiation of the order would succeed. Only a Jules Verne with his brilliant thoughts could have imagined such an eventful flight in the daytime by almost a quarter of the globe. When the plane flew across the latitude of Brittany and had already cut some of the most busy shipping lines in the Atlantic, the tension of expectation grew almost unbearable. Now, in spite of the fact that all hostilities in Europe were dormant, all possible air encounters had to be avoided.

Major Küpper now intervened in the flight guidance. With wise reasoning, he ordered a direct course to San Sebastian and ascend higher to prevent license plate detection from Earth.

The sky was clear and only a few wispy clouds of cloud sailed in the air current. They could hardly give the plane any privacy. The dosthra rose even higher. After a short time, the men in the south sighted the dark line of emerging country. Coasts also emerged in the east.

Küpper picked up the flight card and was satisfied that they had navigated properly. The nose of the Dosthra was heading towards the designated Spanish port. At the border of the three-mile zone, Reimer turned on instructions and turned into the country corner. Sharp past Fuenterrabia, he flew east of the Bidasso River into the Pyrenees and followed

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in the same direction as the national border.

Cloud banks moved over the mountain ranges or swayed around the higher peaks. The violet

veils of the beginning of dawn slid across the bright, snow-covered areas. The gaze of the crew swept across the border areas of two countries and admired the wildness of the mountain scenery. The machine passed over the peaks of the Pic d'Ochy, the Pic de Vignemalo, and left the high Mont Perdu on the right. Shortly afterwards the highest elevation of the whole chain appeared; the Pic d'Anethou in a Spanish border tongue that suddenly entered France. Flying over the Maladetta chain, they moved across Andorra and then immediately hooked north.

The valley of the Ariè River lay among the men. You were on target. Despite the darkness, the splendid massif of the Montségur protruded half-right into the sky of the glittering stars like the symbol of a stone guardian. A collection of lights in the direction of the flight nose showed the important Provençal town of Foix, surrounded by the flickering points of the surrounding towns.

Küpper throttled the engines and flew to the Montségur at a speed of three meter seconds, looking for the area of the historical pyre field for the map. At the same time as the plane went deeper, the twelve-hundred-meter-high rock with its mostly vertically rising walls rose chunkily in the night

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dark horizon. A bright spot shone in the east: the Mediterranean.

After the suspected landing area was identified, it was impossible to go down in the dark. Küpper was unable to risk flying the plane to breakage. No aviator would dare to do this experiment with a sense of responsibility.

Küpper circled the machine and turned to Gutmann and Reimer: "With a landing it's vinegar. Completely excluded. - Only one thing remains: get ready in no time to get out and jump! «

The two addressed looked at each other briefly. "So let's go!" Said Gutmann.

Both quickly stripped off their combinations. With the boots and boot pants they now wore a civilian skirt with a sporty shape. They put on overalls like those worn by mechanics or motorcyclists over this semi-civilian look. They stowed their pistols and sufficient ammunition within easy reach in their pockets, as did Swiss passports.

"Fix it!" Urged Küpper from his seat.

Both officers now picked up the parachute packs and buckled them on, carefully checking the seat belts. Lechner crawled out of his tub and helped with the final touches. He pulled the prepared rucksacks with supplies, cards and equipment, gathered them together in a bundle and attached them to a parachute at Kopper's behest.

"Bites are thrown in!" Had the major

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decided briefly. Then finally: »Don't forget the deck address where you can report or where you can send a message. Now let's go - broken neck and leg... «

"We shouldn't be lacking," said Reimer hastily and confidently. Balancing the train of the circular flight, both officers swayed to get out. Lechner was just behind them when they opened the hatch. Gutmann, hand on the rip cord, waved to Küpper, then jumped in first. Just behind him, Reimer pushed away. Immediately afterwards, the noncommissioned officer lifted the bundled pack and let it follow the jumped off with a parachute line.

Like three long lines, three bright callsigns with dark, swinging dots, the parachutes detached themselves through the evening eclipse; bloating suddenly and with a brief jerk changing to an oblique hover. The two bodies and the pack fell gently to the floor, only slightly rubbing.

The jumped up, struggled up, freed themselves from the ballast of the umbrella, then peeked around and stumbled, at first buckling slightly, towards the bale that had fallen down. Looking

up on the way, they saw no trace of the plane. Before the engine noise died, the night had taken on its protective darkness.

Standing in front of the packing, the men orientated themselves. In front of them lay a rising forest, above it a massive mountain nose with sharp-edged traces of ruins. The

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Montségur - the Grail Mountain!

"Montsalvatsch the minstrel!" Whispered Gutmann, deeply impressed.

On both sides in the valleys, the dim lights of farmsteads and small places shone. On the side facing away from the Montségur, a field and meadow slope sank gently down the valley. To the south to and on the flanks of the mountain, the dark forms of an imposing mountain world appeared. Inspired by strange feelings, both men stood on the ground of a strange earth and breathed deeply the smell. A mild wind brought them the scent of the nearby forest, the first greeting from Europe after the return from the Arctic. Again her eyes wandered up to the defiant rock.

As if Gutmann had read a silent question in the eyes of his companion, he said: "Yes, it is Montsalvatsch or Munsalväscht that Wolfram von Eschenbach sang about. The Cagots' last hoard - the Cathar Goths." Both men paused. "It may not be the right moment to lose a lot of words now,"

Gutmann continued cautiously, but I feel compelled to explain to you that a historical fate with little-known tragedy was fulfilled here. The

last Goths of the Pyrenees died here seven centuries ago. The Guoten

- the good guys! - The Cathars also called themselves bonhommes - good men! «

"Gutmann!" Reimer exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes. We Gutmanns are an old heretic family from

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Runkel, the German center of the pure. - And let me tell you: These Goths were the Goths - the people of God! The pure, chosen people of the ancient Aryan tradition. This selectivity, this ethnic purity, was confirmed by Esra and Nehemia during the Babylonian captivity in the old traditions and erroneously transferred it to the Old Testament as the basis of a Hebrew development ... «

Reimer took Gutmann's hand: "There is a light in me now!"

Gutmann just nodded. »In 1244, over two hundred people were given the death of a flame here at Camp des crémats, the pyre field. These were descendants of the Goths! This happened on a Palm Sunday because they had refused to recognize God Yahweh, Petri's key powers, and Rome's dogma. However, before the fall of the castle, which the papal seized by the betrayal of a shepherd, the grail was saved by four brave men who could be rappelled down the vertical walls of the mountain. From the top of the Bidorta, near here, a bonfire indicated that the mani was saved! »

The Linz man could not suppress an excitement. 'The mani? ... «

"I said it," Gutmann said emphatically. "We'll come back to this in more detail later. Now forward! «

Before she walked through a small wood, oriented

Gutmann after the towering mountain peaks. »The Pic du Saint Barthelmy is there! We have to keep a little to the side to get to the parallel valley of the Ariège. «

In the absence of a path, both men cautiously groped their way down, since the night was not particularly bright. Her breaths were audibly deep! Like starving people at a rare meal, they drew the spicy forest air into their lungs that

they had been missing for so long through months at the icy end of the world.

When they were about to cross the wood, they suddenly stopped. Something had moved in front of them. Reimer wanted to draw his pistol, but Gutmann prevented him from doing so. While they were still listening, a nearby branch cracked audibly. Both men did not yet know whether there was a human or an animal in front of them.

Twigs rustled again. "Hey!" Gutmann said in a low voice.

Silence.

Both took a few steps forward. Just as her footsteps made noise, a rustle came back in response.

No doubt there had to be a human in front of them. An animal would have already taken flight with a few sentences. He seemed to have reason to hide, or he had to have bad intentions. Now it was Gutmann who took the pistol out of his pocket and replaced the fuse. "Attention, je tire - be careful, I'll shoot!" He warned loudly.

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"Je tire aussi - me too!" Came back. The speaker could barely stand ten meters in front of them.

"Damn it," Reimer rumbled softly, also drawing his weapon.

A faint laugh was heard. Apparently the invisible had heard the German words that seemed to amuse him.

"Soldiers everywhere?"

Gutmann gestured to Reimer to remain silent. "Nous sommes touristes suisses. Swiss tourists! ...  
«

"Ah!" Again rustled branches and a man came into the field of vision of the two planes. At first you could only see a silhouette, hardly the face. Keeping a little distance, the stranger asked in accented German: "Tourists? Merde, I don't think so! If so - then I'm a king of the Ashanti on vacation..." A chuckle followed the words.

"All right, monsieur roi d'Ashanti," Gutmann said dryly, "then we don't need to start a bang. If you are a smuggler, you have nothing to fear from us! «

»Smugglers? - qu'est-ce que cela? «

How should I explain that, asked Gutmann, whose language skills in French were not too perfect. He tried: "Contrebande ...!"

»Je comprends - I understand! Pah, "said the man contemptuously. "There are no women deurs here. Only refugees and lots of gendarmes or soldiers! "Another laughing laugh.

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"A cozy area," growled the Linz man.

The Frenchman came a few steps closer. He slowly set foot to foot and held his right arm slightly angled with a gun. He had to be extremely fine-tuned and heard the last words. "I would bet I had German soldiers in front of me if the plane hadn't ..."

"We heard a buzzing sound nearby," Gutmann tried to hypocritically assure. "Close ..."

"Ce n'est pas bien what you want to tell me," said the stranger in a harder tone. "I was hoping ..."

"What," Gutmann asked quickly.

The Frenchman hesitated for a moment. Then he replied in a low voice: "... to find comrades!"

Silence again. This time it was Gutmann and Reimer who thought for a moment. The former then said casually: "Can we do something for you?"

"J'ai faim - I'm hungry!" Asked the interviewee frankly. "Ate nothing for two days."

"So refugee," Gutmann said with relief.

"Oui, messieurs!"

The Linz man took off his backpack and opened it. He grabbed the contents and pulled out a tin and a piece of bread. "Take!"

The stranger stuck the pistol in his coat pocket, then came right up to the plane. With a slight bow, he said, "I think that right now

Names are not important. But it's a happy hour under the stars that I let you meet. If you can really do without the snack..."

He received the items presented. His manner and manner of speaking betrayed an exemplary upbringing, which despite his distress he could not deny. It must have been an effort for him to put the food under his left arm with a casual gesture.

Now the three men looked at each other. None of them knew what to say for the time being. They sniffed at each other like animals in nature to come to terms with feelings where the mind failed.

The Frenchman was the first to ask softly: "Your kindness, Messieurs, is proof enough for me to be able to trust you: I am a refugee from Carcassonne and want to escape to Spain at a favorable moment. Perhaps you know that Carcassonne is not too far from here, so I know a lot about this area. So if I can help you in any way ... «

"Carcassonne?" Gutmann shook his head and didn't seem to notice the offer at first. "Carcassonne," he repeated again. »A city of historical importance!«

"You know the city?" Asked the Frenchman.

"Only in terms of their historical past!" Explained Gutmann.

"Ah! Oui, monsieur; the fires of Rome were eating

Centuries the city, whose lord, the vice count Raimund Roger Trencavel, went down in history and myth as Parsifal. «

" So you know ..."

"It's my home!" Replied the stranger proudly.

"Strange conversations right now!"

blamed Reimer.



"You're right," Gutmann admitted. "Let's stay with the present. If you want to help us find your way, monsieur? "

"Where?"

"Ax les Thermes!"

The respondent whistled. "Into the village?" "In the vicinity!"

"Oh." The Frenchman thought for a few seconds. 'It's in my direction. If you can trust me, I'll take you there! «

"A stroke of luck!" Gutmann said with satisfaction.

"Bien!" The Frenchman nodded. Then he took a few steps to the bushes that had previously covered him and came back with a linen knapsack, which he casually threw over. "Stay close behind me," he said insistently. »And above all - little noise!«

Forming a bow, after a while they walked silently into a long valley. To the south, in the direction of their path, lay the mighty Pic du Saint Barthelmy in front of them, growing out of the darkness of the woods with sharp contours. The two aviation officers followed their guide with the utmost attention,

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not only the surroundings that get lost in the darkness of the night, but also not letting him out of sight. There was still caution before one knew more about the stranger.

They might have been walking for about an hour when the valley floor widened and to the left of the path the dark expanse of water of an elongated small lake was visible, on which the reflecting stars danced like silver dots. The Druidensee revealed itself in its mysterious beauty. The shadow mirror of the Pic du Saint Barthelmy lay over the water like a dark wedge, merging into a unified natural image.

When Reimer paused a moment to enjoy this nightly splendor, Gutmann continued to puff him, but he explained to him: "This pic has been called Tabor by the locals since the time of the Albigensians and has an ancient mythical

meaning. There is said to be one of the many entrances to the underground kingdom of Agartha. Ancient remains of an Iberian Belis or Abelliott temple are still on the summit. When the sky is clear, you should have a wonderful overview of the Montségur. «

The Frenchman's fine ears had heard part of the explanations despite the half-loud conversation. If it had been lighter, the two planes could have read his face with astonishment. This astonishment spread to his companions when he turned to them and completed Gutmann's explanations: "The explanation about the

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early history temple is true! A centuries-old road leads up to the summit of the Tabor, which was already laid out by the Albigensians. However, "he said with a smile," you have to be free from giddiness to be able to walk on it. Folded tree trunks form transitions across fissures and deep crevices. We call this route des Cathares. And the valley that we are now hiking through is called Val de l'incant - the magic valley. «

"Merci, monsieur!" Thanked the man from Linz.

"It's a pleasure for me," the Frenchman continued in almost perfect German. "I would hardly have thought that strangers knew about these hidden spots in our country and also knew history." Turning to Gutmann, he asked. »Have you ever been to Provence«

"No."

»Remarquable - strange ...«

The men marched along the lake and approached the twists and turns of the road that led past Thor on the left when two glaring eyes appeared before them in the distance.

"Vite!" The Frenchman said, jumping into the darkness to the left.

The Germans followed without hesitation. Not a moment too soon, because the blinking eyes grew larger and at the same time the whirring of

an engine increased. Gutmann and Reimer huddled close to the ground in the ditch and remained motionless until the car approaching quickly

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whizzed past.

"Uninvited night owls!" Gutmann said, as he struggled to his feet. "With the night peace, it also seems to be vinegar here."

The Linz man only grunted. The Frenchman reappeared like a ghost of shadows several meters ahead of him, who had previously avoided a possible control with a soldierly fix. Without further words and following a simultaneous inspiration, they set off in a row. With the beginning of the winding roads that led past Pic du Saint Barthelmy, increased caution was required, since they did not allow any distance to be seen. In a row marching about two to three steps away, they had the easier option of jumping off the road with one jump.

The Frenchman had proven himself in this small previous incident. It may now be true that he too had the cause of not being questioned by any authority. The two aviators felt increasing sympathy for the man who led the way.

Now they had the massive massif of the Taborberg towering next to them. The broadening of the valley with the Druidensee was over and the abutting mountains to the sides of the valley narrowed the sky. A owl screamed somewhere nearby. The romance of the magic valley changed to a slight anxiety about being overwhelmed.

The stranger went at a fast pace. Of

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Unusual for a long time, especially with luggage, the two officers had trouble following and suppressing a curse. Nevertheless, they made sure that the close distance did not widen.

Over time, they also got the pic behind them and a forest ridge continued in its place, which brightened the night valley again a little. "This is the Serralunga forest," the guide called softly to the following companions.

They walked a little further on the road, then, at the Frenchman's request, hit the bushes on the left and struggled through a rising stony forest. Not too early, because immediately afterwards a car came again from the north at a fast pace. The border region of the Pyrenees was also very restless in its more remote parts. To weary, a mutt barked not too far behind the van. The restlessness of the night also spread to the animals of the surrounding farmsteads.

For a while it went through a gently rising narrow valley, then the men had to climb a steep slope. After crossing the forest saddle that completed the climb, they slid and stumbled down the valley on the other side in the dark. The pilots, unfamiliar with the long march, had a sweat-soaked back despite the emerging morning freshness and began to feel tired. After a flat valley stretch along the forest, the

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Frenchman back in the woods and then stopped. »If we walked along the bottom of the valley, we would come across Ax les Thermes. It is a health resort, but the controls are very strict at the moment! «

"How far?" Asked Gutmann.

"About twenty minutes!"

Looking back, they saw towns that revealed a relatively closer settlement of Sabarthés. Pointing at a larger group of houses half-right behind them, the guide said: "That's where Causou is!" The dark crags of the mountain backgrounds intensified the contrast between the pearls of

light and the darkness from which they seemed to glow brightly.

Holding to the left, they stumbled through the undergrowth of the Bois de la Soulane, sweating and swearing softly. They were estimated to have wandered among the trees for more than half an hour when they reached the edge of the forest. From two sides, half left and half right, close lights blinked towards. The Frenchman said again: "The small towns of Ignaux and Sorgeat. Behind, the larger assembly of lights, that's Ax les Thermes! «

"Well -?" Gutmann and Reimer looked at each other. The stranger had noticed the hesitation and the exchange of looks. He smiled again: "I take a few steps sideways so that you can speak undisturbed ... Or if you no longer need me ...?"

Gutmann went up to the Frenchman and took him by the arm. "Don't be upset when we get something

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appear closed. I don't think we have anything to reproach ourselves for in this regard, because the grotesque aspect of our encounter is probably enough explanation. After all, we have to thank you that we were able to get to our first goal so quickly and relatively easily. We'll probably have to go over to Spain quickly too, maybe it would be a good thing if we stayed together! «

The stranger nodded. »That would be very good! Three men - that's a good number! - But now - where to? ... «

»We are looking for a farmer at Ax les Thermes who knows a Belisse!«

'Mon dieu! - You two are living riddles - I don't know the man, but the name Belisse! «

"Ah!" Now it was the turn of amazement among the Germans.

Now it was the Frenchman who approached the officers: "From the few sentences I have

heard from you, I learned that you seem to know as much about this country and its history as the long-established people. I have already expressed my astonishment to you in the Val de l'incant. Could you have any connections with the Belisse group? "The questioner's eyes were wide and inquiring.

"I'm not sure which target you're targeting. There are several options. The most probable: that should be the circle of the Cathar tradition. If this Belisse is close to this tradition, then it has

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at least my personal sympathy! "Magnifique! - The big puzzle is unraveling!" He

Turned to the places for a few seconds, then continued: "I think we will find time to talk more about these things. I will take it upon myself to find this belisse. If I am not mistaken, I have already heard that he should live in a small house on the side of Sorgeat, near Ascou. Let's take a left to march and then I'll go ahead a little later and ask for Belisse. Let's go straight away - avant! «

They scurried along the edge of the forest until after a while the guide stopped. Examining the surroundings, the stranger said:

»Stay here, comrades! If I shouldn't be back in two hours or if I get shot, then immediately disappear into the forest. Then I was unlucky. AU Revoir!"

"Stop!" Gutmann called louder than was possible. »We cannot take on unnecessarily putting you in danger! If we do, we'll at least go all three. "

The Frenchman turned back: "I know the Germans are good comrades! I have seen this several times. But it is better and easier if I go alone. Three men are now always suspicious in this area. Everything will be all right..." He nodded briefly, then cut back the branches of a bush and stepped out into the open

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Field. His shape quickly moved away and the grass floor swallowed the sound of his footsteps.

"We started a nice story. If this works well? ...  
«Reimer peeked nervously.

Gutmann puffed him. "Don't worry!" With equanimity, he freed a blanket from his luggage, rolled it up and sat on it. "We ran long enough and bruised our muzzle on the trees. Our mother Europe has not made it extremely easy for us to return to her sacred realms. Take your blanket and sit down too! «

»Mother Europe? - It's a crazy patch of earth!  
"Reimer now also pulled his blanket out of the pack and crouched sullenly next to his comrades. "I imagined the return to be different. Instead of at home, we are now crouching like secret gnomes on the border of two foreign countries, always uncertain what the next day will bring! «

"Just like in a war," mocked Gutmann.

Reimer looked at him. "Hm - you're actually right. It's like this: after the radio reports, only the shooting stopped, but the war continues... "

The men were silent now. Minutes pass. Somewhere from inside the forest came the croaking call of an owl. It was long past midnight, but the night darkness was still furrowed by cones of light from driving cars. The bright wedges briefly and spookily illuminated trees and houses along the streets,

they rose glaringly from the black of the night and immediately left them behind. The noise of the vehicle's engines then swelled up and down into the night peace like a malicious, dangerous hum.

An hour had passed and no one showed up yet. The people waiting became restless. Slowly they felt the cold of the ground coming up.

Just as Reimer was about to get up, he and Gutmann saw a shadowy figure in the expanse of the field, which approached a hurrying man. The night walker followed the fairly precise direction with certain steps, which must have led him

unerringly to the two observers. It was the Frenchman who returned from inquiring.

Gutmann made himself known through a low shout. The man was with the two Germans in just a few steps.

"Parbleu!" Grumbled the newcomer, standing in the protective darkness of the trees, "you didn't tell me the name of the farmer who was supposed to be connected to Belisse. I happened to meet a resident of this nest here, who came back late from Ax les Thermes in a good mood and in a good mood. I asked him straight away whether a certain Belisse would be known here. The man said yes! "

"Ah!" Gutmann said. "And ...?"

"Belisse had lived here with a certain Dubois!"

"Right - that was the name of the peasant I was about

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call forgot! «

The Frenchman waved, "There are countless Dubois in France! - About what many Meier are called in Germany. There may even be some namesakes here in Sorgeat. "

"Good, good," Gutmann said. "What about Belisse?" "I'm sorry, but the man you are looking for is

disappeared! And the farmer Dubois too!

"Nice mess! "Cursed Reimer.

The Carcassonne man shrugged. 'It's not unusual in these troubled times. Everyone who is now somehow suspected of collaboration with the Germans will be persecuted. The marquis' lynching has already claimed countless victims. As for Belisse, I know that he was kind to the Germans because he anticipated the chaos that would come with the East. "

"Belisse appears to be a valuable man," Gutmann said carefully. "You seem to sympathize with him?"



"I told you I was a refugee myself. So I am connected to the man you are looking for! «

"... and I won't find it now," added Gutmann resignedly.

"Olala, you never know!" The Frenchman raised his palms soothingly. »The extraordinary situation in which we are here will probably allow us to put aside reservations and concerns

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to let. If you want to tell me why you are looking for Belisse? ... «

Gutmann looked at Reimer. Despite the darkness, he saw the Linz man nodding. Then he turned back to the questioner: "We are looking for the man to save him!"

»Ah - les allemands want to save belisse? - Très remarquable! - But at the moment it seems that you, mes camarades, need more help! «

"And whether!" Reimer confirmed this statement. He had felt safer in the Arctic than here on the home continent.

"Camarades, you have a sense of reality! - I want to try to help you. If an assumption turns out to be correct, then it may be that we will find the person we are looking for in a few hours. We want to use the night to get to the caves of Sabarthé. But that must be now, because during the day the surroundings will surely be under surveillance! «

"Miracles are still happening," muttered the Linz man. »The whole world is a great miracle that can be divided into many dissolve small miracles, «laughed the Frenchman softly.

The officers picked up their blankets and slapped them over the backpacks, which they then shouldered. "Ready messieurs?"

"Finished!"

The Carcassonner took the top and led along the field edge in the shadow of the tall forest trees towards the northwest. Passing Ignaux, they crossed some fields to the edge of the Bois de Comines

to hurry on. They passed Savignac and Vaychis to their left. The Frenchman quietly named all places by name. When they left the forest hill, Pic Calmont, over 1300 meters high, stood at their feet, on the street of which was Perles. In the longitudinal direction of the march, the men followed the roar of the Ariè river, which sprayed its floods through the partly dark valley.

"Attention!" Suddenly warned the Fihrer. "We are now crossing the road that we came through the magic valley."

The men peered cautiously in all directions, then hurried a little above the fork into the opposite darkness. Rugged walls rose from the black forest into the night. It was the steep walls that led to the Lujatberg plateau.

The Frenchman paused for a moment. »The caves of Sabarthès are all around; the last refuge of the Albigensians, whose fate was fulfilled more than seven hundred years ago. Behind us is the great Fontanet cave. A stalactite cave that stretches for kilometers into the rocks. The Lombrive Cave, which we may have to visit, is diagonally across the valley. For now we want to visit the Spulga of Ornolac and the two neighboring caves a little further on this side. «

Now, under the guidance of Provençalen, they climbed uphill, partly through the wild undergrowth

following a narrow path they hardly saw and only suspected of the absence of obstacles.

At the beginning of the arduous climb, Reimer had asked: "What are purge gases?"

»Purge gases are fortified caves, the entrances of which have been walled up. Here the

Albigenses successfully defended themselves against their persecutors until they later succumbed to primitive life and lack of food, «explained the Frenchman. "The most well-known purging gases are those from Ormolac and on the other side behind us from Bouan!" The Carcasson raised his arm and indicated the direction.

The velvet blackness of the night slowly began to turn pale. The cold increased and in the incision of the Ariège there were fine swaths of ground fog beginning. Squirring through the undergrowth, the men suddenly stood on a small slope in front of the towering rocks. The light from the dull twitching stars and the moon half-covered by a cloud showed a dark opening that seemed to be blocked by a tangle of stones, a ruined wall.

"The Ormolac Spulga!"

"Should Belisse be here?" Asked Reimer, a little incredulously. "Hardly," replied the Fihrer. »Of the three nearby caves, only the second next would come in first

Question; Las gleyosos! «

"Gleyso - a church," Gutmann explained to Linz. "The Cathar Cave Dome!"

The men continued on their way. They slipped a little

down, then they continued in the direction along the steep cliff. The light of the stars grew dimmer, the moon that had emerged from the clouds lost its glow and seemed to be tired. The wild landscape, inspired by the myth of a past, spoke a silent language of revelation to the seekers. Parzival had once ridden through this valley as a seeker. Wolfram von Eschenbach sang a cave from this landscape, in which Parzival met the hermit Trevrizent. Trevrizent, the Cathar who received the Vicomte von Carcassonne, the young Ramon Roger Trencavel, in the Minne church. Trencavel became the mythical Parzival that was poisoned in a tower in Béziers at the

behest of the Roman church. The hermit Trevrizent was called Guilhabert von Castres.

Trees and undergrowth covered a myriad of caves. Kilometers deep caves and grottos. In ancient times a natural troglodyte town may have existed here. Celtic and Iberian sanctuaries were located here, ancient places of worship and Cathar ideograms, which resulted in a surprisingly similar symbolism with a prehistoric Nordic-Atlantic culture. The mythical impregnation of Sabarthés radiated a magic that awakened suspicions even in the ignorant.

The men were very tired. Last but not least, it was physical tension that did the rest. The morning-giving gray of the passing night made it a little easier for them to move forward.

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Fig trees, elms, even grotesque fir trees and brushwood were slowly becoming distinguishable.

"Las gleysos!" Standing on a narrow path, the Provençale pointed to the opening door of a mighty cave. "Now we should have filled lamps so that we don't have to save on light. Flashlights do it in an emergency. We don't get very far with it. And my battery is almost empty too! «

"We have lamps with us," Gutmann said. "We just have to get her out of the backpack."

"They are in the outside pockets," said the Linz man, who was better aware of the packaging. "Why shouldn't our lamps be enough?"

"Bah," said the Carcasson. "Do you know how deep the gleyso is? - You could walk for hours! «

Both officers took the lamps from the backpack bags. Gutmann handed his to the Frenchman and asked him to continue. "Do you think Belisse could be found here?"

"Why not? - Las gleysos and the nearby Lombrives Cave have a myriad of ramifications that provide prominent hiding places. He could be very well here or there. You hardly do any research here because it is hopeless to get a

persecuted person out. Unless you wait for hunger to drive him out. ”

"I think a tailworm in tailcoat is more likely to come out than a persecuted man," mocked Reimer.

"Hm," said the Frenchman. "Hunger can hurt ..." "One moment!" Said Gutmann when the man was out

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Carcassonne was preparing to enter the cave. He took off the backpack and took out a cognac bottle. "We want to warm up internally for the time being before we walk into Mother Earth's lap." He handed the bottle to the Frenchwoman Irin. "Drink, comrade!"

»Oh, that's good when a German comrade says! It's like a big alliance! Cheers, mes camarades! "He took a long sip and thankfully handed the bottle back. After him, the Germans strengthened.

"Now, avant!" The Provençale glanced up at the sky, the edge of which was beginning to turn a greenish-yellow tinge. The stars blinked lazily.

The officers followed in quick succession their guide, who illuminated the way. On the walls of the rock passage there were traces of smoke as high as man, which may have come from torches. Possibly from the past. They entered the interior only a short distance, then the Frenchman stopped and made a bright call. The scream rolled like a roaring turkey and died in the depth of the corridor. The Carcasson repeated the scream a few times, but nothing moved. Only a few bats fluttered past the wincing men.

"A Satan's hole," Reimer swore.

"Wrong," Gutmann chided Linz. »It is the stone realm of Lucifer, the bearer of light! - From these

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The pure spirit and the near-natural knowledge of prehistoric times, whose symbolism can still be found in various places in these caves, will once again emerge. And just as the pure, the Cathari, found the bridges that led them back to the ancient and pulled them back to the stars after they had the strength to endure or steadfastness, so the Light Savior is currently the one called to the Support a major turning point. «

"When will that be - this turning point?" The Frenchman had grabbed Gutmann by the arm.

"You won't know what the relationships I'm aiming for."

The small cone of light from the flashlight in the guide's hand danced on the pale limestone floor of the cave. The Frenchman's face remained in the dark and the two officers could not see the fine smile. »With Lucifer, the horned, the north rises! The ancient Cretans called the sun: Abellio! - Apollo - Abellio, however, was the biblical Abel who was struck down by Semitic Cain. - The desert had killed the north. But when the sun, the ever victorious, rises out of the dark lap again in the cosmic cycle, that is the beginning of the turn. And I know the time is coming! «

At first the two officers were so surprised by the words of the man in front of them that they could not answer immediately. Gutmann had quickly regained his composure. 'If I made that statement

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I would have understood it in Brittany. here I would have expected such clues only from the Belisse I was looking for. Accordingly, there seems to be a strong tradition in Provence and also in the Pyrenees. «

"You could have expected that, monsieur!" "I underestimated the radiance of knowledge," well-known Gutmann.

"Remember mes camarades, this was the home of the Graal!"

"We know this. - Therefore the mani had to reveal itself from here! «

»Certainement! Here she has a force field; the Albigensians or Cathars used to celebrate their supreme festival: the Manisola! - the festival of the comforter. The focus was on mani as a symbol of the spirit; a shining gem that illuminates the world! It also drives away the night of error as a sign of the Buddhist law. As I heard some time ago, it was Belisse who made the claim that in about two years the signs in the sky will multiply. Flaming disks will rise from the lap of the earth! ... «

Reimer wanted to speak, but the Frenchman suddenly turned and walked past the two officers to the exit. The men trotted back in silence. Arriving at the exit, an intense red streak of light shone towards the people coming out. Eos, the dawn of the new day, covered the fabulous landscape with hers

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shining greeting. For a moment the men stood in admiration. There was an unreal glow on their faces, blurring everything hard and worrying. The sky red painted. Reimer leaned wearily against the rock face. Turning to the Provençal, he asked, "Do you think Belisse or anyone else has moved on your reputation? - Persecuted people are suspicious! «

"You are very right, mon camarade! It can be assumed, however, that nobody penetrates the interior of the caves unnecessarily, as there may be a lack of light. With a little attention, you can feel safe in sight of the exit. At least not too far from it, because the dark interior has dangerous gaps and cracks. «

"What now?" Gutmann urged.

"I don't think it's wise to do anything now," said the Provençale. "If you want advice, we'll hit the bushes somewhere and rest during the day. In the evening we switch to the other side of the valley and try the Lombrives cave. Something tells me that we'll be more successful with our search on the opposite side. "

"A sensible suggestion!" Confirmed the man from Linz. "A hatful of sleep can't hurt." He yawned heartily.

»Bien! - So on. «

Tired, somewhat chilled and scratched by twigs, the hikers on the Lujat plateau arrived

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thrust vertically into the Ariège valley in places. Between dense blackberry hedges and hawthorn bushes there was a vault artificially extended into the mountain, which the three men found very suitable for their daytime rest.

»Un moment! I want to see if there are no snakes here. "The Carcasson illuminated the niches before making a calming gesture. "Everything OK!"

The two officers spread the blankets and pulled out a snack that they shared with their companion. Then they trigger the order of the guard. The first two hours fell on Reimer, who was not particularly happy. Shortly afterwards, Gutmann and the Frenchman were deeply asleep, while Linz's eyes stared with burning eyes into the radiant light of the rising sun.

When the light of the day faded again and the first dark shadows slid across the landscape, the men were ready to walk again and completely rested. They used the twilight of the past day to work their way out of the matted thicket of the undergrowth. The guide looked for a good descent near the slope of the plateau to avoid detours in the dark.

During the short waiting period until nightfall, the Provençale said: »We came down a part of the old Cathar path. The cave of our daily rest was an old rest stop that later in

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It was forgotten. They find strangers difficult and the locals don't care much. «

With the twinkling lights of the stars, the men set off. The officers also had a good sense of direction now that they had studied the map of this area in detail during the day. The Frenchman had explained the route for them.

They came unchallenged after descending the Ariège. Sometimes using narrow paths, they got there faster than expected. This time it was the well-known cave of Lombrives that they now stood at the entrance to. In the faint glow of their flashlights, they visibly noticed that they had gotten into a huge cave dome, in the distance of which the thin cones of light were lost.

The men advanced to the second part of the branched cave labyrinth. They finally came via a stone natural staircase to a precipitously precipitating gorge. Now they had walked the main path without finding any trace of people. They did not venture into the branches of the corridors; it was also unlikely that refugees would hide too deeply. At least they had to stay close to the main aisle.

The Carcassonne man had called several times. Even when the name Belisse was mentioned, only a dull echo had answered. Turning around, the men's gaze fell on a large overhanging one

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Boulder from which a limestone club hung.

"An impressive game of nature!" Reimer said enthusiastically.

The Provençale nodded. "People in this area call the stone with the club the tomb of Heracles. Here, in the depths of the enormous cave, there is said to be an underground palace in which a king, who had a beautiful daughter, was said to have lived a long time ago. Her name was Pyrene. At this time Heracles is said to have found hospitality here, whereby he and Pyrene burned in love for each other. When the thirst

for adventure dragged him away again, her pyrene followed desperately because she had a child under her heart and feared her father's anger. On the way she was attacked by wild animals. When she cried out for help in horror, Heracles heard her screams and came back to help her. However, he only found the body of Pyrenes. In wild misery he buried his beloved in the mountain. Since then, the mountain ranges have also been called the Pyrenees. - Here in the cave, by a lake, are three stalactite rocks that are said to be the tomb of the Pyrenees, the tomb of King Bebryx and his throne. «

"And does Pyrene still have a mythical meaning?" Asked Gutmann.

"Yes," said the Carcassonne man. "Pyrene is said to have been the goddess Venus!"

"A truly happy coincidence that brought us together," said the Linz native. »This way, some knowledge is complemented by rare opportunities.«

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"Maybe destiny ..." A vague smile played around the Frenchman's lips.

"Are you a bit fatalistic?" Reimer showed some astonishment.

"Non, monsieur! Fatalism is inevitable. I am a supporter of design fate, that is, the execution of a determination! «

Since the two Germans were silent and illuminated the rock hall again, the Provençale slowly turned to retreat. The officers followed, muttering words of admiration and amazement. Then the light beam from Reimers lamp hit a wall drawing on the rock wall. It was a coal-drawn ship with a sun as a sail.

"Oh - what's that?" The Linz man stopped and lured his companions back.

This time Gutmann immediately gave an explanation: »This is an old death ship with the life-bringing star mother. An old symbol from the Atlantic-Nordic culture of the megalithic age, which has been preserved in the tradition up to

the Cagots, the Cathar goths! And there - see - the symbol of the man rune! ” He, surprised himself, pointed to an obvious rune symbol.

The Carcassonner made a sweeping gesture: »Signs and symbols of this and a similar kind can also be found in the other caves of Sabarthés. Bones and finds from the Albigensian period are also still found in the deeper interior. «

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The men went on. Going back to the first part of the Gleyso Cave, they realized that their hopes of success in the investigation were fruitless. The rising discontent overshadowed the great interest in the natural beauties in the bosom of the mountain. Last but not least, the fear of being put on patrol.

Despite the failure, they were happy to be able to step out of the cave again into the open at night. The mysterious rustling and roaring from the inside remained in their ears for a while.

"What now?" Reimer's mood hit rock bottom. "Go on," said the Provençale shortly.

They were not far from the cave when all three men stopped at the same time. Not far ahead of them a branch had cracked very audibly.

"Pst!" The Frenchman raised his arm warningly.

Noises came again to the ears of the listeners. Foliage grated. Not far from them a man struggled through the thicket. He was about five or six steps ahead of them when the Carcasson suddenly exclaimed, "Stop camarade! - fuyard also? - Refugee? «

It immediately became quiet. No sound around. Not even a leaf rustled. "I wouldn't get in touch immediately," said Reimer dryly. He didn't even speak excessively quietly, for it was perfectly clear that a single person couldn't be an executive at night. The man in front of them must have heard the words

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probably without understanding them. Instead of an answer, a slight grind was heard, which indicated a cautious retreat.

The Provençale called out some reassuring sentences and now the answer came back. The man from the dark asked who he was facing. The answer he was given seemed to satisfy him, for branches were cracking again, and then a medium-sized man suddenly stepped out of the bushes in front of them.

He had shouldered a sack over his back.

Both French spoke hastily in their dialect. Then the Carcassonner turned to the two officers and explained that the man was provisioning a group of refugees. He also knows the name Belisse; the man should still be in this area. It could be that he could connect until the following evening! "

"Excellent!" Exclaimed Gutmann. "Maintenant - one more day!"

"This period will pass quickly," Reimer said cheerfully.

The Carcassner changed other sentences with his compatriot. Again he turned to his companions: "The man suggests we accompany him. He would be willing to take us to a small, little-known cave, where we could spend the rest of the night and the day ahead. In the evening he wanted to come to us and bring us a message. I think this proposal is very much

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happy!"

"I Agree!"

The indicated cave was not far away. It seemed to be in the direction the man would have taken anyway, since he was so willing to lead despite his packing. He had declined an offer from Carcassonniers to help him carry it.

The Fihrer warned of the new destination: "Attention, messsieurs - first shine for snakes before you lay down!" With the renewed assurance that he would come the next evening, he said goodbye. A quick rustle and the night had swallowed the man again.

The men's new home was an excellent hiding place. As they spread out their blankets, the man from Linz quipped: »We are well on the way to becoming cave dwellers. If this continues, we will experience a regression to Neanderthals or even to Lurchen ... «

The Provençale, however, acted as if he hadn't heard anything and said suddenly: “We were extremely lucky. The man is from Bouan, so up close from here and seems to play an important mediating role or to be a connecting link. Something like your peasant Dubois at Ignaux. If we ever have a chance to find Belisse, it's this! «

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## THE KNOWLEDGE

What you don't feel is miles  
away,  
Whatever you cannot grasp,  
you are completely lacking;  
What you do not count, you  
believe, is not true;  
What you don't weigh has nothing for you  
Weight;  
What you don't coin, you think,  
doesn't apply.

Goethe

The next day was rainy. Clouds of cloud sometimes obscured the mountain heads and unfriendly clouded the landscape. The cold, humid air dragged itself into the small cave and shivered the three men.

It cleared up towards evening. The leaves of the trees and bushes hung down with drops. The forest smelled and the earth steamed. Forest birds woke up and started the change from day to another night with enticing singing voices. The

darkening sky gradually dotted itself with matt shimmering stars.

The patience of the waiting was put to the test. They were silent so as not to miss any noises.

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Once there was a rustle. Any animal. A owl called later. The short interruptions of the continuing forest

silent kept the tension of the men alive. The get-together and that between the

German and French dependency relationships gave each other a reassuring feeling of increased security. The two officers still did not know the name of the man from Carcassonne, and that of his companions. And they didn't even feel the weirdness of this condition.

The hands on the wristwatches moved steadily. The moon's silver ball hung high on the night zenith. The contours of bizarre tree branches stood out like sharp silhouettes from the lighted velvet of the wide sky.

There - a slight creak! - Silence. - Then again - a crack. A rustle!

The three men reached for their pistols. With short grips they had agreed that they had heard the sounds. Another branch twisted somewhere in front of them in the dark.

The men's senses were tense. There was no longer any doubt that something living was getting closer. According to the fine sound signals, the distance to the cave didn't have to be more than a dozen steps. At that moment of mutual appraisal there was a soft call: "Etes-vous ici - are you here?"

The Carcasson called out, "Who is in front of us?"

"The man with the sack the night before," it came

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promptly as an  
answer. "Bien -  
come here!"

Now the forest floor rustled and two figures emerged from the darkness. They came quickly and stopped two steps in front of the cave entrance. One was a tall and strong man, the other smaller. The latter was evidently the leader from the previous evening. He said: "Come out!"

Without hesitation, the three parties called outside. Gutmann asked without introduction: "What about Belisse?" The tall, broad-shouldered man stepped in front of the little ones.

"I am him!"

A few seconds of silence. The two Germans were surprised, those who arrived patiently. Gutmann tried carefully to check the accuracy of the man's statement. He had quickly got himself together. "Is the name Belisse branched out here?"

"No," said the respondent curtly. "Are you expecting messengers, monsieur?"

"Depending." The tone was mocking. "Perhaps you tell me first, messieurs, where you are from and what you want from me!"

Gutmann tried to appear calm. "We come from the Arctic and should fetch you!"

"Parbleu!" The big man came all the way to Gutmann. "What did you say now?"

"We come from the far north!"

"Impossible - not possible!"

The Carcasson was surprised a step at first

resigned, now he chuckled softly and leveled himself: "I didn't know that myself, but I think it could be possible. Les deux allemands came to the Montségur at a time when a mysterious plane made a few laps and then disappeared again. «

"Well - I said I was Belisse. Who are you?"

Gutmann introduced himself and Reimer.  
»Here - our guide from Carcassonne -«

"Pierre Frêne," he suddenly added readily.  
"Frêne?" Belisse looked at the man more  
closely. "Their

I heard names already! "" Why  
not? - They're looking for me!  
"" Pourquoi? - why?"

Frêne briefly asked: "Why are you in the  
woods?" Belisse said nothing more. He waited  
until Gutmann continued his explanations.  
Encouragingly, he remarked: "Speak German! I  
speak the language well. My companion won't  
understand any of it, and he's reliable too. "

The Carcasson politely remembered: "Should I  
withdraw a little?"

Both officers exchanged glances. "Stay," replied  
Gutmann. In a few sentences he then directed his  
assignment to Belisse. Unbelievable amazement  
painted on the face of the wanted. In a few  
sentences he indicated that he knew the polar  
tradition, but he knew despite its far-reaching  
ones

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Connections not that he himself was given a  
meaning, as expressed by sending messengers  
from a northern, militant base. The hasty and yet  
in-depth conversation revealed a largely  
coherent knowledge of the interrelationships  
between the scenery and the moving forces.

Belisse completely lost his reluctance. The last  
message he was given to continue his work in the  
secluded seclusion of a well-protected base  
meant opportunities that were not available to  
him at the moment. Still, he couldn't make up his  
mind without thinking.

The other three men looked expectantly  
around the two speakers. The other two French  
realized that this nightly meeting was of  
particular importance and remained motionless.

Concluding the long conversation, Belisse said:  
»Time is advancing, messieurs! I suggest you stay



in or cave and I'll come back to you at dawn. We then have a full day to discuss things in depth. Do you agree, messieurs? ”

"Your suggestion is even excellent," Gutmann confirmed.

"I'm glad you accepted. So let's stick with it, I'll be back in a few hours. Until then - au revoir!"  
"He held out his rights to the three men

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approached and squeezed her hands vigorously. A few seconds later, his tall, strong figure had disappeared behind the leader in the night black of the forest. Only a soft sound of moving undergrowth accompanied the night walkers diving away.

Now the Carcassner came up to his German comrades again. »Thank you for your trust, mes camarades! Our previous discussions have already revealed many surprising points of contact, we are very close. You can count on me as long as you need me! «

"I am extremely astonished," said Reimer, "that you are not particularly surprised, since you are not one of the people around Belisse!"

"If not exactly that, but I am very familiar with all things in my closer home. This also includes knowledge of certain circles ... «

"All of this has already been determined anyway!" Gutmann interrupted impatiently. "No offense, but it would be better not to turn night into day now." And he jokingly commanded: "March into the cave and take a hat full of sleep!"

Reimer and Frêne were not reluctant to do so. So all three men stumbled back into the cave and rolled under the covers. For reasons of caution, they did not do without a guard; besides, one always had to wait for Belisse at dawn as agreed.

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It was Gutmann who was the first to lean against the entrance and stare at the flickering stars. The surprise of the previous encounter had excited him more than he wanted to admit. So he was grateful even for an hour of reflection.

It was already bright day when a nearby call announced the coming of the expected. The foliage rustled again and the tall figure of the night wanderer emerged from the undergrowth. The man crossed the small and gentle slope. The shadow of large, overhanging branches of old giant trees did not prevent the viewer from recognizing Belisse as it approached.

The Goths might have looked like him in this country one day. A fine, aristocratic head sat on his massive body; Steel-blue eyes flashed out from under bushy brows, the nose resembled a sharp beak, and the protruding and prominent chin showed a lot of energy. His ice-gray hair was the only visible sign that his old age revealed. However, his springy steps were those of a youth.

When the three men met him, he paused to examine them too.

»Bon jour, messieurs! I hope you spent the second half of the night well? »There was a big laugh on his face that gave a strange contrast to his otherwise stern features. Informal and informal, he entered the small cave and settled on a small boulder. Stretching his legs away and then turning again, he pretended to act as if

he would have been a member of the small community for a long time.

Reimer put together a small breakfast from the scarce provisions, in which Belisse hunger-hungry took part. He asked the two Germans a series of general questions, the answers of which filled him with visible satisfaction. In less than an hour the connection between the men was completely established. The mood of fate had made them all hunted and forced them to the close community that always grows in times of need.

Belisse was amused when he heard the story about finding him. He found the behavior of the Carcasson quite logical, but interjected that under the given circumstances, without sufficient provisions and permanent lights, hiding in the deep giant caves would not be advisable. He would have preferred to do what you would hardly expect in this area; he stayed in the great outdoors. He told those who listened to him attentively that he had been leaving his home since the days after the German surrender, because his personal security no longer allowed him to remain. He had been subjected to harassment months earlier. It was enough, he reported, to know that he was one of the district's men who stuck to traditions and had a different perspective and thinking than was currently desired. There is only an absolutism of the now prevailing opinions. Around

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he had to abandon everything in the face of an impending arrest and thus an uncertain fate.

Gutmann wanted to know what was wrong with him in particular.

"The acquaintance with a German, who was doing zealous research some time ago and had a lot of knowledge," Belisse replied.

"And that is enough?"

Belisse smiled enigmatically. 'It is not that alone. It is only a tangible occasion! «

Frêne made a disdainful gesture. »Clear events? - Pah, - before I made my way here, hundreds were arrested in our area without special cause and some were killed. Politics is often just the coat for crime! «

"I have directed many friends across the Pyrenees," the giant continued in his story. "I stayed behind because I still had tasks to do."

"Hopefully most of them will be fulfilled?" Gutmann asked eagerly.

"In no way," said the respondent. "Above all, I'm waiting for the signs!"

"And which are these?" "The Manisolas!"

There was silence for a moment. Then Frêne whispered: "The mani is coming because time is passing!"

"That's the way it is! We have to contribute to this, «confirmed

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Belisse. Reimer jumped up from his seat. He doesn't try to hide his partial ignorance, his curiosity prevails. "And what is - the Manisola?"

Belisse stared at him, then his eyes slowly wandered to Gutmann. When the latter remained silent and thoughtfully drew figures onto the floor with a wooden chip, the giant said: »The manisolas are energetic circles of light in the first-stage process, which are emanated from the mani, the stone <, through circle communications. The second structural form of this biomachina is the process of gradual hardening to a crystalline, metallic form with a high zirconium content. As a biomachina, she is feminine, that is, material, think of the Great Mother !, with an indifferent male-energetic element. The elimination of the male element begins in the third stage of the process. The zvirgo gives rise to the central phallus, the archetypal dwarf, in the highest possible effect formation!

This is followed by the fourth structure of the total equilibrium of the generating forces, that is, a hermaphroditic state. The highlight, as an archetype monad!

After this structural culmination point has been exceeded, regeneration begins. Bioenergy corresponds to a state of pregnancy. The sixth process is the splintering, as a result of which the used male torso, which is hidden in the bosom of

the feminine element, falls off and retains the material, female lap shape

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a maturing, embryonic nucleus. «

Here Linz interrupted: "Monsieur Belisse, you are talking about something alive here!"

»I'm talking about a biomachina! - Rethink the word and you have the answer yourself! - But further: the regenerated part is rejected by the remaining mother core as a new energetic light circle, which corresponds to a birth process. This new circle also enters into the same seven developments, while the repelling mother element clumps into a ball that subsequently detonates. The remaining metallic residues then contain copper particles. The optical impressions of these Manisolas described so far by eyewitnesses are essentially fairly uniform. During the day they show a golden or silver, very bright, shiny shine, sometimes also pink smoke traces, which then often dissolve in gray-white contrails. At night, the panes glow partly glowing, partly in glowing shades, occasionally there are long flames and red and blue sparks on the edge, which can intensify into whole fire tones. The ability to react to pursuers is remarkable, which corresponds to a thinking living being and far exceeds any possible electronic self-control and radio-technical remote control. «

Since Belisse stopped speaking, the Linz native turned to Gutmann: "So that would be the light disk that gave us the Eskimo magic at the pole ?!"

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"Certainly," Gutmann said. »As you can see now, the described and the seen effects are completely the same!«

Now it was Belisse again, who in turn was curious about the arctic event. Gutmann

therefore gave him a detailed account of the experience.

The giant listened with great interest. When Gutmann had ended, Belisse said: »My knowledge and thinking confirmed very quickly! - I firmly believe that in the next few years the Manisolas will occupy the minds of the whole world. The disks will appear everywhere, but very few will know what to do with them. Perhaps that an HG Wells psychosis of the struggle of the worlds will first arise. There will also be a lot of confusion in the distinction between the biomachina and the constructed discs, especially if the latter create similar optical effects. «

"And what could be the driving force?" Asked Reimer, still curious.

"Très simple," Belisse replied lightly, "it is the ether bound Azoth, the Vril of the ancient Atlanteans, which has the property of a gas, lighter than air. The ether gives it a repulsive effect which, with sufficient strength, gives it a fast forward drive, be it rotating or depending on the distribution of the force components in any path. «

"Still, is it a metaphysical problem?"

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»Certainement - absolutely! - There was also a mystery of the Cathar Manisolas here in Sabarthès. The torturers of the Inquisition were unable to wrest the knowledge of the highest minne from the Cathars. The secret died for the world at that time with the last Albigensians in the Ormolac caves. «

"And what is the connection to the Grail?" Reimer's head went forward with extreme tension, while Frêne showed no particular surprise.

"A direct one," Gutmann said, explaining. "According to tradition, the mani itself was an emerald, in which the Cathars also saw the

paraclete, a kind of paredra of God, a female principle, the mother of the Logos."

"The great mother of the Eskimo and the other primitive peoples," added Reimer, grasping the primeval reason.

Gutmann continued: »The Grail of All Myths, the Romanesque Mani, was therefore a material object that not only symbolized the physical, physiological and spiritual potencies, but also had to be there due to its special composition. The discs of the mani were in the Provence and Languedoc signatures of the Supreme Minne. In the service of this minne, the minstrels and troubadours, the trobadores - the seekers - sang and wrote , and thousands died at the stake of the Inquisition. «

"The Pope and Archbishop of Cîteaux then had two hundred thousand lansquenets and twenty thousand knights against our thriving and happy one

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Land raised, "Frêne suddenly said bitterly. »In my home town, in Carcassonne, four hundred people, old and sick, were burned down. In neighboring Béziers, a desperate crowd huddled in front of the winners. When a knight asked the arch abbot how it should be possible to separate the believers from the heretics, he scornfully said that they should only be killed, God would find out his own! "

"It is the dualism of all things, the bipolarity of all being," Belisse said. »Where there is love one finds hatred, and where there is goodness one does not have to look too far away for badness. In addition to the pure ministry, the blood of the slaughtered smoked. "Belisse suddenly raised his voice, almost carelessly loudly, and continued to say:" After Saladin's death, this innocent third wanted to promote Richard the Lionheart for a new crusade through his envoy Foulques ... "

"These crusades have all consumed the biological strength of Eurofis and have

continually weakened the dam against the eastern tide," Reimer said bitterly.

"When Lionheart declined, Foulques became abusive and ordered the king to marry his three daughters as soon as possible if he wanted to avoid mischief. The king scolded him a liar because he had no daughters. However, she named Foulques with the names: hardship, greed and fornication. Lionheart grew angry and promptly responded: Well, then I give the Knights Templar the hope, the Cistercians the possessions

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seeks and the prelates the pleasure life! The Pope then excommunicated the British king. "

There was another short silence. Belisse had become aroused by something that was otherwise inappropriate for his deliberate behavior. Frêne, on the other hand, said: "The old Marches report that the last Albigenses disappeared into the caves of the Ariègebirge."

"They disappeared to continue living in the myth." Gutmann stubbornly held out his chin. »Whatever the tales tell and whatever people believe, the Albigenses are now wherever they are beyond persecution and have taken with them the purity of their will into the spheres of eternity. This victory is also the triumph over the dirty hatred of the spider with the fish sign. «

"Take us from where He took us!" - With this saying of the Troubadours Peire Cardinal at the time, the Albigenses or the Cathar Goths, as we also call them, demonstrated their Nordic pride and their faith, «added Belisse. "There are still enough cagots in the Pyrenees and they're all proud people. Silent and introverted. From time to time they pay homage to old customs and no one knows how to interpret who is accidentally added. Every curiosity bounces off the tough silence of the interviewees. «

"It's not for nothing that people say that Germanic is heretical," Reimer said.

Frêne added: "This may also be due to the fact that we have old Bavarian farmhouses here



have the swastika on their door jambs as a religious symbol of protection. There are still many traces of ancient traditions. The old Celtic-Iberian Dispater is the Dyaus Pitar named in the old Sanskrit, which the Greeks called Zeus Pater. In the Latin, however, he was named Jupiter. This ancient dispatcher is none other than the Ahriman from the tradition of the archaic Aryans. «

"You could learn to love this wild country very much here," Reimer said thoughtfully. »It is a hard country and can give away the impulses of the north.«

"That's why I'm staying here," Belisse said firmly. "My order is to take you with me,"

Gutmann repeated his initial introduction. «

"And my order is: stay here!" Belisse looked at Gutmann fully.

"What if I force you to come?"

Belisse frowned. "Godfather," he said dismissively. "That's not that easy. Do you have an order like that? "

»The order is to locate you and take you to our base!«

"It's still not violence," laughed Belisse, clearly amused. Then getting serious again, he continued: "And what else do you have to do here?"

Gutmann sighed. "This order is difficult and impossible enough. It is enough for us. Another order

that would be too much ... «

"Don't take it tragically," said the giant. "It's a superstition that makes me stay."

"And that is -?"

Belisse hesitated. Then he slowly murmured, "It's my name."

"I don't understand that," said Gutmann frankly and promptly at the same time.

The giant folded his hands over his legs and leaned forward towards the trunk. »The god of light Apollo, the Beel - Belenus, is the ancient Celtic Belis.«

"Belis - Belisse!" Shouted Gutmann in surprise.

"Just a coincidence," said the giant. "Still, I get connected to it. A very unfortunate coincidence that binds me here now. There are rumors about a lot in Sabarthè and it could be that I die somewhere abroad. Then I unintentionally take the power of a name from this landscape and that shouldn't be. As long as one speaks of the Countess Esclarmonde of Montsegùr and the old traditions of the Cathar goths, the Atlantic-Nordic impregnation is also preserved. These traditions form a chain that stretches back up to twenty thousand years. If this stone wilderness could speak here, it would be able to fill one of the most exciting books on earth. I am so deeply connected to this mountain world that nothing can get me out of here. Whatever could come. «

"I can understand that very well," said Reimer.

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»My heart and senses also depend on my home. Still, I'm going everywhere now because I can't go back! "The man's lips tightened. "One time. I know it!"

Belisse stared across the high tree tops. "You will see the home, but the home will not see you ..."

"How is that meant?" There was great astonishment and lack of understanding on Reimer's face. The other men also looked at the giant. Belisse, however, remained silent. Frêne got up and stretched her legs. He had been sitting badly and had a slight cramp. He said grumpily into the silence of the men: "It's thick air here, mes amis! - One should soon agree on what

should happen next. Truly there is no time and no reason to admire the ancient rock paintings in the many caves. We should try to get out of here as soon as possible. ”

"Speaking very reasonably," agreed Reimer.

"Where do you want to go first from here?"

Asked

Belisse, giving up his senses.

"Somewhere across the border." Gutmann pointed south.

"That is too imprecise. You must have a temporary destination, don't you? ”

"Certainly. Our main station is called Toledo! «

»A nice piece of path. It is not easy to travel to Spain at the moment. The Civil Guard is keenly behind the

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Foreigners who sneak around in the country. But after all, when you're on the train, it's not too bad. «

"We want to look at the cards," Frêne suggested.

"Not necessary for now," Belisse cut off. "I'll take you across the border myself, and you'll have no trouble. Rest well now, messieurs, with the setting sun we can

set out!"

A large bird flew past the cave entrance and cast a scurrying shadow on the small floor area. Somewhere an animal rustled in the undergrowth. In the greenish pale of the horizon, the sun hung like a golden ball and shimmered through the elevated trees of the mighty trees. Through the velvet blue of the sky dome, dark purple clouds with orange-sparkling edges sailed in the slow steady train. Scattered rays of the outgoing sun flashed like golden arrows over the colorful firmament. Everything breathed the magic of creation.

The man who had accompanied Belisse had left on a mission around lunchtime. So the giant and

the Carcassonner sat together with the two Germans and ate their supper together. Despite limited supplies, Gutmann had distributed enough rations. According to Belisse, they had a rather exhausting march ahead of them.

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... from here something is missing ...

"No," Gutmann said briefly. "His satchel is still here."

The Carcassner came back after about ten minutes. 'If we take Belisse, there's a little cave not far from here! - We could bury him there...' "Then go!" Said Gutmann firmly. When the three men stood around the dead, their faces were stony. The muscles of his cheek were tense as they lifted the body and followed the direction the Carcassonner was pointing. They stumbled across a stone-strewn narrowness. Drought branches cracked under their steps. The low-flying clouds of a stormy sky and the whistle of the gusts of wind seemed like a prelude to the last judgment. Heavy drops were already clapping. "Quickly!" Gutmann pressed out between his teeth. Reimer left the group and hurried back to catch up on the luggage. Gutmann and Frêne hurried on with the dead man and reached the destination. As soon as they were in the cave the carcassonner had found, the storm broke out. A flash of white light illuminated the rock cavern and blinded the men.

The Linz emerged panting from the rushing rain and loaded his luggage onto the dry rock floor. A thin layer of humus soaked up the water. The locks of hair stuck to his forehead and his shoulders wetly

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were jet black from the wet. Nevertheless, he had got off lightly, because after entering the cave the rain condensed into a roaring water curtain. The bottleneck was, as far as can be recognized at all, a wild Gießbach. In between, lightning struck in rapid succession and the rolling of thunder made the earth shake. With an almost dramatic furioso, the nature of the Pyrenees greeted its crashed giant, who had returned to his home bosom.

The storm was over after almost an hour. With the last fading rumble, the men got up to do their sad work. They took their luggage outside again, then started collecting stones. Frêne rested his compatriot's body in a semi-upright position so that his closed eyes were facing the north.

Over a short period of time, the men could begin to pile up the stones collected in front of the cave entrance. This work took more time than they previously estimated. When they were done, her eyes showed the image of a natural-looking scree slide. Belisse had found a worthy grave.

At noon the sky cleared up a bit. The three men were on their way south again. This time it was Frêne who led.

Without the knowledgeable Belisse they had now doubled

Attention needed. The need distracted her somewhat from her anxiety. She was a few kilometers away from the giant's cave tomb, which would always be remembered like a figure from times gone by. The last clues, which Belisse had laboriously interpreted in the morning, made the route much easier with the help of the map. In contrast, they lacked knowledge of the critical border crossing points.

Frêne had a rough idea of where they could hope for the best transition chances, according to the giant. This did not significantly reduce the dangers, but saved a lot of time and that was already a big win in every respect. The

restlessness drove the men to take only very short breaks to get over the Pyrenees as quickly as possible. Once on Spanish soil, everything else was relatively easy.

They pushed through at night. As with a scouting company, they observed all precautionary measures and safeguards. At dawn they looked for a place to rest in a thick wood.

While Reimer and the Carcassonner rolled up their blankets, Gutmann took the map again and determined the location reached. Then he pointed the way to Lérida and explained the next long-range destination to his companions. Among the instructions received was an address for the city mentioned, where Gutmann hoped to find further instructions. On

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the men waived a guard after they had camouflaged themselves well from the outside in the thicket. They were on foreign soil now, but no longer in enemy territory.

The sun of Spain, which rose behind the slopes of the Sierra, graciously stroked with its warming rays through the wood in which the three men slept lead heavy.

## SHADOW PLAY

The night fog always floods  
 wild,  
 Streaked with flashes of light Because '  
 on because ';  
 All of a sudden they flee  
 Silhouettes,  
 And the sun looks victorious  
 Source of light.

Friedrich Nietzsche

It was around noon when a train entered the Toledo Estación del Ferrocarril. Among the crowd that left the station were Gutmann, Reimer, and Frêne. They had shouldered their luggage and were pushing past peasants standing around, who mostly hindered the free movement with sacks and bags. They noted with satisfaction that despite their somewhat different appearances, they were not particularly noticeable here. Once out of the expanded border area, they no longer needed to exercise excessive caution. Apparent indifference and serenity were the best passports for the interior of the country. The trip to Toledo was under a good star.

The men stepped out onto the Paseo de la Rosa and turned to the nearby Alcantara Bridge , which spanned the Tagus. The river ran in a semicircle around the city,

whose old houses on the steeply rising plateau offered a romantic picture.

Past the Castillo de San Servando, the men walked over the bridge, passed the Gobierno Militar, behind whose walls the proud remains of the famous Alcázar rose. They were satisfied

with a quick glance and asked in the Plaza del Ayuntamiento for the address Gutmann had on them. A resident with a dark beret showed them the way very carefully.

The street scene that was on the way was very lively. Peasants drove their packed Mulas in front of them, Camión whipped around the street corners at a frightening pace, men sat eagerly chatting in front of a tavern, and the uniforms of the Spanish military dipped out of the crowd again and again. Every stranger had to recognize at first glance that General Franco, the head of state, had taken the world situation into account and had brought the Wehrmacht into good standing.

The three newcomers had long since got used to the throaty yet well-spoken pronunciation of Spanish. Frêne, as a southern French, spoke the language very well. Gutmann was also able to communicate to some extent. Reimer, who at first did not understand a word at all, was very eager and docile. Vino was the first word that the gourmet Linz promptly kept. Laughing, Frêne had warned him to do too much of a good thing. The cheap price of the excellent Spanish wine tempted slightly.

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The proverbial brittleness of the Spanish girls didn't seem to be a rule. Reimer, who nodded mischievously because of the exuberance of a young Spaniard, received a friendly smile that almost got him crazy. "My God," he whined as his comrades dragged him further away, "you no longer know how to behave towards a girl ..."

"Very modest and completely reserved," Gutmann declared hypocritically.

"Hm," said the man from Linz, looking at his companions at an angle.

According to the information previously obtained, the men turned into a side street of Calle del Pozo Amargo and stopped in front of an



old, unassuming house after a short effortless search. An old man was leaning against the entrance, his hands buried in his pockets and blinking in the sun. Gutmann turned to him and asked about Señor Bastia.

"Señor Bastia está en Hospital!" "In the hospital?"  
- Where? "Hospital de San Juan Bautista."

The three men looked at each other helplessly. The Carcassonner asked the old man: "Where's the hospital?"

"Next to the Paseo del Madrid," the latter said cheerfully. He raised his hand and pointed the way.

As casually, Gutmann said: "Do you know what's missing?"

"Quien sabé?" The man murmured. 'I think it was

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An accident. "With a jerk, he gave up his casual stance and shuffled inside the house. Apparently he was uncomfortable with unnecessary questions,

"A hospital is still better than a cemetery," Frêne said when he saw Gutmann's perplexed expression.

"That's right," said the latter, "but both are sometimes very close to one another!"

"Bien, that's right. Then it will probably be best if we immediately go to the hospital with the melodious name. At least all doubts and ambiguities will be resolved shortly! «

"We have no other choice anyway. So let's go! «

They suppressed haste and impatience and strolled in the direction they were directed. The typical Spanish street life delighted them and they could not resist buying some of the appetizing and cheap fruit on the way, which tasted great. For the two aviation officers, the whole thing was a long-awaited picture of deepest peace. The great excitement of world affairs was evident from the newspapers and everywhere they were followed by the eyes of

the locals, who were not used to any noticeable tourism, but their behavior never aroused suspicion and was not bothered by any authorities.

They crossed Calle San Juan Dios and came across the green area of the designated Paseo del Madrid. Immediately behind them they discovered a large old building that turned out to be the object they were looking for.

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This time the Carcasson took it upon himself to ask Bastia for the hospital porter. His French accent made him less noticeable.

“Señor Bastia? - No se - I don't know! - Ask in the office! «

Frêne waved his comrades aside and suggested that Reimer with the luggage should wait at the edge of the green area. It would look better than if three packed foreigners showed up in the house. It also made it easier to avoid unnecessary questions. Both officers immediately agreed to the proposal and Gutmann praised the Frenchman's prudence. While the Linz guarded the stored luggage somewhat away from the building, the companions passed the driveway and went to the office. An obese and elderly spiritual sister was on duty. "Bastia?" She repeated to the Carcasson's question. "Bastia - I think that's the man who was brought in here a few days ago. He was attacked, wasn't he? "

The two men looked at each other briefly. "I don't know," Frêne said slightly embarrassed. "Hopefully it's not bad with the patient?"

"Do you want to speak to the doctor, Senores?"

Frêne looked at Gutmann before continuing. »Hm - That should hardly change anything about the patient's condition. If it is not particularly bad, we would like to visit the man! «

"It's not a visiting time now, but I see you're a foreigner. I will be on duty with the doctor

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see if the patient can receive a visit! ”She nodded her words kindly and looked up a large book to find the patient's room and bed. Then she picked up the phone and asked the department responsible for information.

A voice rattled from the receiver's membrane from the other end of the wire. A short break. The interviewee visibly asked for information, and after a final conversation the nurse said: “You can speak to the patient for ten minutes. I'll take you to him myself! ”

The hospital was an old building and more like a monastery inside. The hurrying sisters in the corridors with their strange, starched headgear would have easily led to such an assumption had it not been for the pungent smell of disinfectant. They had to climb a flight of stairs and then walk down a long corridor before the chancellor's nurse stopped: "Just a moment, senores!"

She disappeared behind a door and left the visitors behind. After a few minutes, she came out accompanied by a doctor and referred this to the visitors. She left with a friendly greeting.

The doctor made a slight bow. His murmured name sounded indistinct, his eyes searching the ones in front of him. "You know Senor Bastia, Senores?"

"How you take it," replied Frêne lightly. "Such a

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Occasional acquaintance, so to speak. ”The Carcassonner showed his white teeth and shone with his southern French temperament. »Señor Bastia is a lovely person and I think he will not only remember me well, but will also show joy. We met in Geneva at the time. Do you know the city, doctor? Oh, it's wonderfully beautiful there. The climate, the landscape ... We spent good hours there together. I am heartbroken that Señor Bastia is in the hospital. Vraiment! - Of course he is in good hands with you, doctor! «

The doctor didn't answer right away. He seemed to think for a moment. "Where did you

find out that Senor Bastia is here?"

"Oh," replied Frêne, "imagine, Doctor, we arrive here in Toledo unsuspectingly, wanting to surprise Bastia, and an old man in front of the house told us about this bad news. Of course we came here immediately. Did he fall, was it a traffic accident, is it the appendix ...? "

"The sister told me that she had already told you that Senor Bastia had been robbed!"

"Oh laa!" Frêne rolled her eyes theatrically. "I thought that was a stupid joke ...!"

"There are no such jokes in any hospital!" The doctor criticized sternly.

"Perdone me, we didn't want to believe it. You have to understand, doctor ...! «

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"What's your name? - Do you both want to go to Bastia? "

The Carcasson gave his real name, as did Gutmann, whose name coincided with the Swiss passport. "We would like to audition together!" "Señor Bastia has suffered a serious head injury. I can only consider you with regard to his condition

approve a few minutes! «

»Of course, we thank you for your responsible attitude. You are considerate of both parts! «

The doctor was much more reserved than the Spaniards used to be. He waived the usual courtesy phrases and said only briefly in advance: "Entremos, Señores!"

Gutmann and Frêne quickly followed. They entered a larger room with two rows of beds. The doctor crossed the room and stopped at a small door that he opened. Only now did he let the visitors go ahead.

The second room was small. A single window gave light. There were two beds on the opposite longitudinal walls. Both were occupied. One of the patients had a large head bandage. Of course, this could only be Bastia.

The doctor stopped in the room. Gutmann went to the bed of the boyfriend and looked into dark eyes that stared at him. Frêne positioned himself slightly behind his companion to disrupt the doctor's field of vision. Gutmann was able to hold a finger briefly and unobtrusively

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to put your lips. Still, Bastia made no move to reveal that he understood.

The moment was a bit critical. Gutmann took the patient's limp right hand lying on the covers and squeezed them lightly. "I am heartbroken to find you sick here, dear friend?" He said in Spanish as best he could. The doctor would have understood French anyway and German was not advisable in order not to arouse suspicion. Nothing was known about the situation and the doctor's behavior was strange enough.

Bastia said nothing at first. Then he said in a clear, benevolent voice: "I am very happy about the unexpected visit?"

Both visitors breathed a sigh of relief. Still, the sentence was short and didn't mean too much. Bastia seemed to be a very cautious man who was quick to grasp. He had guessed the visitors' mute wish immediately, and yet, in his words, he had made no commitment.

Still, the greeting was a bit strange. The doctor came closer and stood at the head of the bed.

Gutmann put everything on one card in order to bring about quick communication. »Monsieur Küpper from Zurich sent me special greetings to you. You remember his nice villa by the lake, I think house number one hundred and three! ... «

Bastia moved her head slightly as a sign of affirmation and that he understood.

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"We called him Eos back then. You know ...!"

Eos was the key word that Küpper had given the officers as a slogan. Bastia immediately moved his hand and waved it slightly. "Oh, my friends, I know! - It's a shame you didn't come a few days earlier. Before I had my little accident. "At the word accident, he was light as a tame animal. His teeth had a yellow shimmer and the unshaven, bandage-free chin tightened slightly.

"We are very sorry," Frêne said sincerely. He felt that circumstances had prompted him to join the conversation as well. The doctor eyed like a policeman and gave the utmost caution.

"Are you going to stay in Toledo for a few days?" Asked Bastia.

"Yes," Gutmann replied. »We only arrived today!«

"You have to be patient for a few days before I am released from the hospital. I hope you have some time? "

"You underestimate the severity of your injury, Senor Bastia!" The doctor said. "You will have to stay with us for a while."

The patient was silent again.

"It's enough for today, Señores!" Said the doctor.

"Un momento!" Said Bastia. He turned his

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bandaged head with a slight twist towards the visitors. "I assume you have already been to my apartment, where my misfortune will be reported to you."

"Certainly, we were sent here from there?" Gutsman confirmed.

"Who told you about my misfortune?"

"Oh, there was an old heavenly eye at the gate."

"Hm - that was Alvaro! - Go again

back and tell him to give you the address of Señorita Juana. Juana will take care of your accommodation if you tell her that I have sent you to her. And if you want to visit me again tomorrow ... «

»That goes without saying. Gladly! "Gutmann and Frêne gently shook hands on the bed. "AU Revoir! ... "Bastia narrowed her eyes and then turned her head back. "Hasta luego, amigos!"

The doctor closed the line of outgoing people and quietly closed the door behind him. The men strode through the large room and the Spaniard stopped in the corridor. "You used the few minutes I was able to grant you well. The high house number and the joke name of the man from Zurich quickly refreshed Señor Bastia's memories «

Gutmann looked at the doctor sharply. His voice had a strange sound. Somehow there was hidden irony. The officer immediately parried: "What is strange about that?"

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A mandatory smile from the doctor looked like a grimace. 'I didn't mean to hurt you with my remark, Señores! As a foreigner, you undoubtedly have different feelings than we Spaniards. They were so sober and precise with their few sentences that only English or Germans are otherwise! «

"Mon dieu!" Frêne rumbled, "it was just missing to place ourselves in a foreign nation! Do we look so Germanic? «

In the tone of the voice, the question should bypass a fact and induce the respondent to give in. However, the psychological shot went wrong. The doctor said briefly: "But you look like it!"

»Parbleu! - I hear that for the first time! "Frêne was offended.

"You want to come back tomorrow?" Asked the doctor, now distracting.

"We would be very bound for permission to do so!"

»Pues, hasta mañana - So tomorrow! - Buenos días, señores! «

"Mil gracias, doctor!"

For a moment it seemed as if the doctor was about to say something else, but suddenly he turned sharply and went back to the hospital room they had previously left together.

Gutmann and the Carcasson looked at each other. "A strange guy," said the Frenchman.

"I think we were awkward

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dazed, "Gutmann replied. »But I saw no other way to find the necessary contact. Bastia had to be able to see clearly so that he could help us. "As he walked he said," Perhaps trained agents would have behaved differently. It is hell of a thing. And if you have the feeling that there is a catch with Bastia. "

"Maybe the Señorita Juana will give us some clarification," Frêne said.

"Maybe," said Gutmann in monosyllables.

They left the hospital and hurried to see Reimer. The Linz man stood in front of the luggage with his hands clasped back and looked bored in it. No foreign tourist could have looked more snobbish in this pose than Reimer. He was excellent at adapting to a situation. "Are you all right?" Asked the man from Linz.

Gutmann and Frêne picked up their bags and while the men turned back, the former informed his comrades of what had happened.

"The main thing is that Bastia help us!" Replied Reimer hopefully. He paid little attention to Gutmann's account of the doctor's strange behavior. »I'm terribly curious about the Spaniard!«

Arrived in front of Bastia's house, Frêne again went to visit the old Alvaro and after the

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Fras girls. After a few minutes he came out of the house with the old man, who showed them the direction of Calle de Capuchinos. After a fairly detailed explanation, the man shuffled back into the house.



"So go!" Said Frêne. »This Juana lives in a side street of the street mentioned above. We'll find her easily. "

Reimer grunted again: »If this continues, we will get to know all of Toledo today like our bag. Just walking around diligently ... «

It wasn't as bad as Linzers had feared. They had found the designated address in about ten minutes. They went a few steps further and gave advice. They decided that it would be best if Frêne, as an innocent Frenchman, went to Señorita first to probe.

It wasn't long before Frêne came out of the Home. His face was vague. Nevertheless, he showed happiness as he reported: "Messieurs, we are lucky despite all the difficulties! - The lady opened the door after I rang the bell. You, Comrade Reimer, will be very interested: the Señorita is a Spanish beauty! - And what is the main thing at the moment: it will help us in everything until Bastia will be able to do it herself! - She sent me down to get you. "

"All's well that ends well!" The Linz lecturer cheerfully. "Let's hope so!" Frêne stopped briefly in the hallway:

'Still - however we are received, I guess

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be careful! "

"Why?" Gutmann grabbed the companion by the arm. 'I don't really know - maybe it's just a stupid one

Feeling of me. - Oh, - let's go on! ... «

They went up a flight of stairs. Despite the fact that they were alien, they all had great expectations that they would find a place to rest for the coming days. The peaceful life in Toledo had made her feel soft and encouraged her desire for real relaxation. Still, without words, they felt together that letting go would mean the end of their journey. The Carcassner stopped in front of a dark high door, ringing again.

Despite the massive door, light steps were audible. Then it was opened.

»Oh - Señores! - Mucho gusto de conocer à Usted! - I am very happy... "In the door frame stood a slim and strikingly pretty Spaniard, who betrayed a great sophistication with her first words and gestures. The two Germans stared at her in surprise.

Just as the girlish young woman was standing in front of them, the officers had had a wonderful idea of the Spanish Carmen type. An ivory-colored complexion gave the cozy cut face a refined shade. Big dark eyes lit up literally and confused her. The mouth smiled and looked like an open dark red flower. There was a delicate, delicate scent of eau de cologne in the air.

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"Come in, Senores!"

The three men spoke a few polite phrases. With Reimer it was just a murmur. The ignorance of the language made him doubly embarrassed.

The Señorita went ahead and led her guests into a salon, where she offered them seats. 'Are you from Señor Bastia? - They are undoubtedly strange here. What can I do for you?"

Gutmann took over speaking. "If we could ask you for advice: where can we stay without special attention and cheaply?"

Juana let out a bubbling laugh. "You are certainly a guest of Señor Bastia by right. He rarely has visitors. But if he does, he'll try hard. "She eyed the three men with undisguised curiosity. "I don't know how far ..." She gave herself a little helplessly.

Gutmann immediately understood. »Unfortunately, Señor Bastia's condition did not allow us to be recommended in writing or in any other way. However, we can assume that it was already a matter of trust that he referred us to you. 'He had used the word' matter of trust 'on purpose. He didn't want to be any clearer.

"Of course I understand that. Don't resent my insecurity, Señores! "She pondered for a moment. Her eyes moved from one visitor to the other.

Then, hesitating, she said, "I have a guest room on the top floor of the house. But it only offers space for two! «

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The men had no answer.

'You mustn't misunderstand, Señores, I have room in the apartment here, but a Spaniard must be very careful about her reputation. It is stricter in our country than anywhere else in Europe! «

"Oh, it's probably the case where you keep decency," said Gutmann, reaffirming her apology. "We are very uncomfortable that you have a headache because of us!"

'It is not meant that way. Señor Bastia's guests are also my guests. If you don't mind - if need be, I could still sleep in the same room. But you may find it uncomfortable. Otherwise there would be a nice pension nearby... «

"If there was a possibility that we could stay together, we would prefer that!" Gutmann admitted frankly. »Of course we make no claims whatsoever. We're used to being humble! "She asked the guests to follow her up to the top floor. The men picked up their luggage and climbed it with her

Upstairs.

Once at the top, she unlocked a door. "Here, Senores!"

The men entered. The room was large and bright, two windows offered a nice view over the roofs of the surrounding houses. Two large beds were tempting the men who had suffered enough hardship lately. Easily in

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create a third sleeping space in this spacious room.

"I don't think we could find a better place to stay anywhere in Toledo than here!" Reimer

exclaimed enthusiastically. He really liked it here. "If you would allow it, Señorita, all three of us would have enough space!"

Juana nodded kindly. »Make yourself comfortable, Señores! - I'll send you a snack in an hour. By then you have made it up to yourself, I hope. «

When she was gone, Gutmann went to a window and again surveyed the section of Toledo with its scenic background. Frêne came up to him and asked after a while, "What now, monsieur?"

"Wait! - We'll probably see more clearly in a day or two."

"I didn't mean the question that way. I have accompanied you up to here and now you have found the connection you are looking for. You don't need me anymore. On the other hand, I have a lot to thank you for, because without provisions I would hardly have been able to get across the Pyrenees so easily. In general ... «

Gutmann interrupted: »We have to thank you, Frêne! - Together we made the dangerous part of our way easier. «

The Frenchman nodded slightly. »It was a nice camaraderie! It's good to have Germans as friends

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Has. You are reliable. I appreciate you very much, mes camarades! «

"It's mutual, comrade Frêne! - But why are you talking about these things now? Do you want to leave us? «

"Indeed! - You now get another target. On the other hand, I want to try to come to Portugal. Maybe Tangier ... «

"Don't you have a fixed end point?" "Actually - no, comrade Gutmann!"

"Then why do you want to think of a separation now? - We stayed together after crossing the border. And we're not all safe yet! «

The Carcasson raised his chin and said nothing. His eyes wandered into the distance; they seemed to be dreaming.

"What is your reason, Frêne?"

"Reason? - Truly, I have no reason! - But I said before: You have a new path here. New tasks after you have left France safely ... «

"We don't know anything yet. Maybe tomorrow we will be as aimless as you are today! - All of this is no reason to leave right now. Stay with us, Frêne! - Stay if you appreciate German camaraderie! We take you with us. You helped us a lot from the Montségur; They are part of the fact that we were able to find belisse. There are still a number of

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Things you don't need to talk about. If we find help and thus security again, then you should participate in it. We became comrades - didn't we ?! ”

»Certainement! - But I said ... ”His voice sounded stubborn.

Gutmann put his rights on the companion's shoulder. "I'm beginning to understand what you mean! - You don't want to get in our way. Isn't it so? ”

"I wanted to express that. So far I could be of help to you; now I would only mean ballast for you! «

"Nothing there!" Gutmann's tone was energetic. "They stay! - You can still separate from us at a later date if you see special opportunities for your progress. Right now we're all groping like a blind man game! «

The Carcasson raised one shoulder. It was a gesture of embarrassment. "What would your friends say if you brought a Frenchman ..."

'A Frenchman? - sky cross thunder weather, ass and twine! - How long have you had complexes because of our nationality? - Do you no longer know what brought us together and what connected us? "Gutmann got really angry:" These are silly things you are talking about. Watch out, Frêne: if Reimer and I bring a French comrade with us, our other comrades will be happy. Yes - look forward! -  
- Have not already Frenchmen with us in this war

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Germans fought for Europe? - You make me really angry! Be careful, Frêne: if we can get out of our adventure safely, this will only be possible with the help of a powerful organization. We're clear about that, aren't we ?! - I take it upon myself to bring you into a community of all those persecuted if you are willing to remain silent and to stay true to your principles. You are a patriot - like us; that's why we are all persecuted. You heard Belisse and me speak and showed no particular surprise. You confirmed that you know some things that are currently reserved for only a few. We do not need to legitimize ourselves. It was not necessary from the start. We understand together and

- therefore understand us too! - Is it true?"

"Yes!" Said Frêne firmly. His eyes had a warm glow when he looked at the German. "Yes it is. We understand each other! ... «

"Then - settled. You stay, Frêne! ”“  
If you want to - gladly! ”

»Come on, let's sit down! - I will tell you in a few words how we got to the Montségur ... «

For a long time both men sat together in a quiet conversation. The Carcassonner had always shown himself to be a master of domination, but the partial openings of Gutmann brought a look of great astonishment on his face. Now he found his guesswork and other clues known to him earlier

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confirmed: there was a hidden power. He didn't know their seat, but he suspected a number of them. He understood Gutmann's caution, which was also based on commitments. He was once a soldier himself ...

"Then everything is in butter now," said Reimer in his usual soldiery. "I firmly believe that we will all complement each other well in the coming time." With a slight sigh, he added: "May the Norns promise us good things! - At the moment everything is rose red; but who knows what lies ahead... «

"Fight!" Said Gutmann hard.

It was late the next morning when the men woke up. The first was Frêne, who kept a big fly on his nose after several whirring flights until he opened his eyes and let out a strong "merde".

His exclamation woke his roommates, who both blinked blankly before they found the reality of being awake.

"God gives his own!" Reimer said in a morning greeting. He laughed heartily at the sleepy expressions on his companions and lounged comfortably. »Thunder weather, such a fine bed! I feel like the Emperor of China ... «

"Pah," Frêne said. "I feel like God!"

"There is no more than God," said

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Gutmann dry. »I therefore feel modestly soldierly: very well!«

"So everyone is satisfied!" Said Reimer finally. »A very nice vacation in civilian life. The last few days have not been pleasant. And whatever comes next, no bird chirps us! «

The men jumped out of bed and put on their clothes. After being thoroughly refreshed after a cold morning wash, they now felt an appetite for breakfast. Reimer agreed to go on reconnaissance, as he put it mischievously. Going downstairs, he stopped on the first floor in front of the hostess' apartment door and lightly

pressed the bell. At the same moment, however, he heard a melodic laugh behind him. "Buenos días, Señor! - Cómo está usted - how are you? «

Juana Colón took the last flight of stairs and stood next to Reimer, taking keys from her purse. "Excuse me, Señor, if you had to wait a little. I had an urgent way for a few minutes! «

She unlocked the apartment door and asked Linz to come with her. "We just wanted to get in touch with you because we plan to go out," said Reimer, embarrassed. At the moment he wasn't even thinking about breakfast.

However, Juana knew only too well what she owed her guests. "You have to have breakfast with me first. they

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and your companions! "She paused for a moment. "You're going to visit Bastia again today, aren't you?"

"Yes, of course, Señorita!"

"If you like, you can take me with you! Maybe Bastia has any wishes ... «

"Oh, gladly, Señorita!"

"You have to get your companions now! But wait two more minutes; if you actually want to go out before noon, you have very little time in front of you. If you have errands, then I can send old Rosalia! «

"We just wanted to stroll," said Reimer. It's our first time in Toledo. «

"First time in Spain at all?"

"Yes, we said this yesterday."

"Oh, the men are always sober when it comes to business. You don't know what and how. It's the same with Bastia. You will know what business Bastia has ?! ... «

"Yes and no," Reimer evaded. Juana had come very close to him. Her glittering look confused him. "I don't quite understand that. But if you need my help here in Toledo ... "She took a step



forward and suddenly gave an exclamation. "My foot!" She complained.

Reimer had taken her arm immediately and asked anxiously: "What happened, Señorita?"

She made a slight face. 'Oh, I have my foot

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represented. It's not bad, just a little painful! "She tried to limp, leaning slightly against Reimer. "It will be all right again, Señor!"

Reimer felt the warmth of her body pass over her like a tingling current and the fine scent of her hair made him breathe hard. Juana Colón may have noticed his beginning excitement, because she looked at him inquiringly from the corner of her eye, as if something was waiting for her.

Contrary to his intention, obeying more of an impulse, the Linzer Juana pressed closer to himself. She gave in for a moment, then released herself with her eyes downcast. "Oh, Señor!" She whispered.

Reimer tried to apologize, but Juana smiled at him forgivingly. With a joke she outplayed him: "Oh - I thought the Alemanes were cold as the ice of their mountains!"

The change in her feelings and behavior made Reimer more insecure than before. Juana Colón seemed puzzling to him. Forcing a more indifferent expression on his face, he replied, "Don't we Northerners have hearts, Señorita? We also admire beautiful women. «

"Oh, admiration doesn't always have to be the language of the heart," said Juana lightly. »It is mostly desire that excites men!«

'You have a bad opinion, Señorita! Desire is based on animality and primitiveness. Do you think ... «

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She cut off Reimer's sentence. "Are you saying that you always let your heart speak?"

The Linz man showed his white teeth. »What does always mean? There is often a long way between admiration and love. «

"Naturalmente," she said in an exasperating tone. She looked at him obliquely.

"Señorita!"

"Well?" She came close to him again. Her painted mouth shone like a red hibiscus flower.

Reimer felt drawn to her under pressure. But before he could kiss her, she pulled out again. In a somewhat darkly modulated voice, she said: "You mustn't keep your companions waiting any longer. We can find time to chat later. Now you have to have breakfast with me first. Then we will not have lunch too late and go to visit Bastia. Bueno? «

"Yes," said Reimer. "And if you're angry, Señorita ..."

"Why, Senor? You might as well be angry. You are dangerous, Señor! ... «

"Oh no," the Linz parried. "I am only subject to veneration!"

"You speak like a caballero from my country. But go now, otherwise we'll miss the lunch hour!" With a graceful swing she turned and hurried to the kitchen. So there was nothing left for Linz to do but open the apartment door behind them with raised eyebrows

close and notify the comrades.

It was still early in the afternoon when the three men, led by Juana Colón, entered the Hospital de San Juan Bautista. The doorman took no notice of the visitors and let them pass without being asked.

In a short time they were standing in front of the hospital room, which formed the anteroom of Bastia's room. The three men had hoped to find another doctor on duty as a result of the usual schedule of duty in hospitals, but were disappointed. It was the same doctor who had

behaved rather oddly the day before. He was coming down from an upper floor as if he had known the presence of the visitors.

When he saw Juana Colón, he looked a little friendlier than the day before. "Are you coming to Señor Bastia?"

The new arrivals answered in the affirmative. Juana asked: "Hopefully the patient is well, doctor."

"You have to be satisfied," the doctor obviously avoided. »Complications are no longer to be feared ...«

"We brought fruit to the patient. You're giving permission, aren't you? "

»Fruit - of course! However, I must ask much so that not all three H<sup>e</sup> go with droughty. So many visitors - you understand ... «

"What should we do?" Juana Colon looked at her companions. "Are you coming, Senor Reimer?"

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"I'm going with you, Señorita!" Said Gutmann in between.

"Please," said the Spaniard. Turning to the doctor, she asked, "How long can we stay, doctor?"

"No more than ten minutes," said the man shortly. Gutmann eyed the doctor sharply, but the doctor looked at him

past him as if he didn't notice anything. When he opened the door to the hospital room and offered Juana first step, the doctor pushed between the two entering. For a moment it seemed to Gutmann that he had whispered a few words behind Juana. Reimer and Frene were left behind. When they entered the hospital room where Bastia was lying, the patient looked at his visitors with wide eyes. Despite the whiteness of the bandage, you could tell that his face was very pale. He raised his right hand slightly, which was on the ceiling.

Juana leaned over him and ran a gentle movement over his two hands, which twitched restlessly. "Poor you! - How do you feel?" She sat slowly and carefully on the edge of the bed, ignoring the doctor's disapproving looks. "Your friends are my guests and Señor Gutmann came in with me."

"I'm happy," Bastia said, turning his eyes to the visitor. "I am very sorry that the accident happened to me just at the time of the unexpected visit. But I don't think my friends are better accommodated and looked after anywhere else than at Juana." He

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looked at the Spaniard and tried to smile. "Are you going to be in Toledo for a few days? I hope to be able to leave the hospital soon."

"Don't get impatient!" Said the doctor, who had stood at the head of the bed as he had the day before. He stood there like a guard to protect prisoners.

Bastia looked at his visitor in response, ignoring the doctor's words. Gutmann found an answer difficult because it was largely dependent on Bastia herself. After a moment's thought, he said: "It will probably not be a matter of a few days. However, our travel program is limited in time and we would still like to go south!" At the last words he looked intently at Bastia.

Bastia slowly closed her eyes and opened them again. No one could have guessed whether this was a response to the message or a sign of light fatigue. Slowly he said: "If you come south, you can visit a business friend of mine. He is in Algeciras. Is that on your route?"

Gutmann nodded. "We even want to go there. It is an excellent coincidence that does not cause any inconveniences. When we come back tomorrow, let's talk about this right away."

Bastia was silent for a while. Suddenly he said: "Can I have a piece of paper and a pencil?"

The doctor started up. "I can't allow that, Señor Bastia. You're trying too hard! «

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"Oh no," replied Gutmann mildly. »Pencils are not trusses and a sheet of paper is not a lead plate. The pressure of a thumb and forefinger necessary to hold a pencil ... «

The doctor turned red. "I forbid your criticism, Señor!"

Gutmann passed the desired information to Bastia, while he replied: "Senor Doctor, I imagined Spanish courtesy differently!"

The doctor looked at his wristwatch with a demonstrative gesture. "You have two minutes left, Senor!"

Juana Colón had made no face to mediate in any form. When she saw that Bastia was trying to write a few words on the paper he was given, she pushed her flat handbag over as a writing pad. He thanked him softly and scribbled a few words in a somewhat bizarre script on the sheet, which he suddenly crumpled up and handed to Gutmann in Faust.

Gutmann quickly reached for it, also closed his fingers in a fist around the note and dipped his hand in his skirt pocket, not letting go of the paper. He was faster than the Spaniard, who also wanted to reach for it. She was openly offended by her dismissed willingness to help.

"Now stop!" The doctor trumped categorically. "Time has passed."

Juana took Bastia's hand and stroked it. "We'll be back tomorrow. Enjoy the fruit

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and don't think too much. Hasta luego! «

Gutmann looked at Bastia. »All the best, Señor! Until tomorrow."

"Si, mañana - tomorrow!" The patient closed his eyes again and slowly turned his head to the wall.

When Bastia's visitors stepped into the corridor, Gutmann and the doctor were close to each other. The Spaniard's eyes were menacing and cold. Gutmann showed only a hint of mocking smiles. That irritated the doctor. He was about to say something that should make his heart breath. But just at that moment the Spaniard stood between the two men. With a few calm words she distracted her, at the same time politely thanking the doctor for his efforts for the patient. She shook his hand, the men only bowed their heads as he turned to go.

While Juana Colón reported to Reimer and Frêne about Bastia's condition and walked down the stairs with the men at her side, Gutmann stayed a few steps behind and took the note out of his pocket to read. It said nothing more than a name and address in Cadiz. Certainly the next item in a network of shop stewards. Bastia saw herself unable to take action and now directed the group on. This was also the most important thing that Gutmann expected. In the south he had to find a message from Küpper more easily. He memorized the name and address well, then put the note back in his pocket. At the next best opportunity he wanted him

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destroy.

Frêne suddenly stopped in the courtyard. "Wait a minute for me. I should have something to ask at the institutional office. "Before his companions could ask a reason, the Carcasson hurried back to the main building.

"Shall we wait here right now?" Asked Juana.  
Reimer fought back. 'Better not, Señorita! -  
Hospital air

is not particularly inviting. Let's go out to the Paseo."

When the two men came out of the portal with the Spaniard, three civilians stood in front of it. A closed wagon stood a few steps to the side.

One of the civilians lifted his hat slightly. "Dispense me, Señores, may I ask for your ID!"

Gutmann and Reimer looked at each other. There was nothing to be done here. They had their passports with them, but a check would have to reveal the absence of the entry stamp.

When Juana started rummaging around in her purse, the speaker waved. "Only the seniors!"

Gutmann and the Linz man presented their passports. While the one leafed through it and looked at the entries, the other two men came very close. They had both hands in their skirt pockets, their hats pulled deep into their foreheads.

"Why are you stopping us?" Asked Gutmann.

"Policia!" Said the speaker shortly. "Control of foreigners."

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"And why do you know that we are foreigners?"

The man looked up, startled. "You can see that," he said then.

"Strange," criticized Gutmann. »Of all people in front of a hospital! It would be more logical in front of a train station. «

The man had finished the passport check and he stuck both documents to himself. "Señores, I'm sorry, but you have to come with me!"

One of the other men approached the speaker and whispered something to him.

"Alto ahí!" The latter stopped. "Where's the third man?" Oh - ' said Gutmann stretched.

"So are you already well informed?"

The Spaniard bit his lip. "They saw you three in here," he said. "What about him?"

"He left earlier," Reimer said. If they were unlucky, at least Frêne should get away, thought

Linz. He hoped silently that the Frenchman would not show up too soon.

"Imposiblemente -  
impossible!" "Why?"  
Reimer was offended.

"Then we would have seen him come out!"  
"Couldn't he have chosen another exit

biting irony added to the sentence.

The Spaniards tried to overlook the inner courtyard of the hospital, but showed only two spiritual sisters

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nobody. Only Reimer had the impression for a moment that he saw Frêne's face fleetingly behind a window, which immediately withdrew. If Linz wasn't wrong, the Frenchman seemed to be warned.

"Do you know anything, Senorita?" One of the Spaniards tried to question her.

Juana Colón just shrugged. Gutmann thought for a second that she wanted to say something, but when she felt her companions' eyes on her, she apparently gave up.

"Please, Senores!" The Spaniards were always polite. With a wave of the hand, they pointed to the car.

The two Germans turned to Juana to say goodbye. Reimer was a little pale, Gutmann said: "The whole thing is a matter of form, Señorita. Don't worry. We hope to be back soon."

The young woman smiled encouragingly. 'I'll try to find your friend in the city. Everything will be cleared up for sure. «

One of the civilians blew up the blow. The speaker sat in the middle of the back seats and had the supposed Swiss sit on either side. The other Spaniards took a seat in the front.

The driver stepped on the throttle and the car started. If, however, the detainees thought they would be taken to the police station by the shortest route, they would be surprised to find



themselves deceived. The car turned sharply to the left and through Calle de las

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carreteras he whizzed past the low rows of houses at a fairly rapid pace.

At the end of the street, the driver turned left into Paseo del Safont. The city soon came to an end and rows of fields and trees appeared on both sides of the road.

"Where is the journey going, Señores?" Gutmann asked, worried,

"We'll be there soon," the spokesman said. "Outside Toledo?"

"Not quite."

"Is the police in vineyards?" Reimer scoffed. The surprising turn of their fate had initially depressed him very much, but now energy and gallows humor had gained the upper hand again. The Spaniard just grinned. It was not known whether it was about the question itself or about the awkward way of expression in Spanish. Gutmann's thoughts worked feverishly. Something was wrong with the whole thing. The trip out of Toledo could never lead to an office. He turned to the speaker: "Señor, you have our passports! - May I also ask for your ID? «

The interviewee said nothing and looked rather listlessly out of the car window. Gutmann repeated his request a little more emphatically: "All over the world, police officers are obliged to show their IDs if requested, upon request!"

"Bueno!" Said the Spaniard curtly. "Sancho, show that

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Señores our ID! «

The man next to the driver turned and grimaced between ridicule and mockery. In his right hand he held a black gun. »Nuestro testimonio - our ID card!«

The German officers immediately understood that they were not under the control of the police. They had gotten into a clumsy trap that wasn't even entitled to humble originality. The story was undoubtedly related to the Bastia case.

"You could bite your butt," growled Reimer angrily. They had no weapons with them. They had kept the pistols in their luggage and besides, resistance would have been hopeless at the moment.

Gutmann's forehead was wrinkled, his mouth was narrow. He paid no attention to Reimer's outburst of emotion, but looked for connections. At the moment, however, he was resigned to doing nothing against the men. Through an involuntary movement, he almost revealed that there was a crumpled piece of paper in his pocket that no one was allowed to find.

A few Spanish country houses whizzed past. A team of oxen happened, now and then some people. Suddenly the car turned into a side path and stopped in front of a small, unassuming house that was half hidden behind bushes.

"We're getting out," said the spokesman.

"Gladly," grumbled the Linz man ironically and forced himself

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out of the car.

»Veo, que usted una persona razonable! "You are very sensible!" Returned the Spaniard.

Gutmann followed, meanwhile the men from the front seats were already outside. They kept their hands in their pockets and it was easy to see that they each had an index finger on a pistol trigger,

"Vamos!" The speaker signaled the officers to follow him.

The men strode through a small garden gate, took several twenty steps along a bumpy narrow path, and stopped in front of a simple wooden door. The spokesman for the Spaniards pounded three times at short intervals, while the other

two men stood behind the passengers to prevent them from escaping.

A voice was heard from inside the house. The Germans did not understand the words, but their leader answered briefly. The door opened and a man who squinted heavily stepped aside and released the entrance. His face was expressionless and showed no surprise.

When the door closed behind the entrants, it was quite dark. Gutmann used this moment in a flash to pull the note out of his skirt pocket with one hand, crumble it firmly again and put it in his mouth. He had made a small half-sided movement and staggered

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protected. His movement was therefore not particularly noticeable in the half-light.

He felt pushed forward and almost fell over an abrupt wooden staircase that led down. The Linz man in front of him had also found a reason for a half-loud curse.

"Atención!" Warned the Fihrer, belatedly late.

Now Gutmann began to choke. As he stumbled slowly down the stairs, sweat kicked his forehead. He would never have thought that swallowing a ball of paper could be so disgusting. He was certain that this paper would have brought him much difficulty and would have endangered the shop steward. The strange case of Bastia was the link to all combinations.

Another dark corridor that only had the lean light source from above. The previous Spaniard knocked on a door that looked only like a dark stain on the dark wall. A croak came as an answer.

Then a bright light suddenly came into the men's eyes. The door had been pushed open, revealing a large room that was well furnished beyond expectations. The first instant caught hold of high bookshelves that were balancing up to the ceiling, grafted with volumes, and in the

middle of the room a mighty desk with a strange figure behind it.

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One would have thought to see a model of Ahasvers. The man who faced the entrants was tall and lean, and from a face wrinkled with innumerable wrinkles, two dark eyes glowed like coal from deep caves. There was something ascetic about the whole head. Strongly pronounced lips were half covered by a gray beard, hair of the same color hung down almost to the side of the man's shoulder, a semicircular cap sat on the head. A fleshy and curved nose completed the picture of a pure Israelite.

The Spaniard who had taken the passports came up to the desk and put the documents on the plate. "Los papeles de los extranjeros!"

The old man took the passports and opened the one on top. Then Gutmann stepped forward; Reimer stayed next to him and watched.

'Un momento, Señor! - What do you have to do with our passports?

- You are not an authority. And in general ... «

"Lento - slow!" A thin, bony hand held silence. The man's gesture was so compelling and impressive that Gutmann broke the sentence. The old man went on: "You are understandably surprised, Señores. But in these times, the strangest things are closer to the ordinary than the strange. Do not protest and come to terms with the circumstances! People are interested in you and it can even be of great benefit to you! «

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"What is the old eagle owl chatting about?" Reimer asked his companion in a low voice. With

his lack of knowledge of Spanish, he had not clearly heard the last sentences.

The old man pursed his lips and pulled the corners of his mouth apart. A very strange kind of silent laugh. The mustache tips trembled slightly. Then he said suddenly: "We can speak German!"

Reimer was by no means embarrassed. He only liked it if the man in front of him knew what the mood of the involuntary guests was. "That makes it much easier to clear up this mysterious invitation," he said.

The old man nodded. The Adam's apple in its skinny throat hopped up and down. Then he hoarse: "Your passports, senors, are good. Another question is whether they are correct." He flipped through both documents. Then he narrowed his eyes briefly and asked: "What is a Mielchmauchterli?"

Gutmann and Reimer looked at each other. The old man before them was more than he seemed. While Gutmann's brow furrowed angrily, Reimer said at random: "A milk mug, Señor!"

"No, valued Confederates on paper. Not a mug, but a bucket!" He leaned back in his high-backed chair and let out a low giggle. With a lack of knowledge of the country, the best passports were worthless. But nobody could guess what was going on behind his forehead with his sunken temples.

Gutmann pushed forward: "Your exam, Honor, but it is completely inappropriate! Despite your introduction, it is up to us to ask questions. You mentioned earlier that people are very interested in us. Who is this 'one'? And why this violent type of so-called invitation? Wouldn't that have been easier in the form of an announcement and discussion in a public pub in the city?"

»I am Rabbi Eli and very rarely enter the city. And I very much doubt whether you would have accepted an invitation on a ticket. And as for your first question: you care - you sent it! So two parallel cases. So more is superfluous! «

"Is that so?" Gutmann's voice sounded stretched. "What do you think we are?"

"You are couriers of your organization!" The old man's head jerked forward like a bird of prey, his eyes turning to a basilisk. Gutmann's face remained motionless when he asked: "Would you like to continue with your measures and have us searched?"

'No, gentlemen. I don't think your organization is so stupid to assume that you will have messenger bags on you. Senior Bastia doesn't have an archive either. "A grumbling accompanied the last words.

"So everything is connected with Bastia?" Gutmann found his reasoning confirmed more quickly than expected. The old man waved to a Spaniard. "Move two chairs for the senores up to my desk. Stay in the

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Sit in the corner so that I have it at your disposal. The rest of you can go upstairs for now! "The officers sat down at the rabbi's new sign.

"Our time is a little short," Gutmann tried to lure the old man out of the stubbornness. "Can't we get straight to the heart of the matter?"

Remain silent. The rabbi crawled and thought. The bluntness of the old man stunned the officers. The next words had to clarify and decide their fate.

The old man's eyelids, half pulled over his eyes, opened again and his eyes brushed the men in front of him. "The sand runs and measures the time until the man with the hip stops measuring. Still, time and sand are eternal. We are all dolls of a short life, but thoughts and events work in the room and remain. Those who profess power and serve power easily gain value in life! "His eyelids twitched as he broke off.

"What is power?" Replied Gutmann. »The greatest power is value. But in the reversal of values, power was reduced to the medium. Power now simply means domination. Control over everything and by all means. Every philosophical definition is now just an embarrassment. «

"That's why I said: whoever serves her wins!"

"And what is the right power to serve?"

"The strongest!"

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"That requires a cosmopolitan outlook."

"Why not?"

"And which is the strongest power?" The old man took a deep breath. "The power that extends from the Temple of Jerusalem until after midnight!"

"And what about the power that extends from midnight to Jerusalem?"

The old man ducked when he heard these words. Slowly he replied: "This power has a soul but no body."

"You don't know that," replied Gutmann. "And besides - a soul lives forever, a body dies."

"Today the blue flag with the map of midnight is waving in New York and the laurel of victory is around."

"Just as if the north had a flag with the moon in it," Reimer said violently.

"There is no so-called north," said the rabbi. "The North is the USA and the Soviets as rivals!"

"Then where would the soul of the north be?" Gutmann continued the thread of conversation.

»The Nordic soul is the new Ahasver. But the chosen people are returning to their old homeland! «

"What if the room is filled with the wandering soul of the north?"

"The ark magic will prevent that!" The old man stretched **up and his eyes widened**.

"Time has come to an end," returned Gutmann. "The

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Charging the ark as an accumulator of an astral force has lost its magical power with the advancement of the Tyr circle . It is still effective, but its end is in sight! «

"The end?" The rabbi bleated. »Who speaks of an end? Everything is just beginning! "His eyes pierced Gutmann. »You know a great deal, sir from Switzerland!«

"Why not?" Said Gutmann, apparently indifferently.

"I was not wrong," said the old man. "When I heard that three men were visiting Senor Bastia, I knew immediately that they had to be knowing. Where and who is the third man? "

"You'd better ask him yourself."

The rabbi ignored the irony. He never came back to his question because a forced answer seemed worthless to him. It could be true or not. Suddenly he asked: "Would you step into the service of victory?"

"Victory?" Asked Gutmann slowly. "We only have a mess in this world. No trace of victory. at most nihilism ... «

"It's just a failed experiment. The UN flag flies over all of this. Isn't it victory when the League of Nations is established and equality before Sinai becomes the law of the world? Equality in serving the building of the world? «

"We would serve an imagination if we were yours

Comply with the request. There are neither winners nor vanquished in chaos today. There are only superior and inferior ones. There are terms against each other, but only the bayonets have decided! «

"Do you prefer to see a sparkling bayonet tip in front of your eyes instead of having one yourself?"

»You speak very openly! So we ought to submit to apparent power? "



"Yes! - Because it is the real power! It is not apparent because it already rules the world! «

"The western world, you want to say, Rabbi! The East has become insubordinate to this concept. In addition: this world structure is a sober organizational construction for a higher end purpose. To stay with our previous statement in terms of expression: a body without a soul! A world can only get a new face and a new shape if it gets a new ethos. And this ethos can only come from midnight, as it has always been! «

"The world has the Christian ethos and the commandments of Moses." The rabbi's voice was dark. "We have thus made our contribution to shaping the world."

"It was a bad contribution for the peoples of the West," Reimer interrupted the old man, "because they have all more or less lost their popular consciousness and helped prepare the leveling chaos of the present time. And all because all values have been denied, the earth and life itself and people only

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long after the sky ladder. The West dies of it! «

The old man shook his head. He clung to the backs of his chair with his hands as he spoke. »This development was anticipated. This was the only way to take away the arrogance of the peoples and to make them willing to renounce the rights conferred on them by nature. «

"What rights do you mean?" Asked Gutmann.

"The haughty right to defy Yahweh's will!" "You want the power of the north for this reason tie?"

The old man raised both hands imploringly. His lower lip twitched before he found another way to go on. "You have to subject this power to humanity ..."

"Subdue?" Gutmann asked stretched.

Like a turtle, the rabbi's head twitched between his hunched shoulders. "We can also create the world together that Moses promised us. Nothing

would be more natural than that. For centuries, Central Europe has become the second home of the Jewish people and our clans still bear their German names in all parts of the world. Despite all the contradictions par excellence, there is a connection here. We are the antipodes between the peoples who face each other and who still need each other. When the heart of the West with the Holy Land of mankind becomes a big one

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Synthesis can be brought together, then the construction would stand forever! «

Gutmann looked very thoughtful. "That is a fallacy, Rabbi! Antipodes cannot fuse unless the laws of eipolarity and dualism are canceled. You are right about one thing: Aryans and Hebrews are antipodes and both are decisive factors. So the question is: not synthesis that would be impossible, but balance and delimitation. «

"We'd be the losers," the rabbi panted. "To everyone what comes to them," Gutmann replied.

»This would create a peaceful balance from opposing force fields and security for your people. That would be a task of human history, the Hebrews would no longer be a ferment of decomposition among the other peoples, as Mommsen put it, but a people who would find themselves new. «

The old man tried to sit up, but fell back into his seat excitedly. "You want to send my people back to the desert?"

»You should never turn history back. In any case, it repeats itself all too often. All peoples need peace and the harmony of coexistence. Therefore, no people should reach north if they do not come from the north themselves. Then everything can go the way of determination! «

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"The way to a destination is only through the human seat," the rabbi muttered slowly. "Where the ravens are guessers."

"Hugin and Munin," whispered Reimer. »Thought and commemoration! Now the ravens are at work to do what the eagles have failed to do. And the ravens murmur what they heard from the primeval. «

"We all have ears to hear!" The old man's voice rose again. "The murmur from the primeval will benefit us when the ravens fly."

Gutmann relieved Reimer of an answer. "They're already flying and murmuring. But you didn't hear the guessers. The runes murmur through the black messengers from the primal, the primal da. And it is the language of our bloodstream and therefore only audible to us! «

The rabbi closed his eyes briefly. "And what do you hear that I don't hear?"

»That a new time is rising! Just as the German-Dutch scholar Herman Wirth discovered the sacred original of mankind and thus closed the ring of a mighty retrospective, how Rudolf John Gorsleben unveiled the last secrets of the runes and the deepest meaning of all the symbols and traditions scattered around the world was revealed Aryan people will always find their way back to the roots of their existence and use them to determine and commit themselves to a future. And the ravens help! «

Now it seemed as if the old man was sleeping. Barely noticeable

the lips moved. After a short while he said: "You disappoint me very much, Señores. I was hoping to convince you of the reality. It would have been to your advantage. Unfortunately you know a lot! You are dangerous. "

"You have no reason to be disappointed. We saved you a cat-and-mouse game and got a clear front! It is wrong to assume more in us. We don't mean what you are looking for! «

"Then what did you want with Señor Bastia?"

»We can say this openly: take advantage of his support!«

The rabbi grimaced in disbelief. "I know Bastia has been waiting for a message for some time. A modest inquiry with him was unfortunately unsuccessful. He had a little accident..."

"Will that also be possible for us?" There was a fine irony in Gutmann's question.

"I don't think so," replied the old man frankly, since the sentence left every possibility open. "Do you want to answer a question for me?"

"It depends."

"Report your flying disks!" "Ahhh

-! What do you know about it?"

Little."

»Even a little is too much! I refuse to make any statement about this. I do not know anything ..."

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"Yes - you certainly know a lot!"

"We saw the luminous disks in the sky that are signs. If you mean this? ... «

»We all don't know anything about these flying disks! Nobody can say when we can unveil this secret. They can come from an esoteric center as well as they could be messengers from space. «

The Linz man could not master his amazement. "Messenger from outer space?"

The rabbi rocked his head. »There are still many puzzles. But the German flying disks are no mystery: they are only somewhere and few people saw them. This secret could easily be revealed. «

"Everything in good time," Gutmann interrupted. "It's the same with this thing as it is with the Manisolas!"

"The Manisolas?" The old man's eyes widened. "What you call Manisolas are Solomon's tables!"

"That is your interpretation. The Solomon table was among the Goths' treasure and later fell into the hands of the Moors. A while later, Beidhawi mentioned this sacred device in the commentary

to the Quran on the fifth sura as the motif of a table coming from heaven. That's all! «Gutmann concluded shortly.

"Aih, aih," Eli said, "that's not all! - The tables are there - not one, but many! They circle the earth and promise a new temple. «

'I repeat: you are wrong, Rabbi! The Manisolas - i

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do not speak of the flight gyros - manifest the white power. Their increasing number indicates the importance of the dawn of the Aquarian Age. They illuminate the world, they are the salvation of Helios, the Aryan Greek sun. The brightest, the whitest. May humanity make true peace. - When the blue flag, the color of the Nordic Atlantis, with the circumpolar symbol in white, in the color of the north and salvation, is placed in the hands of those who are called from the midnight circle, spell and terror will disappear. Not sooner, Rabbi! - Because the current bearers of our symbols reach north for the sake of power, but not to find reflection. And there is no responsibility without reflection. The tearing, the new birth, will bring a lot of torture to mankind because it denies the breeding and pays homosexuality. And all because the selectivity for a program from the home of the white primeval race was banished to the desert of Asia Minor. Whatever may happen, the signs in the sky are the beginning of an unstoppable development. Whether we want to serve or not, what is determined will happen. And to your other opinion, to the messengers from outer space, this can only attest to the connection with the cosmos. But we don't know anything about it. We can only speculate. It could be a third to two realities... «

The old man crawled as if freezing him. 'You know more than it is good to know! You know the power

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that still opposes us and you are from her. You spoke of the peace of mankind; only those who have power can bring peace. And didn't I say we were ready to synthesize and bring our peoples together? «

"Can you mix the Arctic Ocean with the sand of a desert?" Asked Reimer.

"Aih," said the rabbi, "that's it; the sea is stronger than the sand. But - Yahweh is even stronger! ""

The Linz man's eyes narrowed. "Yahweh is a god of revenge who can never promise peace. He is El Shaddai, the Sheitan; Satan, the shadow, the harm that wants to eat all the peoples because he is a jealous god. But God, the true God, cannot be jealous because he has no gods next to him.

- Only when El Shaddai is overthrown, like the golden calf once did ... «

"No, no!" Shrieked Eli. "It's enough! You blaspheme the God who has saved my people. And he will also bow your arrogance because you will knock out the hand that can lead you out of chaos! «

"You're wrong again, Rabbi!" Reimer continued: "You offer your hand because you want to secure power. But we, we take the hand that ensures peace. There is a difference. In addition to power, this also includes the goodwill of everyone who has found reflection. You don't have a god, but an idol! Who would bring perfection to a new ethos that humanity so desperately needs. You put the world on two

Pillars of cult to rule like a house. We do not build, but submit to the harmonious laws of the cosmos and are nevertheless masters. But what is called building par excellence is the act of calling.  
«

"We all think we are called!" The rabbi jerked his torso as if he were following the magical rhythm of a prayer against the wall of a house of prayer. The protruding veins of his bony hands

pulsed strongly. »We all have our own beliefs, which I confess, is hard to squeeze into ...«

“That would be even more waste. You shouldn't let this happen to people either. Because racial leveling is the forerunner of general leveling. But the leveling is the annihilation of the upper values and the lifting of the lower ones. This is the beginning of the descent of the human race. As I mentioned a while ago: annihilation of the upbringing, commitment to fornication, presumptuousness against the light-giving god, the enlightener! «

The old man was calm again, but his breath rattled. He was silent for a few minutes, his eyes half closed again. »Your German language has a saying: Everyone is a lucky smith. You have chosen a part that will cause you troubles and perhaps futile efforts. You have already felt a power here in Toledo against which you are powerless. I said before: you know a lot! I would have you

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want to win, but your knowledge makes you think better! I almost want to believe that you will be able to take the blue flag from our hands. And what you know may mean death. Because even the chaos eats the one who falls in his arm and is not on guard. «His hands reached for the passports in front of him !. “I want to let you go, but I have to be careful about my safety. When you came, I expected something else. My expectations turned out to be wrong. What should I do with you now, Servores? ”

"If you just want to let us go, it's all straightforward!" Said Reimer. "We'll say it was a pleasure, Señor!"

The rabbi smiled thinly. »I don't want to have any problems with the authorities. Because you didn't come to me quite voluntarily ... «

"We are not interested in an authority," Gutmann assured with a convincing tone.

'I want to believe you. But that's not a guarantee! «

»Whoever creates complications must be able to solve them!«

"When do you want to leave Toledo?" The rabbi's eyes were tense.

»As soon as possible. Maybe tomorrow, maybe in three days. We don't know exactly yet. »

The old man handed them the passports. "Here, take it!

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I think it would be in your best interest if you got married soon. comes from the country. You have no visas and in general: if you even conflict with the authorities on instigation. is always uncomfortable and can even cause unexpected difficulties. If you include intelligence and logic in prerequisites, then one could refrain from making more complicated conclusions ... «

"You can," Gutmann supported the old man's considerations.

"And you irrevocably refuse?" Asked Eli again.

"Irrevocable!"

"That's a shame." The old man shook his head regretfully. "There should be no hatred between us."

"There is no hatred between those who know our people. We all only obey the determination of our blood and are subject to a development that is causal. Everything resolves in the recognition of measure and reason. The chaos of the world means that all people have a way of purification. Your people, too, will have to look for new laws if they are not to stay apart. And where there are seekers there is no hatred. «

"Our laws have been around for millennia," said Eli. "You made my people tough and insurmountable."

'Didn't always make heavy sacrifices



have to? Your people will always have a sword tip on their necks as long as they act according to the old laws. Whoever climbs higher than he desires always falls deeply. «

The old man gave a chuckling laugh. "That's right. Hence the power of the northern region has collapsed. «

'You're wrong again! You only count on external success, which is changeable and transient. We already spoke about it earlier: You reach symbolically and actually for the north because you have not overcome its strength and want to ban it. You have won over a generation and will be threatened by the coming one again. Do you call the victory? The wheel of history rolls and brings ruin if it is driven by unreasonableness. «

The old man's narrow fingers gripped the backs of his chair tightly. The wood creaked. The face looked tired and the lips twitched slightly. »Go, servores, go! We cannot handle this. We don't decide anything. We all serve faith and confidence and cannot leave the destiny law. Here - take your passports, go and be silent! «

Gutmann reached for both documents and took them. »We will leave Toledo immediately and go to Barcelona. And we'll be silent - as long as we're in Spain! «

"This will be for your safety," said Eli dryly. "And one more thing: I'm asking you, Señores, yourself

to have my people drive back a bit back into town. The car will be ready in half an hour. "

"We are dependent on your offer," replied Gutmann.

"Muy bien - we get along splendidly!" Eli waved to the Spaniard sitting in the corner. 'Take the seniors up to the little drawing room, Pepe! You and the driver take the Señores back to the Paseo. In half an hour, because then it's dark enough outside. Meanwhile, the Señores are hosting a glass of wine in the salon! «

The Spaniard looked a little surprised. He hadn't understood the conversation in German, but the change in the situation seemed strange to him. A little more politely than he did some time ago, he asked the strangers: "Do you want to follow me, Señores!"

Gutmann and Reimer got up. The former said, "We disappointed you, Rabbi! But if you look closely, you made the mistake. Adios! «

Reimer also said hello. The old man looked after the others. When the door closed behind the men, he stared straight ahead at the desk top. Not audible to any stranger, he groaned: "Waih, my eyes! I see fog everywhere. And the future is dark like the long night of Babylon. The barbarians know a lot and do not all dance around the golden calla. Ayh, ayh. Who will be Lord of the Spirit? Ardonai or Lucibel? "He put both Anne on the table and hid his head between them. "I

M tired. Incredibly tired. It should be peace ... «

## THE TRIP

I'm driving across the sea ...  
 Guide me, minne.  
 I am a minne pilgrim, a pilgrim to her.  
 I only want to sing from her,  
 Until she hears me  
 Before I die ...

Jaufre Rudel (Troubadour)

The stairs in the dark crashed as the men came up, Pepe ahead. Gutmann and Reimer groped their hands forward, their eyes not getting used to the darkness of the basement so quickly. The Spaniard pushed open a door in the upper corridor and asked the strangers to come in after having turned on the lights.

The salon designated by Eli was a large room that, contrary to expectations, was furnished with exquisite taste. Old carved furniture, obviously valuable pictures in gold frames, heavy bordeaux-red curtains, antique vases and statuettes, everything testified to wealth and understanding of art. The two officers had no time to examine the pictures in more detail, but it would not have surprised them if a real Murillo or Velasquez had been among them. A room in old Spain.

A call from Pepes brought about the old house factotum,  
 the

had opened the front door when they came. »El maestro wishes to consider the two senors as his guests. Pour wine, Viejo! «

"A órdenes del maestro!" The servant took two artistically cut crystal glasses from a box and poured a heavy Xeres wine, as the label on the bottle indicated. He put the bottle and glasses on a tray and served the drink with the good manners of a noble servant.

Gutmann looked at his comrade. In German he said: "Careful, my dear! We have to get around drinking. You never know what the wine actually has. «

Although the Spaniard Pepe did not understand a word of German, he seemed to have grasped the meaning of the foreign words immediately. He had the servant bring a third glass and refill it. »If the Señores allow - á salud! - It's excellent and safe," he added suggestively.

The involuntary guests sipped cautiously. The sparkling wine was actually a refreshment and a pearl for connoisseurs of fine varieties. After lowering his glass, Pepe instructed the servant to get the driver ready. »Sebastiano should drive us downtown in half an hour!«

From outside the dark evening blinked through the windows. When Reimer let his eyes wander aimlessly, he thought he saw a face staring into the interior of the room. When he looked closer,

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the head disappeared as if a blur vanished. "I feel like I'm in Merlin's magic garden," said the Linz man to his companion. »There are hardly any boundaries between truth and dream. A kidnapping in broad daylight like a gangster from Chicago, being smuggled into a disguised alchemist's booth with a physical Ahasverus and now my overexcited nerves are already pretending to be faces and ghosts. «

"I don't think you can even stand the smell of wine," joked Gutmann. "When faces dance in front of you ..."

"Rubbish!" Growled Reimer. "Hey, Señor Pepe, - perdoneme, but I don't know your name in the

way that Caballeros does - was it your car that brought Senor Bastia to the hospital?"

"Leave these superfluous inquiries," Gutmann pointed out to his comrades. 'It's good that you used to speak German. At least that's not how the guy understood you. «

Pepe, had followed the words of the two carefully, in order to make sense out of tone or single words. When he heard the name Bastia, his eyes narrowed slightly. A lurking expression swept across his face, which the guests didn't miss.

Gutmann now went against his better intentions himself: "How was it with Bastia?"

"Muy simple - very simple." Pepe grinned at the laconic explanation.

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"They were well taken care of," Gutmann replied ambiguously.

"Si, si, Señor. And he has a very capable doctor. "“ Ah, you know him? ”

"Naturalmente," the Spaniard replied casually, "he protects Senor Bastia like his most valuable piece of jewelry." "We noticed that." The sarcasm in Gutmanns

Words did not escape the Spaniard.

»One should be satisfied. Accidents are often connected with recklessness ... «

"Si, Señor Pepe. So let me advise you: Don't be reckless either ... «

"Mil gracias, senor. I'll be very careful! "The opponents smiled friendly at each other. Both had little to hide and played with their knowledge. Pepe was not unintelligent and had mother wit. The men took a sip of the oily wine now and then, ignoring the peculiarities of their get-together. After a while the driver Sebastiano stuck his head in at the door. »Acarreamos, señores - we're going!«

"Bueno - let's drink!" Pepe raised his glass to the guests before emptying it. »Pues, feliz viaje - I wish you a good journey!«

The three men suddenly heard a suppressed outcry as they left the room. "What was that?" Asked Reimer. Pepe listened, then stepped out into the dark passage and peeked. When nothing moved, he called: "Hey. Viejo, where are you? "

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"Acà bajo - down here," came the down stairs. "

Pepe was calm. "The old man must have hit his head or shin in that night cage again," he said. Meanwhile the old servant came up the creaking steps from the basement. "The door is open," he said softly. "Sebastiano is already outside the car!"

"We already know that, dude! Sebastiano has just called us. «

The servant pushed the door of the room far inward so that a broad flood of light brightened the passage. "Servidor de Usted - Always your servant, Senores!" He said politely, with a perfect bow that would have honored a courtyard. The three men stepped past him into the quiet evening.

The figure of the driver stepped out of the silhouettes of the bushes surrounding the garden path and hurried ahead of the men behind. A soft click of the car and then a whirl of the starter. The departure was prepared quickly and precisely, which bordered on military stability.

The iron garden gate, in spite of the evening darkness a recognizable beautiful ironwork, was also already open. The moon rising in the sky painted a bluish-light patina on the narrow path that led to the street, and the contours on the black car iridescent. The twinkling play of lights from the stars enlivened the velvet blue night of the Castilian sky. The in

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pale light bathing hill ranges, the surrounding ridges gave the landscape the image of a fairy

tale, in the center the reddish yellow eyes of Toledo shone like pearls.

For Pepe, the magic image of his country was an everyday occurrence. Unaffected, he took two steps forward and opened the door invitingly. He waited, this time much more politely than when he came here and, after Gutmann and Reimer were inside the car, took a seat in front of the driver. "Adelante Sebastiano," he said.

Gutmann and Reimer were surprised to see Pepe leaning over to the driver. At the same moment the car just starting stopped again with a sudden jerk "No movimiento!" The driver bumped into the rebounding Pepe. The man's right came out of his coat pocket and an object in his hand pierced the hip of the man who had just climbed into it. "Clasp your hands behind your head!"

The driver's voice was hard and commanding. Pepe hurried to comply. At the same time, Gutmann and Reimer started at the sound of the voice.

"Frêne!"

The Carcassonner really was. He waved backwards briefly and only allowed himself a quick turn of the head. Then he stepped on the throttle again and drove quickly, steering with his left. With increasing speed the car shot regardless of the

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relatively poor road forward, so that the occupants lost their seat despite the car suspension. Reimer understood the new situation a second faster than Gutmann. He leaned forward and grabbed Frêne's right hand. Taking the pistol out of his hand, he freed his rights so that he could drive the car safely.

Now the Spaniard could lower his arms again. The roles between return and return had changed. Pepe was alone and powerless. Behind him sat a man with a pistol threatening him and a stranger in Sebastiano's place. However, he

could make up so much that this must be the third man he was looking for. Sebastiano's disappearance and the stranger in the car were puzzles that he couldn't solve at the moment.

The car ruthlessly drove up to the country road and then turned into town. The headlights turned on with their bright cones of light in the mild night and ate the street band. The clutch of the car worked perfectly and the engine sang evenly and comfortably.

After a few minutes, in a poor place in front of the Toledo, the Carcassonner stopped the car with screeching brakes. "So," he said to Pepe, "now make sure you get out of the car!"

The Spaniard didn't let that be said twice. He instinctively realized that this was the best way to get away. Without one

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Losing a word, he jumped into the darkness to the side. A quiet "diablo" came back into the car, then Frêne started again, leaving the surprised man behind. Before the Carcasson increased speed and switched the clutch, he called to his companions: "Don't ask me mes camarades. We have no time to lose. Later I will clarify everything and report! «

Now houses lined the street and made the landscape disappear. People revived both sides of the route and forced the speed to decrease. Frêne showed an excellent sense of direction. The car pulled up in front of the hospital and stopped.

"What now?" Asked Gutmann.

"Warn Bastia!" Frêne hurried out. "Both of you stay here, I'll be back in a few minutes!"

Gutmann and Reimer saw him call the gatekeeper and speak to him violently. After some gesticulating explanations, he let the Carcassner pass. "This time the spit will be gone," Gutmann said frankly. "I would never have imagined Frene's intervention."



Reimer laughed haughtily. »Everything is like a dream and reality mixes with juggling patterns. Fate swirls us like the wind the leaves. I resign myself to everything. If Aladin worshiped us his magic lamp, I would not find it strange anymore. The technology has caught up with Aladin and

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the magic lamp is not far off. But to stay with this moment: Frêne is truly a scout with courage and spirit. How could he have found us? ”

“We'll know that soon. First we have to get out of this danger zone. «

'We actually had pigs! No rooster would have crowed after us if things had turned out like gangsters, as it first seemed. The trip out of town with the three pseudo-police officers and the bullet-proof cards was not entirely without. It was easy to get testament worries. «

"Didn't we have such worries almost every day in the war years?"

"Indeed. But there is a difference. «

"Pah," Gutmann interrupted, "the world is peaceful, so all of our lives are like a dance on a volcano. The forms and variations of possible dangers are so varied that one always has to reckon with unforeseen events. And what happens to us today can happen again every day. Maybe more..."

"Yikes, I wish I was sitting in a box and flying to an enemy crowd. I would prefer this must than this fight in the dark. I can see that one should not ponder Senioritas, because the garden arbor idyll cannot be accommodated on any of the timetables in our lives. Damn it ... "

“Señoritas and gazebos here, that's all

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nice things that I also liked. But I always think of the great need of our time! ... «

"Great God, I won't forget that either," said Reimer, tiredly. »If I dream of peace, then these are images of a bright, sparkling dream that one can only see for a second on the path of the German Passion. And only that hope remains in people. «

"It's all right," Gutmann said, and put his arm around his comrade's shoulder. »We need the images of hope that remind us of our humanity. Otherwise we harden too much. "There was a brief silence. Both men eyed the car attentively so as not to experience another surprise unprepared. Reimer moved to the front so that he could start himself if the circumstances demanded it. The tension of waiting became unbearable. What did Frêne know and what did he want with Bastia's warning? The men in the car were concerned with these questions. All of a sudden the Carcassner came out of the entrance gate. With long steps he came up to the car, sat next to Reimer and asked him to enter the yard. Reimer turned the starter key and slowly stepped on the throttle. The car started with a barely noticeable jerk. When the Linzer headed for the gate, the doorman stepped onto the road and gave the stop sign. Frêne called out of the open window: "We'll stay with Doctor Rubierda for a while. He

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advised us to park the car in the yard. No offense, Señor! "The doorman hesitantly stepped aside. Reimer drove past him sharply. "Turn immediately in the yard," Frêne ordered softly.

Linz immediately complied with the request. He drove a sharp loop so that the occupants were pushed aside by the centrifugal force of the car. He stopped just next to the straight line leading to the gate. They separated ten meters from the exit.

The Carcasson jumped out of the vehicle and tore the blow to the rear seats. At the same time, a figure emerged from the semi-darkness of a small side entrance and hurried up. A man wrapped in a blanket and with a white bandage. Gutmann leaned forward. "But that is ..."

It was Bastia who came up and was hastily pushed by Frêne into Gutmann's interior. When he got into the car, the striped hospital gowns were visible under the retracting blanket. The Carcasson closed the blow almost silently and jumped into his seat, leaving Reimer in the driver's seat. "Mon cher camarade, drive now like the devil lost"

Even without this request, Reimer would have understood that this was a necessary escape. With forced calm he drove through the gate, without paying attention to the not very witty porter and hurried out of the street at a maximum speed allowed in traffic

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Visibility of the hospital to come. The Carcassoner communicated the changes in direction of travel specified by Bastia,

"The big end is yet to come," Frêne prepared his companions. "We have to act quickly, otherwise the trap will close!"

A few more turns, then the car surprisingly stopped in front of Juana Colón's house. "So," said the Carcassoner, "now I will go to Señorita with Señor Bastia and you, mes camarades, will fetch our things from our room at lightning speed. Everything is on the knife edge and every second counts! «

Bastia couldn't walk very quickly. This was primarily due to his general weakness, which was caused by a longer lying in bed. The Carcasson supported him and the two officers stormed past them to secure their luggage together without delay. They ran up the stairs twice, then everything was stowed in the car. As a precaution, they had the pistols handy again in their pockets.

Gutmann asked Reimer to fetch the Carcassonner and Bastia instead of waiting idly for them. Taking two or three steps at a time, they rushed into the apartment, the door of which remained a crack. When they entered the salon, they stopped in surprise.

Juana Colón was leaning against the wall, her facial expression alternating between horror and anger. In front of her stood Bastia and Frêne, the former just with one

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Coping with changing clothes. A suit had been found somewhere that fit Bastia's average size. The Carcassonner had narrow eyes and was playing casually with his gun. He was in the middle of a previous argument: "... you have betrayed yourself, beautiful Señorita! And that you do not have to help Señor Bastia again with a bed or a coffin, he will make an air change with us. The air from Toledo is not very digestible for the next few weeks, I think. And that's a shame, because the city of Toledo is a pearl of Spain. We would have loved to see more of it. "

Juana didn't answer anything. Bastia turned her pale face to her and said a little tiredly: "You disappointed and betrayed me, Juana. And you don't know what you did with it. Doctor Rubierda was a tool of my enemies. But despite what I know now, I don't want to believe the worst of you. Did you betray me out of a weakness, Juana?"

"I deliberately betrayed you," she shrieked, suddenly breaking her defiant silence. "Consciously, you hear, consciously! I will never love a spy who betrays Spain. Never! And I loved you with all my heart, with all the passion that a woman is capable of. Until I found out ... «

Bastia took a step forward and clenched her fists. "Until you found out something, Juana? What?"

»The truth about you! And your question is mockery. Do you still want to fool me? »

"Juana," Bastia suddenly shouted, "what you're telling me is a shameful lie! I was quite right before when I said I wouldn't take the worst of you. The whole thing was a fight for your trust, in which my enemies remained victorious. And you don't know who my enemies really are! I kept silent about it because I wanted to save you fears. Now I can see that I have given my opponents a boost because I was never a spy against Spain, Juana! It is a devilish lie. I was born in Italy, but Spain is my second home and I love the country. I fought for this country when it came to freedom. Go to my apartment afterwards, Juana, and open the little package in the bottom right drawer of the desk. You will find two awards that today's Spain gave me in its most difficult hour. Do you want any more evidence, Juana? »

The Spaniard stood stiff like a statue. Only from her wide-open eyes did two small teardrops steal. 'Why didn't you tell me that? How am I supposed to believe that suddenly? You were always so silent, even when you ... "She broke off in the middle of the sentence and sobbed.

"It's no use," Frêne said. »You can't change things anymore. We do not have time! Señor Bastia, it's all of us now. And in a few minutes

you will know anyway that we were here! «

"You are mean, Señor!" Shouted the Spaniard.

"Not more than you have been, Señorita," replied

Frêne cold. "We don't have time for etiquette and courtesy because we have to save Bastia before

he has another accident. You were a lovely co-arranger, Señorita! ”

Juana went to a chair and sat down. Her eyes looked at the men in turn. "Por dios, who should I believe now?"

"Whoever you want!" The Carcassner snapped. »Ask your mind and test people. Perhaps a flash of light will light ... And now, noble, mes camarades! ”He took Bastia's arm and pulled him toward the door. Then Juana jumped up. She hurried to Bastia and clung to him, “I can't believe all of this, I'm completely confused. If it's true - can you - can you forgive me? ... «

"And it is true what I say!" Said Bastia calmly,  
"Then tell me, why do you have enemies? -  
What

want these from you? ”

"Fin!" Frêne ordered. "Finally! If you have sympathy for Bastia again, then let us go immediately. Otherwise the whole thing could lead to different conclusions. Forward, forward now! «

Juana lowered the arms that she had held out to Bastia. The woman's pride awoke in her and she took a step back. “Bien Senores, go! I will now do everything possible to determine whether I am

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really lied to shame and turned it into a tool. Until then, I want to believe you conditionally. And until then - definitely - have a good trip! ”She stood rigidly as the men rushed past her and left the apartment.

"It's a thick soup," said Reimer, as the men hurried down the stairs, "Such an evil angel ..."

"Let's not talk about it," asked Bastia, who spoke perfect German. "Now let's just think that we'll get away quickly!"

"You speak from my heart, Señor!" Frêne nodded gratefully. He was the first on the street and tore the car open. »We drive quickly to the train station! We would hardly get much further

with the car, and our direction would then be determined. «

As a matter of course, the men took up the seats they had previously held and Reimer started the car before Gutmann had closed the blow after Bastia. Bastia indicated the direction and at the same time, while pulling his attention, pulled a colored handkerchief out of a skirt pocket, which he tied over the bandage as a headscarf in the manner of Spanish farmers.

Gutmann said appreciatively: "You thought of everything, Señor! Your association could easily have been a traitor if a search for us began. At least the scarf is less noticeable. «

"Not at all," said Bastia. »The headscarf is common. We just have to stay humble

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then we will hardly be noticed. A peasant between tourists is nothing that can raise suspicion. For strangers; a random conversation, nothing else. «

"Of course you know that better as a local expert," Gutmann admitted. "I am delighted that you can help us to overcome difficulties that arise."

The conversation caused the line to widen further, which Reimer kept to. Bastia improved the direction and pointed Reimer past the Bibliotheca del Cabildo to the direction of the Gobierno militar. Passing the specified destination, Reimer saw the Alcantara Bridge in front of him and after crossing the station. He turned and parked the car between other vehicles,

"What now?" Asked Gutmann.

"We have to go to Cadiz! You still have the note I wrote to you at the hospital? "

'I swallowed it. I will report on this later, because comrade Frêne still has no details about Reimers and my experiences. We'll catch up on the reports. "

"Bueno. Anyway - Cadiz! «

"We have to make research more difficult!" The Carcasson warned.

Bastia thought for a few seconds. Then he said: "The car has to be taken from here. I'll arrange it later. First I will buy two tickets to Madrid and one of you may like two tickets

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Aranjuez demand. We then drive together to the first transfer point to Algodor and there we take cards to Córdoba. Señor Frêne, you speak fluent Spanish, do you want to come to the ticket office with me?

"Bien, let's go now!"

The two men got out and disappeared between the people standing in front of the station. Barely ten minutes had passed when they returned. Frêne waved. His tall figure stood out like a silhouette from the abundance of light in the station, Bastia, recognizable by his headscarf, stood nearby and spoke to a young local.

"So get out," said Reimer. He and Gutmann took the luggage and threw it outside. Meanwhile Bastia had come up with the stranger. The Toledan greeted warmly and climbed into the steering seat. When Bastia saw that the car had already been cleared, he waved to the young man and he started alone. The car swerved out of the parking lot and disappeared into town.

"An easy thing," Bastia said hastily when he felt the eyes of his companion questioning. 'I tipped the young man, your comrade Frêne kindly helped me out, and asked him to park the car on Calle de San Juan Dios. It's far from the train station. "He giggled cautiously. "And now, Señores, we're lucky! A train leaves in ten minutes."

Frêne had also approached and picked up part of the luggage. They hurried into the bright

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Illuminated hall and after the ticket check on the platform.

There were relatively few travelers. The train had already run in and was under steam. They found enough space in a car that was very sparse.

"We could have done it," said the Linz man, breathing deeply.

Railway officials hurried along the platform. One raised his hand.

A hiss, a short whistle and the train started suddenly. "We have half an hour to Algodor now," Bastia said. Tell me, Señor Frêne, briefly about your perceptions and experiences! We are all very grateful to you and understandably very curious. «

"There isn't much to tell," Frêne replied. "When we visited you, Señor Bastia, in the hospital, I noticed the doctor's behavior. I instinctively felt that there was a man between us who was watching closely and making little disguise of his aversion. His curiosity also exceeded that of a doctor."

"You weren't wrong," Bastia smiled. "In between, I want to tell you that Rubierda gave me injections that always made me feel apathetic. At such a moment of apparent indifference and volatility, he tried to ask me questions that I **deliberately** ignored. But please keep going! «

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"I suspected something like that," the Carcassonner added to Bastia's throw-in. "Well, events were quicker before I got the whole thing clear, that is, there were small conclusions to be drawn before I could talk to our German comrades about it. And also ..."

"We were all suspicious of Rubierda," Gutmann remembered.

"Naturally. But further: When we said goodbye after the second visit and wanted to leave the hospital, I thought about asking the doctor's

office schedule at the hospital office. I wanted to see if you could come to Bastia when Rubierda was off duty and absent. This idea had saved me from being kidnapped with my German comrades at the same time. As I was about to enter the courtyard to hurry after my comrades, I was just looking through a window as three men stopped the Señorita and both companions. I could even see one of the men inserting the passports and that was enough to make me unseen. At first I thought of going to our common room and taking the luggage elsewhere. While I was thinking, I saw Juana coming back. She was in a hurry and inspiration prompted me to follow her. I saw that she went to the hospital room to see you, Senor Bastia, again. Surprisingly, she took another direction on the same floor and disappeared into a room,

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after knocking briefly beforehand. I hurried over and saw that it was the doctor's room on duty, Rubierdas. ”

Reimer whistled softly when he heard that. Frêne continued: “The seriousness of things made me listen to the door. I couldn't understand much, but it was enough to see that Juana told the doctor about a fictitious arrest. Unfortunately, I would have escaped, she said. Approaching steps in front of the stairs led me to give up the listening post and disappear. I now, warned of Juana, left the hospital without, of course, discovering any sign of you, mes camarades. I saw three children nearby and interviewed them. Fortunately, they could tell me that a while ago a group of gentlemen got into a black car while a lady went back to the hospital. They could even tell me the direction the car was going. So I had the first lead. I looked for a rental car and let me drive up the designated street. On the way I stopped several times and asked mainly children or old people in front of their houses if they had seen a black car pass by. Some knew

nothing, others were indolent and I was close to hopelessness. I was almost out of town when I met a farmer who was walking down town. When I asked him, he surprisingly replied that I probably mean old Eli Neri6n's car, its country house

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a bit further. He described the way to me there. The driver had listened and thought it must be an urgent matter. He immediately accelerated and we whipped away until we came to the junction that led to the house we were looking for. I paid the driver because I did not consider it appropriate to remain in the car. And actually I found a car parked in front of the house I was looking for. Of course there are many cars in Toledo and black ones too. A dozen cars might have passed the route in the past half hour, and I was chasing after a false inspiration. Despite this probability, I was firmly convinced that I was on the right track. I sneaked around the house and recognized the surroundings, too much caution never hurts, then I climbed into the back garden and worked my way between the hedges towards the house. It was very tedious and arduous. It was also a serious disadvantage for me that I was still unarmed at the time. This increases the feeling of helplessness. «

"Just a moment, Fr6ne," Gutmann said, "What did you think you could do to deal with these powers of an enemy you didn't know?"

"I didn't think about it," Fr6ne said simply. "I just saw that you, comrades, had gotten into a trap. And that everything was connected to the events around Se6or Bastia was not difficult to guess

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after eavesdropping on Juana's conversation with the suspicious doctor. So immediate help was necessary. I put everything on the map of chance. But further: I was glad that it started to darken and with it the feeling of my security grew. I could also become more agile. A small room at the back of the house lit up. I peeked through the window and saw an old man leaving the small room, two other men were sitting around a small table and playing dominoes. As I walked around the house again, two windows made it light. When I brought my face close to a window pane, I saw you, mes camarades, as well as the old man and a second Spaniard. I was a little taken aback when I saw the wine glasses on the table and there was an apparently casual conversation going on. I stayed close to the window and suddenly I heard the exclamation *acarreamos* indistinctly, but still understandably.

«

Reimer wanted to throw in, but Gutmann told him to remain silent.

“Now I knew you would be coming out of the house. I scurried to the front door and bumped into a man in a hurry. I used the second of his amazement and knocked him down. I hurriedly dragged him behind a bush, where I first put his own handkerchief in his mouth as a gag and then, with his belt, hands and feet together when he was in a crouch position. And I took the most important thing. Namely

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a pistol. It all went terribly quickly. When I wanted to hurry to the car, you, mes camarades, came out with another man and I could just walk a few steps ahead of you so that I would not be recognized. Apparently, I reasoned correctly when I assumed that the first to be caught off guard might be the driver. Well, everything else is known! «

"Not to me yet," said Bastia. Gutmann also asked the Carcassonner to continue with the

description so that Bastia would get a closed picture.

Frêne answered. When he had finished and also mentioned picking up Bastia, who came immediately when he could be cleared up in a few sentences, it was Gutmann who said: "Thank you very much, Frêne! Of course, we don't want to say many words. It is not so much a question of whether an act is only considered decisive, but above all that an act is taken. And your commitment, Frêne, would have helped us out of a tight spot if we had been held back in the country house. Don't fend off, your earnings won't decrease because we were on our way back."

"I think we'll be in Algodur in a few minutes," Bastia said. "Let's be ready!"

The train stomped sleepily, a cloud of spark passed by the window. A high-pitched whistle from the locomotive announced the approach of a station, houses with blinking windows passed by. Then the stomping became more cumbersome, the journey slowed down

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little jerk and the train  
stopped. "Algodor!"

The four men were already ready to get out and left the car. They entered the station and, on Bastia's advice, Frêne undertook to buy four tickets to Cordoba at the counter. They were less lucky this time, because the next train to the south did not leave until the morning,

"It would be best if we spent the night in the waiting room," Gutmann suggested. He found approval and the men found an empty room that they liked despite the somewhat stuffy air.

The next morning the men sat on the train to their next destination and in the afternoon the train entered the city of Cordoba.

As much as the beautiful and interesting city was tempting for a short stay, the four men had

to refuse this wish. Again they bought tickets for a train that was to take them straight to Cadiz. Here Bastia considered it appropriate to use his head bandage to reduce a few turns. Then he used the break to buy a hat in a nearby shop, the wide brim of which covered the bandaged head well. Gutmann willingly extended the necessary amount to him. Bastia then wanted to provide material help in Cadiz.

The last leg of the trip, again a half-day trip, brought the men via Ecija, Utrera and Jerez de la Frontera to El Puerto de Santa Maria and from there the train bypassed the Bahia de Cádiz in a wide arc.

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A long peninsula protruded like a dam into the sea, at the very tip of which lay the city and port of Cadiz. As the journey slowed the train snarled towards the terminus and passed the suburbs of San Bose and Castillo Puntales to finally enter the Estación, which was located close to the harbor in front of Plaza Isabel.

"Now we have crossed Spain and got through with one black eye," said Reimer when they were standing together in the plaza. It had gotten late in the evening and life on the street had already lost its liveliness. Bastia thought for a moment, then said, "We could go to the Hotel Victoria on Calle Isaac Peral, which is not far from here behind the customs building. It would be better if we were taken straight to one of my friends who could, at least if need be, accommodate us. «

"We would prefer that too," replied Gutmann, supported by Reimer and Frêne.

Bastia waved a rental car over and named Calle Carmen as the destination. No sooner had the man got into the car than the driver drove across Plaza de la Libertad and Plaza de Mina at a quick pace, skilfully arrowing himself between the isolated pedestrians, before turning into the designated street. Bastia ordered him to stop in front of a two-story house. While Gutmann paid

the driver, Bastia rang the doorbell. A head looked out of one of two lighted windows, "Quién it?"

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"Bastia y amigos!" Replied the Toledan.

An exclamation of surprise was heard. "Un momento ..."

A few minutes later the small gate squeaked open, a dim light shone from a hallway towards the people entering and a lean Spaniard welcomed the late guests,

"This is Senior Cadenas!" Said Bastia, introducing his companions in turn.

"Me alegro mucho!" Cadenas asked his guests to a nearby room and offered them chairs. "Me pongo á su disposición - you can dispose of me!" "I

know," Bastia interrupted the politeness formulas. In a few words, he described to the friend the purpose and cause of his coming and the experiences of his companions. He reported, at the same time catching up on his story to the fellow travelers, that he had felt watched for a long time in the city of Toledo and had to be very withdrawn. Possibly, he said, explaining that this could have been the wrong way. A short time ago a messenger had been with him one evening and had informed him of the arrival of two or three people from the Pyrenees, whom he had to carry on. At the same time, the bearer of the message announced that no further details or instructions had been given, since the receiving station had only picked up a somewhat garbled radio message which then remained unfinished. It was still the word Tangier

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received, but no more explanations. Two days later, he was suddenly attacked in his apartment

and taken to a hospital with a serious head injury, not forgetting Rubierda's role. "Of course the boys hoped to find some written records or papers," Bastia concluded, but their efforts were in vain. "Neither Rubierda could push anything out of me!"

Cadenas rocked his head with alarming expression. He had a sharp-cut face with hard wrinkles, such as those usually owned by racing drivers or pilots, and white tufts of hair on the temples, "A bad story. What's going to happen next? "

"Above all, we hope you can accommodate us with you today!" Said Bastia. "Tomorrow we want to find a way to find a way to Tangier from Cadiz without any fuss. That means: for the Señores! I will stay with you for a few days until I am clear about my further measures. «

"My house is your house, Senores!" Replied Cadenas simply. "My options are very modest, but somehow it will work." He rose and left the room after apologizing for a few minutes.

"Well, at least now we know that we have found a provisional terminus in Tangier," said Gutmann in a slightly reproachful tone. "You could have told us that earlier, Señor Bastia!"

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Bastia didn't feel offended at all. "It wouldn't have changed anything," he said indifferently. "You only have long trouble the longer you have to ponder problems, which in the end don't have to be problems. Besides, the Alemanes are silent and not particularly curious... «

"You too!" Reimer laughed in between.

When Cadenas came back, he was carrying a plate of cold dishes that he put on the table. Then he brought wine and glasses. He asked for leniency that he was not better prepared.

The men ate. Thirsty from the trip, they did not scorn the wine. And when the host invited to rest, they gratefully and quickly accepted his invitation.



The men stayed at Cadenas' house the following day. He went to town after having breakfast with Bastia to find a quick way to leave. Bastia felt fresh and well again and proved to be a willing helper who effectively influenced his friend Cadenas. In the late afternoon, both returned from a second exit and Bastia requested the passports of his three guards.

He and Cadenas came back late in the evening. While the latter apologized for having kept his guests waiting so long, Bastia handed the passports to the owners with a smile.

"Thunderstorm!" Exclaimed Gutmann in surprise when he did

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opened his book curiously. He found there neat entry and exit stamps, both from Cadiz. The data were also reasonably credible. The departure was stamped for the coming day.

"How is that? - asked Frêne.

"Very simple, senor. We'll go aboard a little steamer tomorrow without going through a check. But it will be advantageous for later if the passport is in good order throughout. «

"How did you witch it?" Asked Gutmann.

"Connections," said Bastia laconically. "Some things

is very difficult, some easy, in this case not a special thing! «

"When does the ship leave?"

'Noon. In the early morning we bring your luggage on board and at lunchtime you will first go for a ride with a cutter and then be taken on board, «

"Looks very simple."

"It is, Senor."

The next morning was perfect for the planned project. The southern sun hung like a golden fruit in the shimmering blue field and promised a bright day. After an extensive breakfast, the men

went to Punta San Felipe and then turned right to the port. A small cutter that had set sail rocked between some boats and an olive-colored fisherman waved to the approachers.

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"Get in, Senores!" Said Cadenas with an inviting gesture. "Señor Bastia will take you to the Mercedes, I have to say goodbye here. It was a great honor for me to be able to provide you with my modest house. Que Ustedes siga bien - Farewell! «

The three men thanked him warmly. When the boat pushed off, Cadenas stopped and waved gently. He paused for a while until the boat had crossed half the harbor and pushed into the open sea. Although the water seemed fairly calm, the cutter danced considerably. Every now and then white scraps of foam drooled across the bow and wet the inside of the boat. A light breeze puffed up the brown, worn canvas. Seagulls sailed around with loud screams or stroked prey over the crests of the waves. The operator turned a little to the left and headed for a small steamer that rose and fell in the swell. A faint plume of smoke blew from an old-fashioned tall and narrow chimney, "El vapor Mercedes," said the fisherman in explanation. "The steam ship ..."

"Now it's time," Bastia said. He reached into his pocket and pulled out an envelope, which he handed to Gutmann. "Aqui, Señor, - here, take it!"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Gutmann lifted the envelope flap and saw some bills lying out.

"I have a job to help you. You can safely accept that. It's not my money. "

"Hm, if that's the case ..." Gutmann thanked

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The sail bar creaked. The seagulls circled the boat, which was now slightly inclined in the wind. The steamer lying away grew slowly out of the water and its superstructures were clearly recognizable in detail. Some men stood casually on the railing and looked at the approaching cutter.

"We know very little about each other," Gutmann said to Bastia, who looked silently into the distance. »We recognized each other by the slogan, otherwise did nothing to get to know each other better in the short time of our trip together.«

"What for?" Asked Bastia, "I'm just a little agent, as one would say in the traditional sense. But we also have our own code of life. Don't ask a lot and only know the bare essentials. That's best."

The boatswain maneuvered the cutter alongside the steamer with a sweeping bow. A rope ladder slapped the stained side wall, ready to help the passengers on board. When Frêne, who was closest to the ladder, first reached for the rungs, Bastia held him back for a moment.

'Un instante, Señor! - You saved me from a very dangerous situation, I am very committed to you. No offense, let me give you this as a little souvenir of the episode in Toledo! "He had a small package in his hand, which he ceremoniously handed over to the Carcassonner,

Frêne knew Spanish etiquette and didn't want to

to offend by refusing. Since Gutmann and Reimer were already climbing ahead and climbing on board, he could only stammer a few quick words and press Bastia's rights vigorously. "Hasta la vista ..."

"Adios!" Bastia corrected the greeting. "Good luck to Tangier!"

The captain welcomed the newcomers on board. They were given two cabins, one of which was apparently the captain's cabin. In contrast to the somewhat dirty exterior of the ship, the

pistons of which were now starting to stomp, the interior of the small rooms was probably modest but clean.

The luggage was neatly stored in the captain's cabin, nothing was missing. The captain had come along and asked politely about what he wanted.

"Al instante - nada!" Thanked Frêne politely.

Reimer suggested going on deck for now. The air in the cabins was a bit thick and hot despite the open portholes.

The few men in the deck crew barely noticed the passengers. Certainly they often took individual travelers with them, which meant a welcome extra income for the captains of the small freighters. The cutter with Bastia on board rode the sea and was already a considerable distance away. The »Mercedes« had taken off and the outwardly strange chimney had turned from a strange chimney into a thick, smelly cloud.

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The rocks and the Alameda above stood back and twitched in the heat-laden air.

In less than two hours the asthmatic struggling steamer had reached the island of Santi Petri and headed for Cape Trafalgar. In the Gibraltar Strait retracts, the course was aimed directly at Tangier.

The Carcasson suddenly thought of Bastia's gift. He went back to the captain's cabin for a short time, followed by his companions, pulled the package out of his pocket and unwrapped the thin paper. A small box peeled out and when Frêne opened it, the prying eyes were presented with an ancient-looking ring that was of flawless Arab origin and showed an ornate saying on a round plate.

"My knowledge of Arabic is not enough for that." Known Frêne. "I'll have it translated from time to time. Certainly a pious saying."

"A very fine job," said Reimer. "I don't understand any of these things, but it's

undoubtedly valuable."

"And an old job," Frêne said.

"If it were a magic ring," said the man from Linz, "you would have to be able to fly immediately with a turn of the ring or at least be able to draw on a servant spirit. In the Arabian Nights there are such gifts. I used to love reading the book and remembering these recipes, but all the rings and carpets are rivets

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proven when I tried to step into the magic realm. Only the beautiful pictures of virgin women wearing harem pants with sparse pearl bras and belly dance mimes have remained. With Allah's beard or that of Mohammed, I am now really curious whether there is at least a trace of it in Tangier. After all, it's already Orient. «

"How to take it," the Carcasson muffled Reimer's expectations. »Tangier is a dangerous city and has only a semi-oriental facade behind the modern foreground. Now a big smuggling center. You can buy anything from American cigarettes to a warship

"This is not news." The Linz man grumbled. "But somehow you can save an illusion ..."

"Illusions are always dangerous, dear Reimer," blamed Gutmann. »If you start dancing on clouds, you fall through a hole!«

The hours crept by. When the sky changed color, the coast of Africa emerged from a haze. The Tangier bay opened wide and the crescent-shaped stretch stretched out towards the steamer like the arms of a loving woman.

The captain came down from the bridge and went up to his passengers. "I have orders, Señores, to recommend that you stay on board overnight and only go ashore in the morning!"

"It is extremely pleasant," said Gutmann. What about our commitments? «

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"It's all done, Senores. Besides, Señor Cadenas has been an old friend of mine for many years. "The captain tapped the screen of his knitted hat with two fingers and continued on his way.

Tangier! Africa's Babylon had received the three men soberly in the morning. They stood aimlessly in front of the Ball el Marsa, completely left to a blind accident.

"It will go wrong," Reimer tried to joke with gallows humor. In reality, he couldn't hide the tight sound of his voice. So far, the men had always caught a corner or acted on a program. Now they were facing an alien world that offered little chance. Looking back briefly, they realized that they had pursued a goal that suddenly seemed to dissolve into nothing. This blind coincidence, which rarely comes when you expect it, was more than a Va banque game. On the other hand, they fairly admitted that the organization of item 103 worked far too precisely, for example to its people a coincidence to suspend. The thread broke, but the knot had to be in Tangier.

Slowly and in the truest sense of the word haphazardly, the men took their steps towards the city center. The two officers saw the gate to the Orient for the first time in their lives and were astonished at the extent to which European whitewashing was obscuring. In contrast to the modern buildings of the Occidental style, the

Country dwellers unchanged types, albeit partially European-clad. Bakschisch begging children everywhere.

Various foreign consulates were grouped around the Suq ed dâjel. Lively hustle and bustle prevailed in this place. Cars, American road cruisers alongside solid German brands and French models showed a busy business activity and economic activity. European women wore the latest models of haute couture, rings of large diamonds flashed from the hands of fat men

gesticulating, the sounds of different languages indicated that the whole world seemed to be meeting here. The white-clad police officers had no other task than to regulate the traffic.

While walking, Frêne mentioned that he knew North Africa from Algiers. That also explained his modest knowledge of Arabic. Language. As the luggage slowly became a nuisance in the rising heat, he recommended that the most experienced person take a room or two in a guest house. He called for a more mature Arab boy and put a note in his hand, which the boy quickly made disappear. In return, he promptly had the name of a small pension nearby. "The big hotels in Tangier are extremely expensive," replied the Carcasson. »It is advisable to use our means to keep the budget!«

"It looks like it," said Reimer dryly. "If you look at the people here and the luxury

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this part of the city, you feel like the girl Cinderella at the royal court. «

"Make sure you don't get complexes," Gutmann warned. "Much of this wealth came from dirty money."

"Money is always dirty," replied the man from Linz, "but you only wrinkle your nose when you don't have it. It's easier to dance with Moneten! «

The searched pension was found quickly. The house was clean and the Carcassner was satisfied. He explained that you could also be unlucky if you came into a room behind the inviting facade of a house that could be called a miniature zoo . To illustrate his words, he made a hint of scratching and grinned.

Free of luggage, the men felt freer and less noticeable. Gutmann briefly checked the prices of the commodities, the relation to their assets, and with the help of Frene bought half a dozen light shirts. After all, they were scarce with

laundry and the hot south required frequent changes.

They passed the Kobba de Sidi above Reisul, from whose minaret tips the golden crescent sparkled in the bright sunlight. A little further they came to Kasba through Bab Ráha. The Maghreb style of the Yatna'a al Kasba, the sultan's palace, elicited an excitement from both officers. Here they were offered for the first time

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the unadulterated face of the country without narrowing. Slowly they turned back. At one corner they came across a man, obviously a North African, who was wearing a worn European suit and was fixing it. Frêne stopped the step. "What do you want? The man immediately lowered his eyelids. "Bakshish," he said humbly, holding out his hand. The Frenchman gave him a coin, which he pulled out of his pocket at random. The man murmured some Arabic words that were too vague to be understood. Then he stepped back to the nearby wall. "This man has none of Tanger's wealth inherited," said the Linz native.

"Mon dien, you never know. People died in rags and left a huge fortune. In individual cases, you should not be fooled. Besides, this man didn't seem unintelligent."

Reimer involuntarily turned, but the man was no longer to be seen.

Heading towards the harbor, they encountered the broad harbor boulevard between the long Almacén on a projecting pier and the customs office building, observing the hustle and bustle and the ships. A light breeze from the sea refreshed something.

People of all races hurried to and fro here. Repeatedly mysterious individuals approached the three men and praised goods, American cigarettes and secret pleasure. Arabs, Levantines and declassed whites. In between luxury sedans with



Traders who negotiated with captains and visited the adjacent ships.

"Hm - from here to Genoa and home," Reimer said softly, more to himself.

Gutmann narrowed his eyes and stared into the horizon. He did not want to let anything show that he was moved by feelings similar to those of Linz.

"Homesick?" Asked Frêne.

Reimer looked at him. »Five years of war, in countries of all four directions and no end yet ...«  
»

I'd rather be in my provenance! "Tangier was an expensive city, but the wine was cheap and so was the oriental dining room. Mutton on a spit, roasted over charcoal fire, tasted excellent and raised the spirits of the three men. "Let's go to the old town," suggested Reimer, who was up and running. »There will surely be many attractive things to be found

"You mean something moving out," mocked Gutmann.

Frêne raised her hands. "Mes camarades," he said insistently, "I have a feeling it would be better for our safety if we got around Tangier as little as possible. We didn't come as tourists. «

Reimer had initially looked at Gutmann diagonally, but agreed with Frêne's objection. With a visibly disappointed expression, he grumbled with fate: »You live like a stowaway and only see the world through one

Box corner... «

"And I thought it was already a great deal of enjoyment," Gutmann teased, "North Pole and Andalucian spring with a ticket ..."

"And no end yet," growled the Linz man.  
»Always nice and off the beaten track!«

The French appeased. 'I can understand Reimer. If we can agree on that, just do not make too long a walk, and Local **to** avoid the risk is perhaps low. I would like to take a short tour! «

Gutmann nodded.

Heading towards the old town, the men pushed themselves through the throng of Maghreb, Levantine and difficult to define international types, with Frêne also warning against the numerous pickpockets. With the darkness falling, it became quiet in the narrow streets and only the distant noise of the brighter and livelier streets slightly alleviated an emerging uncertainty.

Scattered figures passed by did not inspire confidence. The secret and open vices of the city showed themselves with silent curls or soft girgles, matt traffic lights advertised for small night businesses.

Just as Frêne tried to get out of the narrow maze of narrow streets and the dark, a sharp cry for girls rang out. A few dozen steps before the men rushed out of a matt

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the opening of the blue-black lines of the wall lit a female figure straight towards the Frenchman holding the top. Behind the one who was screaming again, a gaunt, lean man appeared. The alley was immediately extinct, the few shadow shapes from before had disappeared.

The pursuer had reached the fleeing woman in a few sentences and brought down with a sudden jerk of the caught dress. A half-choked "help" was a last expression of despair.

It was a German word that made the three men jump. With a few sweeping jumps, Reimer was with the man who brutally tried to pull the fallen man up. Before his companions were still with him, the Linz grabbed the pursuer and gave him

a blow that made him groan loudly. Another blow knocked the man down.

At that moment the alley began to live. Noises came from everywhere without people coming out. One felt with a sudden sixth sense that the walls got eyes everywhere and that gnomes grew in the dark shadows,

"Merde!" The Carcassner swore. Without the need for a hint, the three men joined together to form a phalanx that secured them on all sides and, halfway running, the girl in their midst, headed for the far, lighter end of the street.

Like nightmares now appeared before and behind them

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Rushing figures. Frêne knocked down the first to try to block the way, Gutmann fought back with a couple of deliberate hand blows from two men who were pressing him as the rearguard. The tumult in the background grew louder and a harsh voice cursed loudly in Arabic.

The determined stance of the three men with the girl made the pursuers hesitate. However, this short time was enough to bring the afflicted people closer to the bright end of the alley. With the increasing light, the dark figures remained and only a bird of prey-faced Maghrebine reached the men with a tremor and showered them with a gush of words.

Frêne replied in Arabic. Gutmann stayed by his side while the girl from Linz hurried ahead to the street exit.

The Maghrebian shrieked hoarsely, but then stopped suddenly. The Carcassner had knocked a suddenly drawn pistol out of his hand and pushed him back. At the same time, he grabbed the gun with a lightning-quick squat and now threatened the pursuers.

The bird of prey raised both fists and cursed again. The alley dwellers gathered again and advanced behind the trembling Maghrebine.

Only the pistol in Frêne's hand prevented her from attacking the strangers.

At the end of the alley, the afflicted saw a busier street in the bright light of modern times

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Street lights. All that followed was the girl's pursuer, who was shaken by a crying spell under the protection of her rescuers and clung to Reimer, who tried to calm her down in German. Streaked with numerous curious looks, Frêne concealed the pistol in the Maghrebiner's side and forced him to go with him continuously, alternating words with him. Finally they reached the open part of the city.

Gutmann stopped the first-ever rental car to arrive. Pushing back the Maghrebiner, Frêne was the last to jump into the car, calling the driver Bab el Marsa as the destination. The car rushed immediately.

"Don't talk in the car," warned the Carcasson, blocking Reimer's efforts. "We reached into a thick soup and now we have to go to our quarters with a punch!" «

At Bab el Marsa they paid the car. At Frêne's advice, the men immediately shared. The Carcassonner took over the still trembling girl to drive her in another rental car up to the pension. The two Germans did the same.

"And now, girl, tell your story," Gutmann said as they sat in the pension's room. Frêne's expression was concerned.

»My name is Nella - Nella Post from Munich! - And me

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Thank you ..."

Gutmann waved an interruption. "Right to the point," he said dryly.

«Well - I was a news assistant at the German Wehrmacht in Italy. So I fell into captivity with the Italian cominunist partisans while retreating with some other sufferers. We were locked up at the command of the so-called commander, supposedly to be protected from the intrusiveness of the red horde. He himself, however ... » Another brief shiver ran through the girl. "We struggled to keep up with him. After days we were taken out of the musty dungeon and starved and loaded onto a truck. During a rainy night we were taken to a ship in a port. We were four German girls. In a tiny chamber in the depth of the ship we were crammed with two Italians. We all had to sign an amusement contract before the ship left, saying that otherwise we could not be transported back and interned in bad conditions. And then - then came the surprise! We had landed here in Tangier and been handed over to a Levantine ... «

"Girl trafficking," Frêne said briefly. "Everywhere the same. On all Arabian coasts and in the interior, as well as in South America. In this case, a private business of the communist partisan chief."

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The girl nodded, "Angela committed suicide. The other two girls and the Italians, who suffered the same fate as former members of the Fascio, came somewhere else. Strangely, I was given some time to get used to it. Only now was it made clear to me what I had to do ... «

"Why didn't you seek the help of the police?" Asked Reimer.

The girl waved in resignation. "The neighborhood policemen are bribed and under the covers with their establishments, and you can't go away... the rayon cops even bring girls back. After all, the landlord has a contract! «

"Yes, that's the trick," Frêne said. »It usually stops at the court!«

"A thousand bombs on Engelland," Reimer swore. "Will you help me?"

The men looked at the girl seriously, "Did you assume otherwise? We just have to think about what we can do, «said Gutmann. "Of course you have no papers?"

"No, nothing at all," the girl confessed,

"If she had had any, they would have been taken from her immediately," replied Frêne. »Of course we will help despite these difficulties, it is as clear as mountain water! I suggest we leave the girl in a room here for now. "

"Of course," Gutmann decided. "We take

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a room for her. "Turning to the girl, he added," I'll take care of that in the house. And until further notice, I ask you not to leave the room under any circumstances! "

"Let me do it with the room," Frêne said. "The girl has no papers, as we've found out now. As a Frenchman, I can get around here more credibly with a short delay! "Without waiting for further approval, he left the room.

"How can I thank you," the girl stammered, still a little disturbed. "My God, I'm nerve-wracked."

"Oh," said Reimer with mock carelessness, "that will be clear soon. Think of the song 'It's all over' that was sung many times during the war. "

"I know it," the girl replied calmly. "However, after a while it should no longer be sung because the text was given a political ambiguity."

"Sure," agreed the man from Linz. "But the soldiers liked it. They did not ask for a background, for them it was a song from the Heimrat and nothing else. You know the success of ›Lili Marleen‹, which was sung by friend and foe together on all fronts and especially in Africa before Tobruk and El Alamein. The Tommies had made their own English text. As far as I

remember, it was a lieutenant from Vienna who wrote the song about the

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Soldier station made Belgrade famous.

”“ You were soldiers? ”

Despite a warning look from Gutmann, Reimer said yes. »But keep that to yourself in all circumstances if you want to get out of here safely and come home. We're in a lot of trouble ourselves! ”“ I promise, ”she said seriously. Her eyes got a bright shine again. Frêne came back a few minutes later. He was holding a letter in his hand. 'The room thing went smoothly. I even got the one next to it. No questions, no curiosity. But this letter was ready for us. Addressed to the three Messieurs who stayed here today! ”He handed it to him

Gutmann envelope.

After opening the envelope, there was a short message in English: "If you are the men from the Eagle Land, in the morning tell the beggar at the front door the number from the north. You will then receive a message! «

The men looked at each other in amazement. Reimer, sometimes as snappy as a Berliner, smacked Gutmann lightly. "Hey, uncle of worry, the thread is back!"

"Wait," said Gutmann carefully. »Where did we notice here or how were we notified?«

"It's still in the book of oriental secrets," said Frêne thoughtfully. "Perhaps it was the beggar who eyed us carefully upon arrival and then asked for a baksheesh."

"That could be," answered Gutmann. "Here in

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in this country Allah is All-Knowing. Let's give him his game, we can't do anything about it now. Let's go to rest so that tomorrow we're fresh enough for all the surprises! «

It was clear to the girl that she wasn't even thinking of sleeping. She was visibly reluctant to follow Gutmann's suggestion. Reluctantly, she left the room with another word of thanks to go to her room next door.

"Another leaf in the salad," growled Gutmann, pityingly watching her. "What do we do with her?"

Frêne slapped his forehead: "How about I hurry back to the port alone to speak to the captain of the Spanish ship? He could have the girl somehow inconspicuously brought on board and delivered to Cadenas in Cadiz! We'll give her a brief explanatory letter asking for further action. «

The two Germans immediately agreed. "Definitely take the pistol with you," Gutmann warned with concern. "Of course it is best if Frêne sets off immediately, maybe the steamer will run out in the morning ..."

"Hopefully you can?" Said Reimer tentatively.

"You have to exhaust every possibility," he said Carcassonner back. "For the time being, take turns guarding the girl's safety with the door gap open. You never know? How did your soldiers say?: You have seen horses puke in front of a pharmacy! Adieu

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Messieurs, I'm going! «

"Now we have to keep watch like recruits," the Linz native moaned. "Well, poor thing ..."

Frêne came back after hours at night. He found his companions sitting expectantly behind the ajar room door.

"All's well that ends well," he said laconically when he entered.

"In what way?" Gutmann urged,

"The ship was still in the old place. The captain was somewhere in the country. So I had to wait almost two hours before he came up with his helmsman. Thank God both were sober. However, I needed some persuasion and had to



play with open cards. These also stood out best. This old lake hidalgo then gave up his initial resistance and - as I now see from my watch - will come here this morning at around eight and take over the girl. He swears by all the Spanish saints and the entire heavenly following that he will deliver the girl to Cadenas in good health and is also convinced that she will be in the best and most caring hands with his Amigo. ”

"Almost too good to be true," said Reimer, shaking his head. »After everything that has been haunted so far, the simplest becomes the most unusual ...«

'Like Frêne, I think we trust the captain

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can, "Gutmann said confidently. "And there are no temptations for amours, dear Reimer!"

This waved it off. "For my sake, Allah should only be with the girl instead of with me ..."

The men looked at each other and then out the window into the night. The crescent of the moon hung over a grotesque city silhouette and silvered the angular contours of the building with a delicate sheen. A healing gray veil flag stretched long across the earth's satellite. A benevolent night was now forgetting and calm.

Nella Post was waiting with the men early in the morning. She was provided with ample advice and a written recommendation, which she recommended to hide intimately on the upper body. She had also received money, the friends in Spain had to take care of everything else.

Just as the girl was handing over her home address to Reimer, a rental car pulled up in front of the pension. Minutes later the captain stood in the room and greeted the waiting people as if they were old acquaintances. He put his right hand on the girl's shoulder with a gentle gesture and said with a smile: "Señorita, you are in good hat now! Your friends here have many good

friends in Spain who will take care of your coming home. I am very indebted to these men and will take over here with all guarantees for your safety. Let's make it informal and short, because I have to go as soon as possible

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leak. Vamos - it is a great honor for me, Señores!

"The girl's repeated attempts to thank her prevented that

Men off. "See you in Munich," Reimer grinned optimistically. "Go away, girl, and if you're Catholic, donate a candle for an old pagan!"

The men escorted the girl and her protector to the boarding gate and waited for the car to start. A brief wave of the inmates, short hand gestures of the reply, and the men with hope in their hearts were rid of an added worry.

A throaty voice suddenly came from the right about to enter the house again: "La hawla, wa la quwata illa bi'llah - there is no power and no strength other than God, - lihaza bismillah bakshish, ya effendil - therefore in the name of God a merciful gift, oh Lord! As if conjured up out of nowhere, a simply dressed native stood in front of the men and, lurking with sharp eyes, held out a sinewy hand.

"Give the man the number 103," Gutmann asked Frene, asking for an Arabic translation. This immediately responded.

A flash of lightning struck the apparent beggar's eyes. He whispered hoarsely in easy-to-understand French, half-masked with bows: "The men of the Great Eagle are under the protection of Black Burnus. Goes to the harbor in the evening and searches for the ship ›Esperanza‹. Captain Carón is our friend and his helmsman is an Arab from Syria. Go

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to the master of the ship and tell him, you bring Allah's blessing! «

Gutmann had meanwhile taken a coin out of his pocket and put it in the still outstretched hand with a mock gesture. "Sahite, effendi - baraka 'Ilah. "Thank you, oh Lord, Allah be worth it to you!" He added aloud. Mumbling more words of thanks, he pulled away. After the first astonishment, it was Reimer who found his voice again. "With Allah's Beard - that was easier than easy too. In short style: poor man - please - thank you - away! Another thread, but not at home. "

"For home," Gutmann corrected.

"And in the name of Allah, sprint," Frêne added his opinion. "People have a good deal with Allah and we also walk on the edge of his shadow."

The men only left the house to eat. They feverishly longed for the evening to cope with their growing restlessness.

Barely twenty-four hours in Tangier, filled with excitement and secret danger, they were again jumping into a new uncertainty. Now they stood on the edge of the harbor and peered for the named ship, while pale stars slowly appeared in the sky.

A porter approached the seekers. "Allah is watching," came from his mouth in the throaty chant.

"Allah be with you," replied Frêne cautiously.

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Without another word, he went ahead of the men after waving at lightning speed. In ten minutes they were standing in front of the "Esperanza". Before the men could thank them, the man had disappeared behind the maze of port operations.

The ship we were looking for was a small but clean looking vehicle. that was at the end of a projecting quay tongue. The Spanish flag was waving at the stern.

The Carcasson called the ship. A bearded sailor looked down from the railing. "Quien it?"

"Donde es el capitano?"

The man disappeared and returned shortly thereafter with a lean man who identified himself as the man called by a white cap.

"We bring Allah's blessing," Frene's call blew across the ship.

"Wait!" it came back.

Minutes later, a gangway slid onto the quay wall. When the men entered the ship, the captain led his right to the cap. "A sus ordenes, Senores!" He said politely, eyeing the newcomers. 'You have paid passage. Please come with me to my cabin before I assign your cabins to you! «

The men thanked.

'You should go ashore in Alexandria, gentlemen. If your passports are in order, you won't have any problems, "said Captain Carón as he walked.

"Passports are fine," replied Gutmann shortly.

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"Good!"

The men quickly let their eyes wander over the hill town. The pale aura of the past day on the horizon shimmered over the towers of the minarets and over the kasbah, while an increasing dark velvet curtain stretched over the heights of the firmament, which was filled with ever-brighter brilliant points. Now Tangier also greeted with a sparkling illumination of his lights. Ripe and swelling like an eternally young woman, the city lay in the wide arms of the giant Atlas, caressed by the sound of the sea and showing its multifaceted face and charm.

Arrived in the cabin, the captain announced the exit for the night and asked his guests not to leave the cabins until then. He assured them again that if they were cautious, they would have nothing to fear from the British forces in Egypt. They received further information afterwards.

The anchor rattled a little later. The winds squeaked, scraps of words flew from the bridge

through the night, and a thick plume of smoke oozed from the chimney. With the hurried bustle of the crew, the ship regained life and soul for the long journey.

Pounding machines, then trembling and grinding on the ship's hull and finally a short whistle indicated the beginning of the exit.

Reimer looked out the porthole of the cabin where the men were sitting together. "Tangier - that was a quick flash. Always on the nerves ... «

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"Nerve?" Gutmann's eyebrows rose disapprovingly. "You wanted to have fun, huh? And an aviator with nerves? Then jump off and pull the line! «

"Thanks for such jokes," the Linz man said. »And jump off? I didn't ask for a milk bottle. »

As always, Frêne compensated: »Let's be happy, mes camarades, that we can always jump quickly over the many delicate thresholds. And we were also able to do a good job! «

"That's right," Reimer admitted immediately, sitting up straight. So everything makes sense! «

Now the banks slowly stepped back and expanded the panorama. The whole length of the Playa Grande with the long riverside track was revealed. The rocks with the old batteries on the Tanya ei Bália came out, then the steamer swung into the Strait of Gibraltar with an east-northeast course.

Alexandria.

The "Esperanza" entered the western inland port and docked next to a British steamer. There was a lot of traffic in the harbor from ships and boats, the entrance of the Spanish steamer hardly attracted any attention. The formalities took little time and passports of the three men were stamped without difficulty without much questions During the trip, they had received a sealed envelope from Capt Caron, in which the short message stuck that men in Silsila House ' should descend,

where they would receive further mail after their names were given. They said goodbye briefly and warmly to the captain, who had not lacked comfort, the kitchen had also been quite acceptable.

After a short question about the Silsila House, they were directed to the Saad Zaghloul boulevard. In fact, after entering their names in the guest book, they were given another letter in the mentioned pension, which contained a considerable amount of money in high notes and the instruction to be in Cairo at an address given in the letter.

"Great thing," said Reimer, when they found that they had plenty of material. »We are slipping around the world like Nabobs!«

Gutmann, as level-headed as ever, advised caution and limitation. He thought it would be a good idea to keep a bigger reserve in the event of unforeseen breakdowns. You could never know, he explained.

They only stayed one night in the large port city and boarded the train to Cairo the next morning. Without seeing much of El Iskandariya, as the Egyptians call their Mediterranean port, they were already rolling towards the new destination.

The speed of the train brought a fresh breeze into the compartment, but also a swirl of dust, which made it unpleasantly noticeable. The rapidly changing scenery of the delta area showed all its beauties.

The wheels roared in steady beats like distant drums. Inside, the driving noise rose to a thunder, like the smash of an anvil. A swelling choir that then slowly died in rhythmic

repetition. The hammering of the train somehow seemed sleepy. The hot sun did the rest and the landscape in the bright glass tired the eyes. The men started to doze. A suppressed call reached her ears as if from afar. The rolling of the wheels irritated every perception and so for the time being it was only Reimer who did not completely give in to the monotony of driving and stepped into the aisle after the department door opened.

He paused. A few steps ahead of him, an Arab squirmed under the firm grip of a white man. A few words that the European dressed in light gray tropical spoke to the probably local remained incomprehensible to Linz. He asked closer: "Did the man steal?"

He promptly received an answer to the question asked in English. "No, sir, the guy is a damned ringleader of an Egyptian movement targeting us English. We have been after him and his people for a long time. Now we finally have it!" «

The Arab had rolled his nimble eyes to see if he had a chance. With the addition of a supposedly second Englishman, he saw all possibilities disappear. The Brit had turned his arm on his back so that he was almost defenseless.

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"I'm Inspector Maxwell," the man said to Reimer. 'Help me secure the guy to Cairo. You can never be too careful with this kind of people. They are washed with all water! «

The man from Linz thought quickly. He couldn't afford anything that could get him and his comrades in trouble. And that the English were the masters in Egypt had to be taken for granted at that time. Marking the heat, he ran a hand over his forehead and blinked at the Egyptian, unnoticed by the British. As the only sign of understanding, this raised his eyebrows uncertainly. A silent question shimmered from his troubled eyes. "Well," Reimer said briefly and

nodded. The Brit tugged the Arab on the twisted arm. "Go along - march into the compartment with you!" He pushed the arrested man through the half-open door and with a subsequent push into a sitting area by the window. The Arab held his arm with a half-loud cry of pain. "I've now pointed a gun at you in my pocket, Fellow," the inspector said to his prisoner. »If you do stupid things pop! - Get it? "The Arab didn't answer.

"Excuse," the inspector apologized to Reimer. "If you only keep me company until Tanta, it will be enough. We'll be able to request military police there at the station immediately. «

At that moment Frêne came over, who had come to check. When he was talking to Reimer

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When he saw strangers, he immediately retreated discreetly. This could only be good for Linz. The Englishman mocked the Egyptian. 'The pitcher goes to the well until it breaks, Omar Sayid! - You haven't had a chance since we chased Rommel away. Back then you should have given up. Now it costs your head! «

The addressee pressed his lips together and said nothing. Reimer saw that he had an extremely intelligent, even pretty face that betrayed energy and willpower. His age was difficult to determine, it may have been in the mid-1930s.

"Yes, Omar Sayid, in Suez you could slip through our fingers once. Don't think that you can successfully do the same experiment a second time. Now we will smooth the account out, I think. But before that you will tell us a few things that interest us! «

"La!" Said the Arab laconically.

"You'll be fine," grinned the inspector. There are so nice remedies that can help a little. You will chat and sing very nicely, you son of a bitch!

«



A sparkling look was the only answer

"Such cheek," Inspector Maxwell said to Reimer. "The guy is searched for like a pin in a haystack and calmly sits down on the railway line that is heavily frequented from Alexandria to Cairo. Then walk here on the train

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around as if he were King Faruk in the highest person. I was out to get him. But here he really surprised me, Heavens, he almost had an advantage. Hey, mister, uh - mister ... «

Reimer gave his name, heavily accented with English. It was his own game that he wanted to let go without risking too much.

"Alright - so be kind and grab the brown man's pockets to see if he hasn't hidden a firearm. Be carefull - be careful! «

Hiding his unwillingness, the Linz man took two steps towards the Arab and felt him carefully, pockets of pockets, pockets of trousers, nothing.

"Nothing!"

"Well, it costs his head either way. Just wait, boy! "He wiped his sweaty forehead with a handkerchief. Then he growled: "Damn heat!"

Reimer was sitting opposite him at the entrance, so that it was blocked. The Arab couldn't see through the window because the train was going too fast for that, and the inspector was still holding the pistol in his hand. It was certain that he would not miss his catch.

A train conductor in a white jacket passed the compartment without seeing the strange nature of this situation. The Englishman was sitting half back on the door, Reimer as well, so no one could notice that a drama had developed here. The Arab sat with

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unmoved face in the corner of his window and stared further into the landscape. Only once had he cast an inquiring and haunting look at Linz. His instinct may have given him the blink of an eye that his second guardian wasn't what he seemed. Nevertheless, he refrained from trying to grope.

The inspector took it for granted that only a few words were exchanged, for which Reimer was grateful, so that he could maintain the anonymity of his nationality for longer without committing a direct offense against the Englishman, which would result in difficulties with the authorities. The heat in the compartment was no more conducive to conversation.

After a glance at the clock, the inspector suddenly said: "We will be in Tanta in about ten minutes. Maybe you have the kindness and contact the military police at the station. The ward board may not give a sign of departure until the police have secured the guy! «

Reimer showed a blased face. »Tanta? - Unknown, unknown to me. First time here ... «

Now Maxwell growled angrily: "Damned, if there is a fire anywhere, everything is going to the police! But if you ask civilians for support, then ... "He stopped because Reimer had put on the most arrogant expression he had ever shown in life. He continued to mumble discontentedly and indistinctly.

Houses appeared on both sides of the track,

the train slowed down. The hammering of the wheels became harder and more frequent.

"Have the kindness and close the window," said the Englishman, who kept an eye on the Arab.

"Well," Reimer said, pulling the window shut. The view already showed marshalling tracks, the station was approaching.

Stumbling back into his seat, the Englishman suddenly held out his pistol. "If you're a stranger here, I'll take care of the military police and have

the train serviced. The man is safer here in the compartment. «

He added ironically: "You will be able to handle this little ball syringe, won't you?"

"Yes!" Reimer nodded briefly.

"All right. Just keep the man at bay until I get back. It will only take a few minutes. And again: be careful, the guy has all the bad Djinns in his body! «

The train stopped short. Reimer sat stiffly in position and held the English pistol pointed at the Arab with an angled arm while the inspector hurriedly stepped out onto the walkway. The staccato of his hasty steps faded. The Arab's eyes were now fully on Linz. Hope and despair were reflected in it. Reimer considered the situation for a moment. If he helped the man, it could be uncomfortable for him. However, everyone was far more uncomfortable

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Consequences for the Egyptian. This comparison decided. He threw back his head. "Out with you - but quick!"

The Arab jumped up. At first slowly, like a ominous panther, he moved towards the door, waiting for a shot at any moment. When he saw the white man leaning back in his corner and putting the pistol on the seat, he quickly put his hand to his forehead. "Sahite, ya effendi - Allah be with you!" He leapt into the corridor, then swung swiftly out of the open window onto the railroad body to disappear behind the rows of cars.

Frêne had watched the window crack from the next compartment and cheered Gutmann up. Both men came to Reimer to ask. "What's going on, Reimer? ... «

The man from Linz said in hasty words, and concluded: "This Maxwell will be here with the police at any moment. I'm going to have to pretend a robbery! "

"I guess the monkey bit you!" Snarled Gutmann. "That can bring us tremendous trouble ..."

"Don't fret, but act," said the Carcasson. He had taken the pistol with one hand and hurled it into a corner. Then he jerked the Linzer forward by the shoulder. "Bend over like you got a deep blow in the stomach! We play the new Samaritans. Are you all right? «

He still knocked him hard on the side to his

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Imagination to help something about low strikes. "Auuuu," Reimer gurgled theatrically.

Footsteps were already audible. "Attention!" Warned Frêne. In that almost unlikely short time, the inspector was back with an officer and a sergeant from the British military police behind him.

"What's the matter?" Maxwell barked, blocking Gutmann and Frêne's full view. The soldiers eyed him curiously.

"Attack!" Frêne said briefly, "We heard a scream and as we came out of the next compartment to check, a man was jumping out of the window and this man was kneeling on the floor, holding his stomach. Apparently incapacitated with a single blow! "

"All devils!" The inspector howled angrily. 'Didn't I say beforehand that this brown guy had all the Djinns behind him? You put a gun in the hand of a grown man and he can be taken by surprise like, how... "He gasped for comparisons he didn't want to think of. He pushed the travelers aside and looked at Reimer, who was crouched on the bench and groaned with a contorted face. "That was still too little!" The Brit panted angrily.

In the meantime the officer who had come had given the sergeant instructions that prompted him to hurry away. The inspector picked up a bag that was in the baggage net and said, "Well, mister, if you got through the ache - it happens

You right! - then think about your - er, skills. Every shepherd boy among the Nile Valley guards tends to protect a thousand sheep more easily than you, an armed man, a single person. I don't have time now - but I will find you in Cairo and then you can tell me about your clumsiness. Until then I hope to have caught the brown guy!" Without greeting he turned, pulling the officer with him.

"My hat goes up," scolded Gutmann. "Wherever we go with you, Reimer, we get into a mess everywhere! We can speak of more than luck that we got off so lightly at the moment. If only there wasn't a big end..."

"You could try to avoid it," soothed Frêne,

"It's easy to say. With a jump on the moon? ... «

A high-pitched whistle initiated the train's onward journey, people hurried, car doors slammed and the throaty sounds of the Arabs came in from the platform. The three men looked out of the window when the train started up again. A group of soldiers had just walked out of the station building, with the gesticulating inspector at their head.

"We salted the soup for him," laughed Reimer slyly. 'Don't look so worried, Gutmann! The brown boys in Tangier helped us out of trouble by taking us to Egypt so beautifully

shipped before the French police or Spanish gendarmerie would have caused us problems in the city of pushers and now we have modestly returned the favor. Surely this Omar - and whatever else it might be called - was one of those who had relied on Rommel and are now among the hunted. Are you still complaining? "

Gutmann sighed. "You should have been a lawyer," he said. »You won't come to you ...«

"Which is a plus for the whole group," said Frêne dryly.

Few people had boarded Tanta. The three men were satisfied that they could keep the compartment to themselves.

The train ate closer and closer to El Kahira, as the locals call it, the victorious. Houses again, more and more, which generally formed a closed cityscape. Again an increasingly dull wheel roll, slowed down and finally the train entered the main station .

The station is teeming with porters and Fellachen boys, chattering and pushing themselves excitedly about their luggage. The three men struggled to fight their way through the pack. An Egyptian police officer, in shorts and with a red fez, had them shown the way to the Pension Hanse, which, as noted on the Esperanza newsletter, was on Maïdân Ismailia.

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They took the tram through the Sharîa el malika Nazli, past the Egyptian Museum, turning left into the Sharîa Marîette Pasha to Maïdân Ismailia, a beautiful square. The Hansa House was soon found and the men were amazed that they actually received an envelope again after the registration formalities. They chose full board and soon had a snack, along with ice-cold beer, which they enjoyed excellently.

"You have to say," Frêne wondered, "that the famous German organization could hardly work better than the communication game with the news that was always available. The modern means of communication are used very skillfully!"

"You will probably experience more of these miracles and then generally wean yourself off the miracles," Gutmann said.

"I've been trying to do that since our tour of the Pyrenees!"

will be when we are there, which is home to us now. "After serving a Turkish mocha, Gutmann pulled the envelope out of his pocket. "I have to say you really aren't curious. Let's see what's next ... «

He scratched the envelope open with the small spoon handle and pulled out the paper inside. It was in English and contained the instruction the evening after

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Arrive at an atfa, dead end, which branches off from Sharia el Zarâya and whose last, final house shows a small gate, to which one has to knock three times.

"Very interesting and mysterious," laughed Reimer. Frêne shook her head. »The Orientals love the stealth paired with caution. They are experienced secret traders and scenery managers. The English could sing a few songs of which they could not unravel the impenetrable secrets. There are enough fanatical orders and fraternities to keep a smoldering fire with mostly hostile tendencies from going out. "" It is certain that we are under the protection of a far branched brotherhood," admitted Reimer. Gutmann nodded in confirmation.

"I'm thinking of the messengers ..." Reimer broke off and looked at his companion,

»To the messengers of Ali Sikh from Cairo; one of the keepers of the secrets, "added Gutmann openly, alluding to the appearance of the messengers at point 103. »The oriental societies are very ramified. It is very questionable whether we ended up in Ali Sikh in Cairo, of all places, because of the Spanish connection. «

Frêne, who was not yet quite clear, refrained from asking questions. When there was a little pause in the conversation, he suggested looking

at Cairo. "In the end, we might have to move on after a day or two. And it would be a shame ... «

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"In your opinion," agreed Reimer. "We had to miss it in Alexandria, that

Visiting Nebi Daniel Mosque,"Frêne said. "It used to be called Türbe el Iskander, the tomb of Alexander the Great. Very few people still know about it today ..."

"Neither do I," Gutmann said, interested. "Is that true?"

"Yes! There was a legend that he who ruled a great empire who owned the corpse of the great dead. So Alexander of Babylonia was brought to Egypt, where Ptolemy, one of his generals, buried him in the city founded by Alexander and named after him. The later legends interweaved the person of Alexander with Daniel in the oriental ideas, which also explains the naming of the Nebi Daniel mosque built over the old tomb. And since to this day the sacredness of the building hinders a search for Alexander's bones, one would only have to make assumptions unless a corner of this secret would have been accidentally revealed. Around the middle of the last century, a traveler had strayed into the mosque's underground passageways and suddenly stood in front of a chamber in which a diadem-crowned mummy was surrounded by a mountain of books and papyrus scrolls. A new mollah or leader prevented further investigation of this find. Some time later based on this report

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The head of the Egyptian institute, Yakub Artin Pascha, who wanted to visit and examine the grave, stood at the designated place in front of a



wall that had meanwhile been built up. The guardians of the mosque denied that there would ever have been an opening here, and so the pasha had to leave undone. Subsequently, the Pasha was hindered by higher instructions to pursue things further. To this day, the sacred regulations surround the mosque like a protective wall, so that no European can dare to take an act that desecrates the building. «

"Another big secret that his keepers will have found," Gutmann added thoughtfully to the Carcasson's advice. "Also proof that all legends and fairies, even if they go back in the distant past, have a true background, no matter how decorated or even relocated to the transcendental."

After an early dinner, the men were shown the way to the Shâria el Zarayib. With a little effort they found the cul-de-sac identified in the letter and Gutmann knocked three times on the small wooden door in a niche. It wasn't until he had repeated his throbbing that a sip came closer from the inside and a voice asked in Arabic for the desire.

»Night telât rigal min Iskanderiye! - We are the three men from Alexandria, «replied Frêne dein

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invisible questioner.

It was silent for a moment, then the gate creaked and a wrinkled face peered carefully through a now open crack.

»Antun min Maghreb - Are you from Morocco? "Aywah, Tangier," Frêne said,

"Marhaba - welcome!" Greeted the man with a deep bow, raising his right hand to his forehead. He released the entrance and asked to enter.

He pushed a heavy wooden bar behind the visitors, then shuffled past them and led them down a dark hallway into a small courtyard, where he apologized for a moment. With a bunch of keys in hand, he returned and led the men

through another passage. After several turns they stepped outside through another door and were amazed to find them in another alley. The Egyptian led them a little further and then again into a narrow passage, through a gate opened with a key into another courtyard and from there into a nested building, the inner entrance of which was secured again by a locked door.

Another creak. A dull air struck the entrants, then, after walking through two rooms that were dilapidated and empty, made a bleak impression, they came into a larger room that was surprising. Thick carpets, a number of upholstered cushions, nargilehs, small tables and an artistically barred window opening into an air duct

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seemed to be a typical oriental establishment, which indicated wealthy ownership.

"Tefeddel ukud - Take a seat!" Asked the guide, pointing to the upholstery. Hitting back a tapestry, he disappeared through a door hidden behind it.

"A real burrow," whispered the Linz man, looking around. He reached for a mouthpiece from a nearby Nargileh. "It's cold," said Frêne.

The strangeness and surprise of the room made no real conversation arise while waiting. Her wandering eyes took in the various details of the room: a niche with whistles, a few small bowls with golden frames, vases made of faience, whose blue, red and green glaze ornaments glowed matt in the dim light, and carpets, carpets everywhere, on the Floor and walls. A nicely crafted traffic light dangled from the ceiling.

A gentle breeze blew through the room. Then the tapestry behind which the door was hidden was pushed back and an old, white-bearded Arab entered. With a searching look, he scanned the three slowly rising men, slowly put his hand on his forehead and greeted measuredly: "Massik bilchair!"

"Sallam aleikum!" Said the three men back.  
"Essallam!" The old man stepped into the room.  
Now

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only two other men who had followed him on the foot became visible behind him. They greeted very politely.

At a gesture from the old man, the men took a seat. One of the Arabs accompanying him lit the hookahs and offered the mouthpieces invitingly. No words have been exchanged yet, only the gurgling of the water accompanied the first pipes. An aromatic fragrance spread across the room.

"I heard you came from far away," the old man started the conversation suddenly. His voice was deep and benevolent.

Frêne put his right hand on Gutmann's arm and replied in his stead: "Only Allah knows what is far away. Some things appear briefly to him that we think cannot be overlooked! «

The old man's face showed an increasing glimmer of friendliness. "Allah akbâr!" He nodded.

"So it is, oh Bey!"

The old man put the mouthpiece of his pipe into the holder on the neck of the Nargileh and pulled his crossed legs closer to him with his hands. "You live in the Hansa House now?"

"Aywah, ya Bey!"

"Tayib - it's good. Where do you want to go now? "" Allah knows. We are not."

Brief silence. "Our friends sent you from Tandscha, you call it Tangier, to el Misr, to Egypt. You can't stay here. We

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will help you further. For now, tell me where you are from! "Gutmann came up in English:" We are Germans, oh

Bey! «

»Again: Marhaba! - Are you soldiers from Roumi - from Rommel? «

"No. We are aviators. We were last in the country of midnight! «

"Allah, wallah, tallah! - Then you are the men who jumped off the big metal bird over the Fransawi land? «

Now the three men were more than astonished. Gutmann asked: "You know that, oh Bey?"

There was a subtle smile on the old man's face. "An old man, much older than me, told me we had to help two or three men who came from a metal bird from midnight and could appear anywhere in North Africa. We have now received more detailed news from Tandscha! «

"Then you know Ali Sikh?" Asked Gutmann. "I meant that before! He's not in Cairo now. "

"A few months ago, Ali Sikh's messengers were in the land of midnight. I saw them and talked to them! «

The old man bowed low. "You are one of those who know the secrets"

"It is a pity that Ali Sikh is not here," Gutmann said. »But we have confidence in you. You will know what we have to do next. «

The old man reached for the Nargileh's mouthpiece and made some slow moves. There was another pause. Just then Frêne reached into his pocket and pulled out the ancient ring that he had received from Bastia in Cadiz. He held it between his thumb and index finger in a playful manner.

The eyes of the three Arabs were all fixed on the ring. Frêne asked: "What does this ring mean, oh Bey?"

The old man took the piece of jewelry and looked at it briefly. Then he uttered a call of astonishment. Ya Allah! - where did you get this gem from? "The Carcassner described the events as far as they were

seemed expedient for explanation,

"Allah is with you," said the old man. It is a very old ring that dates back to the Moorish period in Spain. Its bearers are recommended for the protection of Allah. These rings were seen as signs. "

"And what are the signs?" Frêne leaned forward. But the old man was silent in thought. He twisted the ring absent-mindedly between his thin fingers, then handed it back to Frêne with a sudden gesture, "Keep it good, machbûb il Allah, darling of Allah! He can still help you a lot, you will come to Baghdad - show him there to old Jamil Ibn Bahri. But don't ask for his secrets. «

At that moment the carpet was pushed back and a younger Arab stuck his

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Head in. He hastily murmured a few sentences that Frêne didn't understand either. In contrast, Reimer heard the whispered name Omar Sayids. The Egyptians exchanged looks among themselves.

"Forgive me, oh Bey, if we disturb your thoughts," said Reimer, "but I heard a name and spoke to this man on the train from Alexandria to Cairo. If there is a message about him, I would be very interested. «

For a brief moment the old man could not suppress a frown line on his forehead. "How could you have spoken to Omar Sayid, Efendi?"

"I spoke to him!" Said Reimer firmly.

The old man's eyes flashed. He gave the waiting messenger in the door a short wave. "Omar Sayid should come in!"

"Aywah!"

The three men looked at one another while the Arabs peered curiously at the door. Hasty steps came closer, the gently moving carpet flew aside

in folds and suddenly an Arab was standing in the middle of the room. His face glistened with sweat, his suit was a little crumpled, and his eyelids twitched nervously. Reimer recognized him, it was the man he had let go on the train,

For the time being, Omar Sayid only had eyes for the old man, whom he greeted with respect. When the latter showed him a place, he just came to sit facing Reimer. At first he was a little puzzled, Europeans in

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to find this room. When his eyes fell on Linz, he gave a shrill cry. "Maschallah - hâdâ ragil kâna munqid - this man was my savior!"

The Arabs had been excited. The old man raised both arms. »Praise be to Allah Almighty! You spoke the truth, stranger, when you said you spoke to Omar Sayid. The seemingly improbable has been confirmed. W'allahi! «

Omar Sayid got up and went to Reimer. »Allah yebarkek dajim - God bless you forever for what you have done for me. You and your friends are under the protection of the Achawîja el burnus aswâd - the black coat brotherhood! You are certainly not an Ingliz. «

"Germans," said Reimer.

He broke off and turned to his countrymen. Only Frêne now understood part of his detailed description of the incident from Alexandria to Cairo. When describing his arrest by the British, the impending detention in Tanta and the incomprehensible attitude of the stranger, the narrator was repeatedly interrupted by cries of astonishment. During his subsequent reporting, Frêne translated quietly and in a short style that Omar Sayid had rushed from the wagon between the parked wagons after the window had jumped and that after a short call across the railroad site he had crawled to a cart-driving Fellachen in his vehicle, which was covered with a tarpaulin . So he is from the

City center of Tanta came out and two hours later a truck with a Mollah would have brought him to Cairo. With all caution he managed to get this far.

"Allah, wallah, tallah! - God's ways are wonderful! "All eyes were on Reimer.

"By Allah, what prompted you to help Omar Sayid against Ingliz?" Asked the whiskered.

"The inspector said it was about the man's head. I didn't want to be complicit in helping a foreign judge in this country hand over a man. "

"God gave you a good heart. And the friendship of the black coat brothers too! «

"And what did the Ingliz say when he came back?" Asked Omar Sayid.

"He was angry," Reimer said truthfully. "Two men from the military police came with him and they all ran off to search. The inspector wants to honor me here in Cairo! «

"The Scheitan get him! He will not be allowed to find you. We'll take care of that. Where do you live?"

"In the  
Hansa House." "Do  
you have suitcases  
there?"

"No. Just backpacks and a suit box. "Omar Sayid quickly exchanged a few words with him Old people.

The latter gave an order to one of his companions and the Arab left.

»It's better you live in Cairo without registration,

otherwise it may be that the Ingliz Maxwell fulfills its intention, finds you and visits you. Then he will soon know that you are German. It's not a good thing, "said Omar Sayid. "There's a big camp on the Sinai Peninsula with Roumi soldiers

caught , all starving. And only Allah knows when they will be free again. «

"And where will we live?" Gutmann's question sounded casual.

"You can stay here today," said the old man, stroking his beard. "And we'll make sure you get a quick connection to the onward journey. Cairo is currently not good for a longer stay. We'll take care of your wellbeing!" He clapped his hands,

A boy with a fez stuck his head in at the door.

"Ahmed, bring Kahwa - coffee!"

The old man turned to Omar Sayid. »You will find other clothes afterwards! In the evening, when it is dark, go to Abd er Rahman in the village of El Kum el aswâd, but be careful when you cross the Nile Bridge. Tell him to make sure his car is always ready to drive; we will suddenly need him. I'll wait for you back in the night! "

"So be it, ya Mohammed Raif - thank you for your help!"

The servant soon returned and brought coffee. He put a small, low table between the Nargilehs in the middle of the room, put little fingers,

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dainty cups, on the plate and poured the strong fragrant drink. Without saying a word, he left again.

Now Gutmann turned to the old man again. "You know a lot, Mohammed Raif, - you know from our odyssey here, you know that we are from a metal bird - can you tell us now whether you also know what about the metal bird and its men?"

The old man tilted his head back, suggesting a negative answer. "We are all in the kingdom of Allah like a grain of sand in the desert. When the Chamsîn comes, it whirls up the sand and carries it far away. Even the metal bird with the strange sign from midnight cannot escape the fate that is already recorded in the book of fate. He got fuel



in Maghreb, as Ali Sikh said just a few days ago, and flew south as Amîrikî military machines were looking for a foreign plane that was sighted over one of the bases. And our brothers in the Maghreb have received no news or other signs. We don't know anything. However, before Ali Sikh left Cairo a few days ago, he gave instructions to help you immediately if you turned up in crap - in Egypt. And he said further that you should move further east as soon as possible. That is why I said beforehand that you will come to Baghdad! ”

"On the magic carpet across the whole of the Orient," Reimer could not refrain from whispering, "Like one

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Fairy tale ..."

However, Mohammed Reif and the other men understood the Linzer's words because he had spoken English. They smiled mildly and the old man said slowly. »Everything is truth, whether it is form or appearance. For both gave Allah to distinguish people. And the fairy tales are the flowers on the meadow of being, they are there too, only Allah has given them a delicious fragrance and colors of joy. Allah kerîm! «

"God is gracious!" Nodded Omar Sayid and the other Arab.

Gutmann advanced again. "Have there been signs in the sky?" His expression was tense as he asked the hosts. "It would also be important for us to know."

"You mean the flying tables the Quran speaks of," said the old man calmly,

»Yes, I mean that!

"They weren't seen through Misr. But they shone over the tower of the ephemeral and were also spotted over Yemen. ”

"Dare an umm kebîr - sign of the Great Mother!" Murmured Omar Sayid, while the other

Egyptian let his eyes wander around without understanding. He was clearly uninitiated.

Now Mohammed Raif rose. »Beîti beîtkum - my house is your house! - Allow me to withdraw now because I have many things to organize. In front

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all that you can travel on soon and get no trouble. The Ingliz will put you in a camp if they catch you. I'm sending Ahmed with pillows so that you can rest for the time being. I also take care of food and drink! «

"May Allah reward your kindness," said Frêne, who knew the local customs best.

"You are the guests of the black coats," said the old man with dignity and bowed.

All three Arabs left the room after making polite apologies. Ahmed appeared a little later and brought a tray with food and date wine. Coming back a second time, he spread out other pillows he had brought with him and, to the surprise of all the newspapers printed in English, presented them. Reimer reached for it, but put it down again after a few minutes while his companions smiled mockingly. »Lots of crap! Atrocity propaganda on the band that even the great coffee comes up! ... «

Ahmed came again. He now brought in the luggage that the men had left in the Hansa House . The old man's messenger must have been known, otherwise he would hardly have received the luggage from the room. The rooms also seemed to have been paid for.

After dark, the servant reappeared and lit the traffic light, which emitted a strange, not uncomfortable light. Already getting tired, the men straightened their swelling pads

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to sleep together when Mohammed Raif reappeared unexpectedly.

"Is semah-I'm sorry to disturb you late. But everything is going better than we could hope before. You have to be ready for departure tomorrow morning. Abd he Rahman takes you back to Iskanderiye in a truck and you can set sail for Beirût with the Turkish freighter »Malatiya«. Everything will be prepared and you can leave the ship in Beirut without having to worry about anything. «

"And in Beirût?" Asked Frêne.

"Keep it in mind," said the old man. He sat down before continuing: "You take a small bus and drive up to Aleppo. There you have to try to find one of the trucks that drive contraband to Mosul at night. From Mosul you can easily get a connection to Baghdad. There Jamil Ibn Bahri visits, which you will find in the suburb Adamiye. This man will know what to do! "

"We're getting farther and farther from home or back to our base," Reimer said anxiously to his companions. »Baghdad - that's a thousand and one nights; everything very wonderful and inspiring. But for us at the current time and under the special circumstances this means an escape into the blue that will end up somewhere... «

"Allah's ways are wonderful," said the old man, with a light rebuke in his voice. 'His eye is with us, even if we cross it, Sir, the Bridge of Death. Nothing

is in vain whatever we do; it rises from the past and leads to developments that Allah wants. We are all just members of an event and our actions, which are mapped out, remain effective, even if we are in paradise or in the Jehenna! «

"Our friend has no doubt about it," Frêne retorted Mohammed Raif's statement ah. "His words betray restlessness because, as a soldier, he has no clear commands as he is used to."

Mohammed Raif stroked his beard. "Tayib - it's good. You now know about the travel route and it is up to you to avoid all the dangers that arise. The more inconspicuous and faster you cover the

routes, the safer for you. I didn't tell you any stops because that's better for you. Otherwise you would only have delayed stays. «

"And when do we leave tomorrow?" Asked Gutmann. "Ahmed will wake you up. Afterwards I will come to you again, together with Omar Sayid, who is

wants to say goodbye! «

"Thank you, oh Bey, for your kindness!"

»Allah give you a good night's sleep and heavenly dreams! He protect and protect you; Eschedhu en la illah il Allah, eschedhu enna Muhammedum Rasul Allah! «

"Your night is sweet too," said Frêne. "Es salâm aleikum!"

"Sâ'a es safâr hunâk - the hour of departure is here!"

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Ahmed woke up in the morning. Except for Reimer, the men were already awake. He brought steaming coffee, English white bread, butter and honey,

Mohammed Raif came half an hour later. "Jisid sabahak - I wish you a good morning!" He said, imitating European customs.

He had barely taken a seat on an upholstered pillow when Ahmed stuck his head back in.

"Schufi - what's going on?"

»El utumbîl - the car is waiting!«

The old man immediately rose again. At the same moment Omar Sayid entered the room and bowed deeply. Then he walked up to Reimer and hugged him. "Oh! - my brother, Allah be with you and in all your ways. Protect you and your friends! Remember that you always have friends in Egypt and that you are my brother. Allah jihfazak - God keep you! «

The farewell was quick but warm, Mohammed Raif stayed in the room while Ahmed and Omar Sayid accompanied the guests. This time the men left the house in a different way, which was shorter. Omar Sayid said goodbye in the gate corridor, who did not want to show himself

unnecessarily on the street. Then the servant opened a gate and stepped out onto the street with the guests. There was a truck with a tarpaulin right in front of the house.

An Arab, clearly the driver, was leaning against the side wall, lounging, while an officer from the Egyptian police, the Saptieh, was dozing in the cab. The latter the

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When he saw white men come out of the house, he pulled himself up and gave a little military salute.

The three men looked at each other in surprise. An amused blink of an eye and the driver's quick service, accompanied by a servant Ahmed's guttural laugh, soon cleared her up. Climbing over the back wall, they quickly climbed the car, on the floor of which they found blankets and cushions. A few boxes formed inconspicuous niches that also made it easy to lie down. The driver folded up the rear wall, then hurried forward and started.

The car started at a rapid pace and kept the highest possible speed in the urban area. The accompanying Saptieh officer was an excellent protection against unforeseen disturbances and proved that the Achawîja ei burnus aswâd was an excellent functioning organization.

They left the city, which had revealed only a few of its world-famous beauties in the few hours of the foreigners' visit, through the Sharîa Shubra. As they passed through the suburb of Rod ei Farag, the Mokattam cliffs in southeast Cairo glowed like a copper castle of the Djinns in the glow of the rising morning sun over the haze of the city.

With a howling engine, leaving large dust trails behind him, the driver roared away with the car, constantly cursing when he had to let go of the throttle or bend around slowly kicking donkeys or stoically stomping camels and the driving or

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riding Fellachen.

It was just noon when they came through Iskanderiye and drove straight to the quay. The driver jumped out of the car and asked the men inside to wait a few more minutes to get off. The Saptieh officer had also got out and stroked the car, scaring the people loitering,

The driver disappeared for a short while. When he came back he drove the car a little further and stopped in front of the Turkish steamer lying on the quay. "Hunâ bâchira - Here is the ship!" He pointed out to the passengers.

Two hours later the "Malatiya" steamed out to sea, heading for Beirût,

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## ALLAH'S WAYS

God opens his heart to those  
whom he is gracious.

(Quran 6, 125)

A dark streak grew up beyond the waterline on the horizon. First a fine line behind the rear sight, then slowly approaching and lifting the ridge line of the Deschebel of Lebanon.

In front of the bow of the "Malatiya", the parting waves foamed. Seabirds screeched around the ship approaching the country and on

deck there was much more activity from the crew. The strip of land increased in height and slowly, the distant forms became solid in shape and color. White dots appeared beneath the gray and green of the ridge, bright houses that melted down into a bright city.

The minarets of the great mosque greeted the vastness of the sea, while the steamer cut into the Bai de Saint André and ran past the flashing light of the projecting pier into the inner harbor.

The three men passed the passport and customs controls without hesitation. Again it was Frêne, who, as a Frenchman, was able to enter the previous mandate area without being interviewed, enter with his companions and take care of the formal information.

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Following Mohammed Raif's advice, the men did not stay in the city, but asked for the next connection to get to Aleppo. They were lucky to get a bus that could take them to Hornas in just a few hours. In the Banque de Syrie et Lebanon, opposite the customs office, they quickly switched some notes into the local currency and took a snack in a smaller restaurant. After a short rest, they went to the bus departure point.

A good road led from Beirût to Hornas. Past the ruins of Baalbek they drove north between the two mighty mountain ranges. The Jebel Libnân greeted on the sea side, and Antilibanon ran out to the land. Driving through El Kosseir, they came to a small lake, the Bahr el Houmouss. Afterwards, the small town of Qatiné, just before Homs, came to the destination itself.

Hornas showed itself to be a lively railway and road junction, Syrians, Jews, Druze and even Yazidis appeared alongside numerous Europeans, including soldiers of British nationality who had occupied the country as security against the French Vichy government.

The men found acceptable quarters in a hostel. Only the next day did they find a connection to Haleb - as Aleppo was called by the Arabs - so that they were forced to spend the rest of the day in Hornas

They started again very early the next morning.

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A good road led through the flat country north to the destination. At Rastane, ancient Arethusa, they crossed the Nâhr el Asî and half an hour later they drove into Hama, the epiphany known from antiquity. A short pause, then the trip went back to the desert area to the larger patch of Khân Sheikhoun. From then on the low highlands of Jebel Zaouiye began, which the road cut through a narrowing in which the place Maaret en Nâmane lay. Later, leaving Jebel Samâne on the right, the car drove through Tefté Naz and on, almost straight, until Haleb was reached. A mosque greeted the entrance to the city center, the Dschâmi 'Zakariya.

In this city, the most difficult situation of the travel section so far resulted since the departure from Cairo. According to Mohammed Raif's instructions, the men had to try to find one of the many smuggling cars that were unsafe for the area between Haleb and Mosul at that time. Here, too, Frêne was up to the job.

They left their luggage in a hostel and, under Frêne's guidance, went to the city's bazaar. A not entirely untrained eye and good instinct soon made the desired contact among the bargaining dealers to be recommended to a driver of the Mosul route. Against a baksheesh, a worthy-looking trader led the men into a coffee shop, where chattering and smoking Arabs and Turks were sitting. The bazaar clerk waved

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a still young looking man and explained to him the wishes of the three strangers.

At first, the driver seemed unwilling to refuse. He eyed the three men standing in front of him suspiciously and shook his head angrily.

"Ahmak - idiot!" Said the trader, who wanted to have earned his baksheesh. After a bit of resentment, the driver said. "I can not. I have already promised to take a man from the Jebel Sindschar area with me. If you had come earlier..."

"Allah struck you with blindness and stupidity ya walad!" Continued the Antakji. "The men pay well, what more do you want?"

The driver cocked his head when he heard the word payment. The addition of the word "good" irritated him and tempted him. "What do you want to pay?" He asked.

"Name the price!" Frène now replied as the speaker.

The driver bored his nose thoughtfully. As if casually, after a while he called a price that made Frène laugh. "Ya ustâd el mubâlagha - you master of exaggeration. Allah has given you a fun tongue," the Carcasson began trading, as should be the case with any business with Arabs.

Hussein, as the driver called himself, rolled his eyes. "It's dangerous to cross the border without permission. From somewhere suddenly a madfa rashâsha, a machine gun, can start barking, ya Allah ... «

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"And it can affect you because Allah takes his hand from you, he doesn't love exploiters!"

"Oh sir, you insult me, because I'm thinking of your safety at the same time," said the prankster. »And the risk with the car ...«

"You're going to Mosul by car without us?"

"W'allahi, you're right!" He said a price that was a lot lower now.

Frène acted as if he hadn't heard anything. He blinked bored into the hot sky. Suddenly he

offered an even lower sum.

"Na'am - yes, Efendi!" Hussein bared like a happy horse.

"When are we going?"

"Ghadan - tomorrow evening, Efendi!"

"Not today?" Frene's voice sounded disappointed. "Lâ - It doesn't work."

"Good. When and where should we be tomorrow? "" Temânja sa'a - at Bâb ei Makâm at eight o'clock. "" And how long will we drive, you master of the

Gasoline car? ”

»Two nights, Efendi! Tomorrow night we drive via Seriyé and Sichne to Deir es Sor, which is on the Euphrates, and then through the Jesireh to Scheddade on the Chabur. The next morning we will be there and rest in a hen during the day. We don't cross the border until the next evening. «

Frêne translated the negotiations to his companions.

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They agreed.

In contrast to the previous accommodations, the Haleb hostel, which was deliberately chosen as a middle class, was not particularly clean and attractive. The three men therefore spent the next day with a more in-depth tour of the bazaar, which junk goods and treasures presented to the eyes of the visitors. For the first time, Gutmann and Reimer now had the opportunity to closely observe the life and activity of the oriental traders. Many Armenians and Jews were also busy doing business.

A lot was different in Haleb than in Tangier. Nevertheless, the city did not tempt people to stay and the men were happy when they heard the singing voice of Mollah from a nearby mosque, which called the faithful to ei Asr, the evening prayer. After that it was time to go to the Makâm Gate and wait for the car.

In front of the gate, which closed the rest of a piece of the old city wall, stood a lean Arab who was wearing a black kafiye and showed a closed expression. He too seemed impatiently waiting

for something, according to his behavior. Your patience was put to the test. Punctuality appeared to be a fairly unknown term in the oriental world. It seemed as if the arrangements made the previous day were a rivet when a smaller truck appeared in the veil of darkness and stopped just in front of the waiters. Hussein waved out of the driver's seat. "Kawam, ya rigâl - quick, you

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Men! "But afterwards he was comfortable getting out of the car and helping the passengers to stow their luggage behind a small stack of boxes. It turned out that the man with the black Kâffiyeh was the Yezide mentioned the previous day, who also went with him. Gutmann, who did not have much confidence in Hussein's driving skills, asked for the seat of the passenger, so that the Jeside had to get to Reimer and Frêne. Without a word, he crawled into the car and crouched in a corner.

The connecting wall between the driver and the cargo area had a large window, so that a connection between Gutmann and his companions was possible at any time. Reimer had occupied the second corner, opposite the Yazidis. Frêne had created a comfortable place in the middle of the car, which made a very pleasant ride possible. A military plaque protected her from wind and visibility, since she spanned the entire car and only gave a view to the rear.

"Kul shê hâdir - is everything ready?" Asked Nussein. Hardly waiting for the answer, he accelerated and the car bumped.

The day's slacking heat had passed. A cool breeze refreshed the travelers, which almost became an unpleasant coolness with the increasing speed of the car on the open country road. The beginning of the night was bright and the moon flooded the landscape with pale white

light. The rocks of Jebel el Hass stretched to the right, and ran to the left

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Elevations of the mountain range. After about an hour they drove near the bank of a large lake that stretched east. After Chanasara and the subsequent Jebel Schbet on the left, the desert area began.

Hussein drove into the night. He turned out to be a fast and good driver at the same time, so Gutmann's concern turned out to be unfounded. The hours passed. On both sides of the road, the moonlit desert looked like a frozen sea in majestic calm. A magical force poured out of the dead landscape, which, despite the sound of the engine, brought out its full magic.

The car drove hour after hour. Now Hussein began to sing in a monotonous way to combat an emerging fatigue, »Ya leîli - ya êni

- ya leii - ya Ani - jekulune Leîla fil Iraqi meridetum - Eja lejteni kuntul tabibel mudawija... «The melody always sounded the same and insistently repeated Hussein was» ya leîli - ya êni ... «An old Iraqi folk song about girls and love.

Gutmann learned during the trip that a continuous trip from Haleb to Mosul would be possible in sixteen hours, but Hussein divided the route because he still wanted to be in Scheddade. With a sly smile, the driver admitted that he had loaded French contraband. It would bring a lot. But he did not say what goods he had loaded. And again and again he started with a tearful voice

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to sing.

At dawn they drove into Scheddade. Another hot day, which the men had to spend in a hân, as it did not seem advisable to walk around the village. Yesterday was gone without saying a word. Hussein had a lot to do, and slept through the rest of the day. Towards evening the muezzin called to el Asr to praise Allah. The sun sank like a red ball in the west and gilded the minarets and the crowns of the palm trees that were already darkening in the sky. Now came the agreed hour that Hussein intended to leave

would have.

The men walked slowly through the Hâns courtyard, past the Arabs who were sitting and chatting, and waited in front of the gate. Here they found the Yazidis, who, unlike Hussein, was on time. This time he made a quick greeting.

Hussein drove up, the men got on, and then the driver mischievously steered the car west onto the road leading to Haleb, smiling, and then drove into the open desert some distance from the town. Forming an arc, he circled the place in a wide semicircle and then chased eastward through the pathless terrain towards the border. The lights were dimmed and the previously overhauled engine sang evenly,

After an hour and a half they came to Chatunîye Lake, at the northern foot of the Dscherebeh Mountains. Like a milky one

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The salt crust surfaces of the riverside were shimmering, with large areas of green rushes moving in between. Individual pipe tips pricked black and pointed into the velvet blue of the horizon. Only long, elongated purple cloud flags sailed high in the sky. In the distance a black tent village, camel dung fire, individual huts made of reeds, telling of the loneliness and poverty of the country children.

"Qûjûd - gangs," Hussein instructed the Gutmann sitting next to him. "There were raids here. That's why there are police patrols here

and there. "He steered the car past the lake through the steppes to the dark Sindhar mountains. The ridge of the mountain rises a thousand meters,

Hussein raised his hand and pointed to the landscape. "When we reach the mountains, we'll be in Iraq. In an hour we are far in the country and in the village of Samuscha. Then the Yazidis leaves us. May Allah save us from the evil that the Jesidi conjure up. «

At that moment there was a gentle bang from somewhere. Hussein immediately stopped. The engine died and the men listened. Now - several shots ...

Gutmann had spotted a movement on the lake side already behind them. A dark spot grew out of the night and approached toward the car. Tiny tongues of fire flashed behind him, accompanied by short whips.

There - the quick point turned into a dark one

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Bales. A rider had fallen. A man came out of the ball and hurried on in the same direction. He ran a zigzag course to make it difficult for the pursuing shooters to aim. During his approach, further points appeared behind him, men were chasing him. Individuals stopped running and fired. It could only be a question of the shortest possible time and the persecuted had to fall victim to the chasing.

At that moment, just before the dramatic climax of the nightly events, a short series of shots popped further north. Still quite far away, there were two narrow, bright eyes that came from the location of the men watching the events to the shooters at an acute angle. A bright bang ran ahead of the eyes.

"Dâbitîja es sâhra '- desert police!" Said Hussein excitedly. He made a move to start, but Gutmann stopped him.

"Still waiting! If we drive now, we will be noticed immediately because we are in the field

of vision of the other car. Let's just let them pass. If they then turn their attention to the shooters - see - they turn and run apart! «

"Ya Allah, esch el musibe di - Oh God, what a misfortune!" Whined Hussein softly. "If you catch our car ..."

"Chalik mirtah - be calm!" Whispered the Yazidis from inside the car. Reimer and Frêne looked over them

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rear drop side to the man who was still running towards them, although a little staggering. Suddenly the Yazidi knelt between them. "We could save the man!"

"The car won't wait," said Frêne doubtfully. He crawled forward and called through the window that they would take the running man in. Surprisingly, Hussein did not spread, but looked back out of the window. The man was still about a hundred paces away, but the police car was already past and was chasing the now fleeing figures. A short burst of fire barked, some of the runners threw themselves on the ground.

There were still a hundred meters between the refugee and the car. Now the Yazid jumped out of the blue and hurried towards the man. In a few minutes he had reached him, grabbed his arm and pulled him with him, Reimer and the Carcasson waited and lifted both men over the side wall inside, Frêne called out that it was time to go on.

Hussein could not be said twice. The car jumped like a frightened animal that the occupants were thrown against edges and walls without exception. Not enough, the exhaust suddenly hit twice.

"Alf Schejatîn - A thousand devils!" Cursed the driver, stepping on the throttle. Regardless of a possible axle break or tire damage, he drove straight into the dark

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emerging mountain range to get out of sight under the protection of the black wall.

Frêne and the Jeside had taken care of the admitted person backwards, Reimer watched the events behind her. He saw that after the noise of the exhaust the strange patrol car stopped and now seemed to be watching. If the popping repeated now, you would inevitably have to discover the direction and probably the car itself.

Right now the men who had previously thrown themselves on the ground jumped up again and tried to escape into the nearby reed belt at the lake. This moment prompted the police car to continue the persecution. Obviously he had to be able to reach some of the refugees in a few minutes before they were immersed in the tangle of rushes and stalks. The greatest danger seemed to be averted,

When Reimer looked back for a moment and tried to penetrate the darkness in the car, he saw Frêne busy dressing a thigh wound on the stranger, with the help of the Yazidis.

It was an Arab who was now lying on the floor of the car with a wound. "Just a graze," Frêne said. "But the man did lose some blood."

Hussein was chasing Samusha. The desert police car was behind and bad

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chosen. Some Arabs might have fallen into the hands of the crew, but a smuggled car had escaped. With him a man who almost fell into her hands too.

The moon was high in the sky again when the car entered Samusha. Nestled between steep and dark rocks, the place was built on the rising slopes, ending in the valley of Hafa'ir, through which a mountain stream seeping into the steppe flowed. Narrow and steep alleys crossed the settlement and only a few trees tried in vain to conjure up an inviting note. The east-facing part of the town seemed a little friendlier, rising in



terraces and showing a lot of green. Red and white oleander flowers shone in the glow of the night sky lights,

The Yazidis now crouched near the window on the front side and gave the driver quiet instructions. Hussein stopped in front of an almost windowless house in the valley floor, which only had a larger, now locked gate. The Yazidi jumped out of the car and pounded several times on the wood of the gate. There were some dark blows that didn't go too far around

"Min inte - who are you?" Came from within, "Jafar!"

When the Yazidis had given his name, the gate creaked. The wooden wing swung back and opened the entrance to a spacious courtyard.

"Ta'ala - come!" The Yazidis asked the driver. Hussein immediately steered with a sudden turn of the steering wheel

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the carriage through the gate, which was locked again. In this house the Jeside who had traveled with him seemed to be the master. He gave the old man, who had previously opened, some instructions, which the latter acknowledged with a bow before shuffling away. Then Jafar said to the rest of the men, "We want to get the wounded into a room first. I ask you, me to be of help! «

Frêne took the stranger by the arm and saw that he had not yet overcome his weakness. He and Reimer lifted it up with a hand bridge, then followed Jafar, who led them inside. A small room with a simple camp accommodated her. The Jeside pointed to the bed and said apologetically: "My house is only modest ..."

Next door was a second, much larger room that Jafar made available to the Europeans. "Selim will soon come with pillows and blankets," he said. "And I'll find a small room for Hussein."

"You are very kind," said Frêne. "You take us in without knowing us."

The Yazid bowed. "Hospitality is sacred to us, Efendi!" Then his gown gathered up. "It is very late. Your night be happy and blessed - Leilkum sa'ide wa mubâreke! «

The Carcasson repeated the greeting, while his companions murmured out of courtesy. Jafar went.

»In Europe one could have more prospects than here in

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Ditch sleep, "said Reimer. »The hospitality towards strangers exceeds all expectations. Our first night in Iraq. Get away with the famous black eye again. "

"We can be satisfied," Frêne said carefully. Then he looked at Linz and smiled fine, "Why mock Europe? There are now the democratic freedoms to which my compatriot Anatole France said that the rich are also allowed to sleep under the bridges! "

Selim came and brought an armful of blankets and a number of pillows. He was loaded like a cargo camel when he entered the room and put the things down. A traffic light gave enough light to show a reasonably clean room,

The men had barely prepared their bed when Hussein scurried in. "In the name of God the Merciful," he whispered, "allow me to rest on the threshold of your room. It is not good for all believers to sleep alone in the rooms of this house. "

"Are you scared?" Frêne asked.

Hussein stood humbly, "Lâ - I'm not afraid. But the place of Shamusha is dominated by the Lord of Evil whom the Yazidis worship. «

"Sit down! Who is that, the Lord of Evil? "

"Ya Efendi - you shouldn't say your name out loud. It's - it's - Malek Ta'ûs -König Peacock ... "

"King Peacock - the Lord of Evil?"

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Hussein glanced fearfully at the door. »It is the god of these people in the Sindjar Mountains. He is the counterpart of the good, to whom only humility is shown, because he only knows goodness. King Peacock, however - may his name be gone - is the Lord to whom these people only approach in fear and with tremors and to whom they make sacrifices. They used to sacrifice children every year, and they are said to do so secretly today, O Allah! ... «

Frêne translated Hussein's words to his companions. "Some of it is known to me," replied Gutmann, "This king peacock, this Ta'ûs, with the emphasized U, is the spirit, the calamity, the relentless, uncanny, born from your magical sound of the called, U '. It is the spirit of world evil that the Yazidis seek to soothe through worship. Every year they celebrate the festival of light extinguishing, in which they pay homage to their secret mystery customs. In the past, they actually speared children on burning kerosene and roasted them to death. But they still don't know exactly how far they bow to the strict laws of the Iraqi government. Part of this sect also lives in

Syria"

"You don't see that in these reserved people. That Jafar ... «

"Pah," Gutmann interrupted. »Not everything that is gold shines. Still, you can't condemn these people. They are at the mercy of a fate that has born them into such behavior, falling rocks, landslides, diseases, raids by the enemy

environment, all of them are blows that constantly threaten them and attribute them to the power of evil, which must be appeased. According to their teaching, he is the true lord of the world, whose power can become perishable and whose smile means death and annihilation. The peacock-king, in darkly shimmering robe and staring scornfully with a yellow and a red eye, degrading the radiant, golden wheel of his

plumage, the shiny disc of light, to the background of his rule. The Mürîd, the people of this Yazîd people, pray to him as common believers and his secrets are kept by the Rune, the knowers of the Mysteries, to whom the mysterious Sheikh Khan heads the Taurus Mountains. «

"You should be able to attend one of their parties now," Reimer said with interest.

Gutmann fought back. »That is not advisable, moreover it is hardly possible. That can mean death for the fanatics of this closed faith, so very little is known to this day. Let's not bother people. »

Hussein had been unable to follow the conversation in German. He assumed the white men were talking about his staying.

"Allah protect us," he murmured, "it is not good to be alone. It is said that the Yazîdis did what the Christians call black masses. And some Beni Arabs shouldn't be safe... «

"It's folk chatter," Frêne said from time to time

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translated.

Gutmann agreed with the companion, then he turned to Hussein himself, speaking in English: "When will you continue from here?"

Hussein looked at the questioner. »I understand some English, I don't speak much. Keep going - yes. In the morning. Sabân ... «

"Then we sleep a little now. We only have a few hours until then."

Frêne, who was unable to get a good night's sleep and always had to think of Hussein and Gutmann's descriptions, was immediately wide awake when Hussein touched his arm. "What is there?"

"Pst, Efendi? breathed Hussein, "Listen!"

Frêne went to the door and listened. It was as if he had heard shuffling, then creaking. He looked back into the room and saw his companions

awake, watching what he was doing. "Put out the traffic lights!" He asked softly.

Hardly anyone who darkens the room, the Carcassoner opened the door a crack. Nothing, about to shut them again, suddenly gave a suppressed groan to everyone's ears. It came from next door to where the injured person was lying. Frêne immediately pushed open the door and stepped into the corridor, which lay in complete darkness. He groped his way forward until he felt the door of the next room. He already had the handle in his hand when the door was suddenly opened. A man crashed into him and made a call to the  
Surprise and horror.

It couldn't be the injured. Frêne grabbed the

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Surprised the arm stretched out to the defense and turned it on his back. The man let out a cry of pain and squirmed. At that moment the flashlight flashed on the man's face. It was Gutmann who had followed his companion on his feet and was now looking for clarification in the light. Frêne had caught Selim.

The man was still writhing and slowly running his free hand under his clothes. Frêne immediately tightened the handle, warned by Gutmann, and forced Selim to kneel. With this contortion of the body, a dagger clattered to the ground. At the same time, the twisted arm's fist had opened slightly, causing some crumpled papers to fall to the floor. Frêne put his foot on the gun while Gutmann picked up the papers and kept them. Then he shone the lamp towards the bed.

"Wake up - we caught a thief," the Carcasson shouted.

No Answer. The wounded man didn't move.

Gutmann went to the bed and shook the man.

Again nothing. His face showed only a distortion of the features. One hand was limp over the edge of the bed while the other was clawed on the chest. The man was dead.

There was a shrill cry through the night that froze the blood. It was loud, which had to wake the whole valley.

Frêne had involuntarily loosened her grip when he was surprised by the scream at the sight of the dead man

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has been. Selim immediately broke free and jumped into the darkness of the corridor with a mighty leap that one could hardly have expected. He ran against Hussein, who stepped frightened out of the room and fell backwards onto the floor. Selim jumped over him and disappeared.

Reimer helped the groaning driver and hurried to his companions, Da - another outcry, flickering markers, hurling all the suffering of a tortured creature against the sky.

All four men ran out into the yard. What they saw shook them.

The full disk of the moon hung over the crest of Jebel Simdschar. Her lower edge touched the ridges as if a silver ball was rolling along. The window seemed close, excessively large and magnetically attractive, and in the glow of the hypnotic star men stood on the roofs of the high houses and raised their arms in delight and prayer. And from somewhere a child's crying faded away.

Hussein's face was gray in the moonlight. He clung to Frêne, who understood his language. »You sacrifice and pray! ... «

"And the scream?"

"I don't know anything for sure," Hussein's teeth chattered. "They are said to torture children to death to greet the full moon with the sounds of unspeakable pain. Especially at the festival of the Seventh Moon. They think it satisfies the bad guy ... "

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The crying and whining increased and ended abruptly with an outcry that exceeded the previous one. Nerve-vibrating, cutting, gruesome, The silence that followed then lay like a nightmare over the landscape lying in the breath of silver. The white figures on the roofs stood motionless like statues, staring at the moving moon, which moved unmoved across the vast sky and took the adoration of Samusha with it.

The four men in the court of Jafar were spellbound by the horror and the outrageous in their place. Imagination images of terror danced in her imagination, inspired by the troubled souls. Pictures of a ban to which the people of Jebel Sindjar served as subjects. Only when there was movement on the roofs of the houses did the rigidity of the four men release,

"What now?" Asked Reimer, breaking the heavy silence,

"We want to expect early morning," replied Gutmann. "Tell the driver, Frêne, to be ready to go after dawn."

The Carcasson turned to Hussein. »Tulû 'esch schems - we drive at sunrise!«

"Na'am," the driver nodded. "Until then, we'll stay in the car, oh Efendi!"

Frêne spoke to the companions who immediately agreed to take out luggage and blankets. Hussein himself refused to take another step into the house.

After preparing their resting places inside the car for a few hours, Gutmann and Frêne went back to the dead man's room. They still found everything unchanged. While Gutmann was shining and listening to outside noise, the Carcassonner searched the person lying down to find clues about the identity that the secret could solve. Because it was obvious that this was not a simple robbery. The Frenchman, who looked carefully, found a loaded pistol of English manufacture under the head cushion. A few

coins and banknotes were all that the search was able to accomplish. The latter alone proved that Selim's robbery must have targeted the papers. The question remained open as to how Selim knew about or suspected the papers. Who was the dead man, whom did Selim serve?

"War in the dark," said Gutmann confidently, "hot iron!"

Frêne had taken the pistol, put the money back in her pocket without counting it, "Allons ..."

In the car, they took out the papers in the flashlight, after warning Hussein to be careful. With the ceilings hung over - the night frost made itself felt - the men squatted together and smoothed out the crumpled pieces of paper. The driver, trembling with excitement, leaned against the side wall and blinked into the gray of the slowly fading night.

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"Ah - English!" Gutmann took a closer look at the first paper. - This is a recommendation from an English major to an Englishman in Mosul. The bearer - there is no name - has important news. Treatable and supportive. "Gutmann grunted. »Hm you might need that - but wait! - Below is an addition, the man's name is Abu Bakrîn. So we'd have the name ... 'He frowned thoughtfully. "You could cut the addition off," he murmured. He carefully folded it up and pocketed it. So now the next note. »A list of names, on thin paper and with Arabic letters. Can also be a subject index. Find that out, Frêne! «

The Frenchman took the note. »A list of names, Gutmann! All Arabic names and places included, but otherwise no further information. So you don't know... "« Then we'll keep this list for now. "The note also went back into the pocket. »So - and now another one! - Ha, manna fell from heaven! A neatly drawn plan. A street fork, a hill,



a brook, a ruin sign and of course a flourish  
lettering. Again for  
you, Frêne, to decipher! «

The Carcasson reached for it, »Arabic place names and labels. Here - at the ruins, a small cross and a meeting point. No indication of which area it is. Should only be for initiates

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of a narrower area. «

»Bring it on! - Let's see if we can find a clarification in Baghdad. "Gutmann took out the previously inserted notes, folded them all together and carefully stowed them in his wallet. "A man had to die for three such papers. A son of a dog and a martyr at the same time. Depending on the view from the front. «

A call from Hussein interrupted further discussions. "The Yazidis!"

When the men looked out of the car, they saw Jafar in the courtyard, accompanied by two men, Selim was not there.

The facial features of the men were quite clear in the night light. Everyone wore a black Kâfliyeh to their white burnus, so they looked strange enough. "You left my house?" Jafar asked with mock calm.

Frêne put one foot on the side and supported herself. »We are still in your house! But the voices of the night woke us up and we went to your yard. We also believe that evil spirits are up to mischief in your house. The walls groan... «

The Yazid's companions made a violent movement. Jafar said, "I heard a groan too, but it was someone's. When I checked, I found a dead man in my house. "The last sentence had a threatening undertone.

The Frenchman acted as if he had missed the words. Calm

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he asked: "Where's Selim?"

Jafar took two steps closer, his eyes sparkling. "Why are you asking about Selim? He is sleeping because he had a hard day. But I ask you: What do you know about the man who died in my house? Where's his things? "

"Ask Selim," Frêne replied, "he came out of the room where the stranger we didn't know was. He had a dagger with him and fled! "

"Your claim, Efendi, may be possible, but it has not been proven! Selim took a tour of the house and surprised you when you came out of the room! "

»Lftah el bâb - open the gate, Jafar! -You insult your guests! "The Carcasson's voice sounded imperious.

»You are smart! But notice: You are only my guests until you have left the house. Then you are free. Free for the men of Samusha and for the police! «

«Jîb bulîs - Bring the police! We're waiting for it. "« Don't wish for that, "Jafar tried to warn.

"We even wish it very much," Frêne trumped.

"But we think the police won't be wanted." An angry cry followed the answer. One of the two companions stepped next to Jafar. "You speak boldly, yâ Sîhdi!"

"Who are you?" Asked the Carcasson calmly.

"I am Nassr ed Din, Pirân von Samuscha," replied the interviewee confidently. Frêne turned back to Hussein and asked softly, "What is a piran?"

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"That's the top priestly caste," Hussein whispered back. The pirans have a great influence on life in the Beled Sinjar. "

"Good, Hussein. That's enough. "He continued aloud:" Say a word of power, Pirân! Get Selim here! «

"What do we need Selim for here? First prove that you did not kill the stranger. And that will be difficult for you! «

"Why should we have killed the man? We didn't know him. We even helped him when he was persecuted. Jafar knows that! «

"Yes, you helped the man," Jafar said. "But you robbed him in my house!"

»How can you speak of robbery? Have you searched the man and found little or nothing? »

The carcass's mocking tone made Jafar angry. Still, he grasped the vulnerability of the question. He said a few sentences in Kurmendschi to his companions that Frêne could not understand. He had never heard the Kurdish language before. "We examined the dead man because we still believed life in him. We noticed that the man had nothing with him at all. That's suspicious, isn't it? »

"He had nothing with him at all?" Frêne's voice was urgent.

"Nothing!" Said Nassr ed Din briefly. "Strange."

"Give up what you took from the man,"

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Jafar asked again.

"You seem to be more concerned with certain things than with the life of a man!"

"You insult us in my house!"

»You are wrong! I already had to draw your attention to the fact that we, your guests, are wrongly suspected of you. »

"I already said: this has not been proven!"

Without thinking, Frêne said: "Blushing should color your cheeks if you Malek Ta'ûs -"

»Qu, qif - stop! - Don't give the name! "All three men raised their arms in horror. "You can't call him we serve ..."

"Oh, all of us here, we'll call him if you don't open the gate of this inhospitable house so we can go on."

"Don't do that, Efendi," Jafar said almost submissively. "See, we have another guest besides you who stole from me. Now the man is dead and his property has also disappeared."

Realize my excitement. I didn't mean to offend you, but worry drives me «

"You are not sincere!"

Jafar wriggled as his companions stood like rigid statues. 'Why the word battles, Efendi? Let us leave the night over the incident. Give me what you found and travel in peace. Here, the piran will see to it that the death of the man is declared an accident. For you everything will be what

613

Man could have been of no use. ”

»You speak very mysteriously and avoid my questions. You also didn't call Selim, who I caught when he came out of the room next to ours. And now you are asking us for something that must be close to your heart and for which you have accused us. Tell us what you're looking for and I'll tell you if I've seen anything like it. ”

"You want to spoil me, Efendi!" "Why should I?"

"Then give me the papers the man must have had with him. They are private letters that only concern me. «

"How can these be pernicious to you?" "You torture me, Efendi."

"Give the papers to Jafar," Nassr ed Din said. "Do not abuse the hospitality he has given you. If you give these letters to your police, Jafar can get into trouble because of his business. And it's very difficult to do business at all. «

"Why our police?" Asked Frêne.

"Your Ingliz always hands everything over to the police." "Who tells you we're Ingliz?"

The Carcassonner saw that the Yazidis looked at each other in amazement.

The piran asked: "Where are you from? »We are Swiss.«

'I've heard of this country. It didn't fight in the great war. You are friends of Ingliz. «

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"We're everyone's friend," said the Frenchman. "But we have no interest in revealing your private secrets to Ingliz."

"Blessings be on all your ways!" Jafar exclaimed in relief. "So you give me the papers?"

"I found only one," said Frene slowly. "Wait a moment, I want to see if I still have it. It's crumpled up and looks unimportant." He stepped back into the car and whispered to Gutmann, "Quickly a sheet of paper and a pencil. Vite, vite!" He immediately reached for what was being offered and asked Reimer to cover the flashlight with a blanket. Then he looked for the plan from among the three papers and began to draw it out eagerly. It went very quickly, as there were only a few lines and markings and the labeling instructions made no effort. The sketch was copied perfectly in a few minutes.

"Is it appropriate to give this to people?" Asked Gutmann, guessing Frene's intent. He and Reimer had not been able to understand the conversation with the Yazidis, but they did have a rough idea of the argument.

"I'll explain everything later," the Carcassner appeased. He pocketed the copy of the sheet and crumpled up the original. Then he stepped back to the side wall. "Here's a slip of paper, Jafar. He was stuck between our luggage. There will certainly be nothing on it. You will be disappointed. An old,

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crumpled paper. "He tossed the ball of paper to the Yazidis. Jafar had cleverly caught him. He hastily unfolded it and held the crumpled paper up to the dawn. He had to see that much that he was holding a plan in his hands. Again the Yazidis exchanged a few words in Kurdish. "Was it worth it for the sake of this scrap of paper?  
To insult guests? "

"You are right, Efendi." Jafar crossed his arms over his chest and bowed low. "I've done a grave

wrong and thank you!" He bowed a second time to hide the flash of his eyes that the Carcasson didn't miss,

Frêne struck between them like lightning: "And yet a man had to die because of this scrap of paper!"

All three men were silent. Jafar walked slowly towards the gate and opened it awkwardly. The wings creaked open. "We promised you that you could leave in peace. The one we are all subject to will judge on the day of destiny. "

"Then fear for yourself!"

"No," Jafar shouted wildly, "but maybe it is the soul of the dead who is now guilty in the dark for acquiring damnation!"

Frêne called Hussein. "Jump off the car and go into the cab. We drive!"

"I won't get in alone," Hussein said.

"Hey, Gutmann, go forward with the rabbit foot, we can go. See that Hussein us quickly

616

get out! «

Gutmann jumped over the back wall and pulled the half reluctant Hussein. Together they went into the cab and got in. Hussein started the engine.

The Yazidis stepped aside to give the car room to turn. The sound of the car pulling away tore the night spell, the headlights described a circle of light across the courtyard. Frêne had also dismounted and stopped the reverse gear by waving. Then driving up suddenly, Hussein stopped between the gates to take the Frenchman,

However, this approached the three Yazidis. "The custom of your country demands that we thank you for your hospitality, Jafar! It was not up to us that we had to leave your house during the night. We don't care about your things, but we regret that the lights of life go out prematurely. You must know better than me whether the one you submit to approves of your actions or not. Peace be to you. «

"Ma'as salâme - farewell!" Jafar greeted formally. His companions only crossed their arms.

With a dull thud the gate closed behind the car, Hussein, who had driven through Samuscha several times, was able to orient himself easily and soon found the thoroughfare. The buzzing and temporary coughing of the engine made the dogs howl in the remaining houses.

An Iraqi recognizable in the dim dawn

617

Military cars emerged and turned the road to Skeinije. Hussein immediately attached himself, keeping the same, almost murderous pace. They passed through the narrow valley that cut the Sinjar Mountains in two parts and connects the two large Yazidi towns of Samuscha and Skeinije. The few kilometers were quickly covered and as they rattled through the still silent streets in Skeinije, a pale green peeped out from under the heavy, gray-violet cloth in the horizon.

The car in front of them drove through the town without stopping and continued on Mosulstrasse. Gutmann turned to Hussein. "Are we going to Mosul?"

"Yes, Efendi, it's about a hundred kilometers that we'll cover soon."

As they drove into the dawn, Frêne described his companion, crouched by the side window, his conversation with the Yazidis. In brief words, he repeated the details that made Jafar appear in a strange light. The nightly events in the house of the Yazidis violated all the laws of holy hospitality and had to be of extraordinary importance. Even the customs of this sect, which are hostile to all, are not fully known. The attitude of the men when they learned that the Europeans were not English had been striking. Everything indicated that the Yazidis had no particular love for the English. But the role remained Abu

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Bakrîns mysterious, his side unclear. It is also unclear whether it was a smuggling story or politics.

All signs indicated the latter, as Gutmann had immediately suspected. The English, to whom Abu Bakrin was recommended, did not deal with smuggling. This was about other things. It was a tough agent war.

The morning freshness made the men shiver. Behind the vehicle in front a flag of desert dust was flying so that Hussein had to stay behind. The red sand made itself felt uncomfortably while driving. They had already passed the Sinjar Mountains, after a while the part of Jemal appeared on the right, a hill already blasted by the morning sun.

"Another fifty kilometers," said Hussein. "Allah, be praised that we came safely from the magic of the devil worshipers."

Gutmann failed to explain to Hussein that the cult of Jesidi was not devil worship in the sense of popular belief. Here, misleading and biased ideas were too deeply rooted in the surrounding population for a stranger, and especially a European, to have an enlightening effect here. In addition, the Yazidis kept secrets that still did not allow a perfectly clear picture of their popular religious style. He therefore limited himself to short questions related to the travel options from Mosul to Baghdad. Frêne and Reimer dozed into theirs

Blankets wrapped.

The Arab drove very quickly. Far away, the outcrops slowly rose from the horizon, little by little the silhouette of a city emerged on the edge of the foreland. Mosul on the Tigris.

Brown kites and large storks looped under the blue sky. Minarets of old mosques rose up like pencils, little palm trees, and little by little the houses appeared as old buildings with the typical oriental archways, numerous hans, in whose wide yards people and camels rested.



Sober life, everyday life in the Orient, none of the breath of the former greatness of the old empire of Assyria. The power of Assurbanipal, the empire of Sennacherib, Assurnasipal, the name of the upstart Sargon, are blowing away, all of which ruled over the vastness of the two-stream country. Nothing but walls of Nineveh east of the city of Mosul. Pathetic remnants and yet eloquent witnesses of a grandiose culture. Where once the gods Assur, Anu and the erosheischen moon goddess Astaroth ruled, their magnificent temples stood, strays and creeps around animals. Now Allah's name is singing in the sand of the desert and the words of his prophet are the laws of the land.

"Amdulillah, hathi el Mussel - finally in Mosul!" Hussein smirked in satisfaction as he drove the car into a little ham and then got out,

"We're there, Efendi," he said to Gutmann.

"Good, Hussein. You should have your wages now." He

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called down the companions, who immediately unloaded their luggage and jumped off. On Carcasson's advice, he gave the driver a rounded-up amount, which the driver accepted with an expression of gratitude and made to disappear immediately.

Now came the Hanji, a simple-looking Arab in a brown burnus, decorated with white stripes. He greeted Hssein like an old acquaintance and welcomed the strangers. He spoke English out of courtesy, considering his white guests to be Inglis who honored his Hân instead of visiting one of the more representative hotels. "Do you have any wishes?" He asked politely,

"Yes," Gutmann said immediately, "we need a quick connection to Baghdad."

The handschi bowed. »You can drive a Chevrolet rental car in a few hours. I'll call Mahmoud Saraj to drive the car! "

"How long do you drive?"

"About eleven hours," replied the handji.

"It'll be an expensive thing," Gutmann said to the companions, concerned.

"Not like in Europe," Frêne said. "In the land of oil, prices are cheaper." He nodded to the Hanji: "Mahmud should come. As soon as possible"

"I will send my servant to him immediately, Efendi!"

Hussein was already excited

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Conversation with two Arabs involved. It is hard to believe that these were the recipients of the contraband. He had received a lot of his wages and his interest in the Europeans was extinguished.

The handji moved away, leaving his white guests waiting after they asked him to hurry. Mosul, as the hub of British interests in the Orient, was not happy with them. A possible interest of the Field Secret Service could become embarrassing. In Baghdad they hoped to attract less attention because the Iraqi capital was also a trading center.

The rising sun sent heat arrows increasingly. In the shadow of the already defective wall of the courtyard, the men waited for the new driver to arrive. The smell of fresh camel tea and the sharp urine of the animals hung in the air, now and then one of the four-legged friends roared. Hungry dogs, scruffy to look at, chased after trash. The minarets stood out all over the top of the wall and behind the flat roof of the Hâns.

After an hour, the hostel came back with a younger Arab, whom he introduced as the driver. He also spoke English and so an agreement could be reached quickly. After the usual bargaining, the Carcasson lowered the first fare to two dinars. However, the driver's satisfaction showed that he was still half a dinar in his favor

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knocked out, which was above the usual price.

Mahmud Saraj was little different in style from Hussein. He showed his passengers the car in front of the Hân, which looked well cared for. It was a beautiful, modern car, as many Arabs in the two-stream country seemed to own it. In addition to the miserable poverty of the Fellachians, European luxury had already established itself among the owners, showing stark contrasts to the social structure.

A little later it went out of the city. Gutmann sat next to the driver, who drove the car quickly and safely through the streets. Exiting south, they won the arterial road, which pointed straight to Baghdad.

Mahmud was mouth-lazy and that was fine with the Gutmann sitting next to him. The Arab was amazed that the Europeans had no cigarettes with him when he asked for them. He smoked almost continuously and therefore stopped on the way to a larger town to buy cigarettes.

Gutmann used the opportunity to get on with his companions after the short stay. The car was extremely spacious for the officers who had previously only been used to the small Wehrmacht bucket cars.

During the onward journey, Reimer complained of the bleakly desolate nature of the country. "Nothing of paradise," he said, "nothing of the beauties that praised the old, sand and stones,

a few date trees, that's all from the realms of the Assyrian and Babylonian empires."

"Still an area with a great historical tradition and an intersection of peoples' power," replied Gutmann,

"This is where ignorance moved to the center of the deluge. And as correct as the two versions of the Chaldean flood legend are, they also relocated the catastrophe to the region of Mainstream. The Chaldean reports are otherwise

very precise and even mention the name Xisuthros, the son of Obartés Elbaratutu, who ruled at the time of the event «

"You have a very good memory," Reimer marveled.

"I explained earlier that I was dealing with the questions of earlier history that hold the key to the various contexts that pushed a real event with decipherable, directional roots into esotericism. And there is a great danger in that; the Hebrew magicians steal and hide the Aryan force field. They banish the fertilizing elements of the Aryan tradition, which were carried by the Arctic Nordic and Atlantic-Nordic primeval race with their later mixovariations, in their ark and filter the Aryan mission currents of force through the Hebrew pole in order to make them appear decomposed in their favor. Fish is the cosmic banana in the zodiac, the ancient Tyr Circle, whose influence is due to

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the magic filter raised the two intertwined triangles to the background of the ruler's symbol, which is discreetly reflected by the colors of the UN flag . And it is the sacred blue color of the Atlantis tradition that should be disempowered by the alien symbol in order to petrify the legitimate bearers of the color. I explicitly say the word petrification because it contains mythical terms that can neutralize life forces. Compare in the German sagas the Sleeping Beauty sleep, the Emperor Karl banned in the Untersberg and similar fairs, which become an open book of the fate of the people. With the sinking of the fish sign from the cosmic dominant, the astral accumulator of the ark and the power of the ring Petri become powerless, the sleeping beauty is over... "

"The last century of the fish mark is not over yet," Reimer said.

»But it is already the last phase, which is expressed by the last irregular force impulses before the effective current completely disappears. The most concentrated strength is often a sign of last rearing up - last working. It only remains as an effective impregnation if the previous infiltration of the recognizable counterforce has sufficiently decomposed it. One cannot prevent the change of law, but it can paralyze the effect of strength. Hence the race of forces for the power of the midnight mountain for the effective one

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Nordic high seat. The Fischzeit deliberately separated the more exotic circles with the aforementioned Chaldean flood saga from humanity from the Atlantic background in order to blur the trail to the Midnight Mountain and to let Mount Zion act as a magnetic mountain of oriental myths. After all, the Chaldean priest's reports in the sacred books of Babylon said that the god who announced the deluge was Chronos, that is, Saturn. Chronos, a mythical god of Atlantis, a legendary king in Italy long before Rome was founded, who was later recalled to the heaven of the gods. His name remained associated with a large Saturnian continent in the Atlantic Ocean, a empire that also included the coasts of North Africa and the European coasts of the Mediterranean Sea. This is in line with Plato's story, which equally described the expansion of the Atlantic empire. The Romans initially called the Atlantic the mare chronium and spoke of the columns of the Chronos before these were attributed to Hercules. This proves the correctness of the Chaldean legend that the trace from the appearance of Chronos-Saturn leads back to Atlantis, but that even in the time parallel of the terrible flood events, the two-river land was not the focus, but only on the fringes of the event. «

"It's all different from what you usually hear in schools," Frêne said. "I know a lot about it too, but only because I'm an old one

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Heretic province come from. We are seekers who are not satisfied with the released crumbs. «

"The Atlantic impregnation of the European continent is still there," Gutmann continued. "It is kept by the descendants of ancient Tuatha who were Atlanteans. Even before the great flood, Ireland, the old Hiranga, the island of Sun, was taken over by the Formarians and by the Fir Bolgs, who were related to the Tuatha. The Tuatha also held the country of Brittany and spread further. They formed the bloody remains of the Atlanteans after the great catastrophe and the tribe of the later Thiudisk-Deutsch men. Even ancient Sanskrit writings reported about Hiranga, showing a worldwide connection of the Aryan bridge. Again and again the circle shows itself closed, the radial lines of which all lead to the Aryan high seat, to the Midnight Mountain; The oldest roots of an ancient tradition, the Archaicum, also lead from here to the north. "With a sweeping gesture, Gutmann pointed out to the country that the men are now going through.

"I remember a hint at point 103," said Reimer briskly, "in which a reference was made to the Egyptian king Narmer, a conqueror in the Nillande with Nordic features. Egypt too..." "That was explained at the time," Gutmann confirmed.

»I would like to add to this. There is always something strange under the Egyptian pictorial signs

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Characters on. AT with a noose above the center bar. Sometimes just the T shape alone. It is carved on Egyptian and Coptic monuments and means the key sign of the Nile, the mystical TAU, representing the hidden wisdom. Science calls it crux ansata. It is also the symbol of God and future life. If one searches for the origin of this interpretation, one comes across the ancient Arabic name TAU, that is, an identical word, in the latter case just calling the year god. Compare the word stem TAU-TIU. Thus, the root of the Egyptian key sign can be found in the sky key of the north, the T-hand of God in a polyphonic sense, representing its own symbol, which closes the sky and reopens after midnight's turn of light. This crux ansata, the all-Egyptian ANKH hieroglyph from the early dynastic period, is at its root the Od sign on the cross, which brings new life. In Archaic-Chinese there is the same character form - here the character T with the sound value Ti or Tu is the symbol of mother earth. In this case, this is also an extension of the Atlantic linear script that Herman Wirth found and interpreted. «

"You have to have a clear mind and open eyes to be able to see," Frêne said thoughtfully, "and all of this is important. Because even the most powerful crown of a large tree draws all strength from the deepest roots. The recognition of a determination from the connected

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the result is the source of strength of every free and pure existence. «

"Yes," Gutmann nodded. "It is the people of the nobility of Mother Earth, the Odil; the Od, the connection flowing out of the earth and thus rooting and arresting the earth-born with his home. The prerequisite for strengthening the popular. Standing firmly over the oath and in the area of the high seat, all strength flows to the upright, who live their destiny. It is the nobility of true being, the triumph of God, triumphing over

everything unconsciously living, which after primitiveness and materialism sinks back into a black nothing. Because power is creation. Action is life and good deed is fulfillment. And everything is related to the environment and thus also to the sphere of activity of the fateful blood. «

»Vraiment - We'll have a lot more to say. I think back to Belisse now. He was also said to have a lot of knowledge about the hidden. It is a good thing that not only the sunships and signs of the Pyrenees, but also the Irminsul and the Schwanenfirste in Germany were and are warning signs for the memory that binds us back. This is how knowledge lives until it becomes powerful again. «

The men's contemplation was interrupted by an exclamation from Mahmud. He slowed and pointed to an approaching city. "Samarra!"

A white-glowing place flew towards the car, which was quickly starting again. When approaching, a strangely twisted minaret stood out from the other arrow towers. An astonished exclamation from Reimer

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prompted Mahmud to point out, "This is El Milwije, the sinuous woman, who comes from Harun al Rashid's Abbassid period!"

The strange minaret turned out to be a snail-shaped tower, the outer spiral of which tapered to the top. The Linz man remarked in surprise: "A variant of the tower of Babel! The old illustrations of the tower building look something like this, only wider and stockier. «

"I too am amazed to see this tower for the first time," Gutmann admitted. "Well ' Outwardly he seems a throwback to the historic tower to be. The old Babylon, actually the Bâb-ilu, the former capital of the Amuri, the men who came from the west, is not too far from here, near Baghdad. This Bâb-ilu is by no means, as wrongly assumed, Semitic. Origin, but an ancient North Atlantic capital, which in the later era came into the



hands of Nordic-blooded Kassites. Also Bab-ilu was devoted to the sun god and the dragon slayer of the primeval chaos was the God sun son Marduk, a DC phenomenon like Magni, son of Thor! Everything shows the Atlantic-Nordic roots. «

"And the symbol of this strange spiral tower, based on the old one?" Asked Reimer.

»Flawless symbols of the sky or sun conductors. Also ancient, non-Semitic terms. In the North Atlantic area, on the British Isles, there are fragments of the so-called rotary castles, similar ones

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Have trains. «

"One more thing could be said," Frêne said. »The meaning of the word Atlantis is fatherland. Pointing to the father's word Atta, Wulfila's Gothic Lord's Prayer also begins with ›Atta unsar‹, it means father and age alike. Atlantis-Atta-Land and the synonym Papi-lond, from which the popular Babylon got its now name, prove the origin of an ancient and widespread racial culture. And one more thing: Greek scriptures often call Babylon Chaldea. The Chaldeans were also Westerners. ”

"Right," Gutmann confirmed. "The name of the Chaldeans comes from the Caledonians, the old Scots. All roads point north. In the so-called Old Testament there are indications that point to a ›house of God‹. This was a columned hall in Lûz, from the cultural era of the Nordic Amurû. Just as the old Tuatha culture had built two megalithsteles in their stone circle cult sites to observe the winter solstice, these were also set up by the Amurû as old memories of Mother's Night in the Nordland, as symbols of the eternal return and renewal of the year and life. Landmark of the light coming from the north to illuminate the world. »

"The Hebrews have two cult pillars; Jakin and Boaz!" Replied the Carcassner.

Gutmann nodded. "It's a Yahwist one

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Amuru tradition. They were banned in the modern Lodge esotericism in the service of the Star of David, the primitive, also Yahwist-transformed Hagall rune! «

The car entered Samarra and Mahmud slowed it down. Boys ran up to the car and shrilly advertised dates and watermelons. At a wink from Gutmann, the driver stopped.

"How much do watermelons cost?"

"Give fifty fils for one," Mahmud said. He reached out of the car window and let a large ball fruit roll onto his lap, which he passed on to Gutmann.

"Very appetizing and fresh in color," Reimer clicked gleefully.

Frêne leaned forward: "Go on, Mahmud! Otherwise we have the car full of pumpkins and dates in no time! «

In fact, the boys clattered to the car, chattering.

The driver grinned and let the Chevrolet jump forward with one leap, making the Arab boys shriek and shrink aside. As quickly as we got in, we went out of the city, which was extraordinarily clean and white by oriental standards, into the expanse that stretched to the south.

The heat of the day slowly died down, but the metal parts of the car lying in the sun's beam area were still hot. Slowly, the missing last night's sleep became noticeable among the three travelers

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the limpness of the hot day's journey made her long for the goal. The sun ball was in the descent and purple-purple curls were sailing across the discolored sky.

Interrupting a yawning, Reimer turned to the Frêne sitting next to him: "According to the times, we're not too far from Baghdad. The next free kick is due there, in which we human balls are kicked somewhere again. I have already given up curiosity and all surprise. We hardly have a place to stay in Baghdad and I probably won't be coming home to Linz yet. Bloody hell! ... «The Linz man pressed his lips together and stared into the vastness of the desert.

"It's like the glitter of a star in the night black; a point of light in the sea of hopelessness, remember, comrade: there is a morning every night. Bright and bright! "Said Frêne gravely.

"May he come soon to our poor people," sighed the man from Linz.

## THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHT

The night and the horses and  
the desert know me, and the  
sword and the guest and the  
paper and the feather.

(El Muntanabbi)

When the car drove through the suburb of Kadmija, the moon was already high in the sky. Three minarets shone strangely in the light of the caring moon fingers. They were completely

gilded and might be a visible signal of Baghdad in the fire of the sun. The last stretch from Samarra to the capital of Iraq had taken four and a half hours and the men, except for the driver, had all been dozing or slumbering.

The car pulled over a bridge resting on boats, crossing the Tigris, into the suburb Adamiya, just in the district where Jamil Ibn Bahri lived. At this late hour the men could no longer drive up to the house of the recommended protective friend. Gutmann therefore decided to stay in a nearby Hân for the night and gave Mahmud the appropriate instructions. He briefly averted the driver's surprised objections that Baghdad had excellent hotels in which all arriving Europeans stayed.

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Mahmud had to drive a distance before he could stop in front of a hen. Collecting something over the agreed fare, he handed the guests over to the Hanji with many benevolent wishes. He thanked again verbatim for the honor that his house received.

The interior of the courtyard was the same as all the hans seen so far. Resting camels, a group of quietly chatting men, stray dogs. The handschi assigned the men a reasonably clean room, which, under the prevailing circumstances, had to meet expectations.

Left alone by the landlord, the men set up their bed in the fields. Only half dressed, they fell into a deep sleep of tension and fatigue after just a few words.

All three slept long and dreamless. Only the constant bleating and roaring of the camels, interrupted by the yelping sounds of the court dogs, scolding and shouting from the locals, all these noises of the beginning of the day woke them up rudely.

Reimer was the last one to groan upright. »Nasty magic of the east! Where are the slaves of the ruler of the faithful to anoint the foreign visitors from the West with rose oil and to serve all the pleasures? «

"You forget that we came in secret and don't have any presents with us," Frêne joked in the same tone. "By the way, it's not yet commonplace

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Evening, as it says in one of your proverbs. Almost everything has two faces. Surely this city and its magic have not yet been revealed to us, «

"Magic is good," complained the man from Linz. "Hopefully it won't turn into a lazy spell ..."

"Unke, bad luck bird!" Gutmann rumbled in between. "So far, we've had massive pigs. Don't talk the streak! "

"God forbid," said Reimer. "It was just the grain of a hint of doubt, nothing more ..."

"Enough! We want to see that we get to Jamil Ibn Bahri as quickly as possible. It's going to be a silly search ... "

"Hardly," replied Frêne. »We take a rental car. It is up to the driver to get us to our destination. I go into the courtyard to handji and leave one. Get the car. "He brushed off his suit and left the room. In a few minutes, those who were left behind were ready. Not exactly made to shine, but ready to visit. A bowl of water had to be enough to wet the face and bring about a shave.

The men wanted to be among the Arabs with a toilet don't notice.

"I sent a boy away," Frêne said when he returned. He'll be there by car in a few minutes. Allah be with us then! «

It didn't take long for the Arab boy to respond. "The car is here," he said in reasonably good pronunciation

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English. He was visibly proud to speak the language of the supposed Ingliz. "Thank you very much," he added several times after receiving the baksheesh.

The driver of the car waiting in front of the hen also spoke good English. The three men were no longer amazed to find a beautiful and modern American car again. The Americans and British brought all sorts of civilization goods to the oil-producing country in an extremely business-efficient manner as an equivalent. And you had to give it to them: they also delivered quality.

Gutmann gave the street name of Adimiya. The driver nodded knowingly and drove off. When the day was clear, the men saw that they were entering a modern villa district that ran along the left bank of the Tigris and had lush gardens. Numerous palm trees swayed between the bright houses.

Children played on the street on the northern edge of the suburb. When the car stopped, Frêne asked from the open vehicle a bigger boy in Arabic for Ibn Bahr! The latter looked at the men in astonishment and pointed to the house opposite. Then he ran lightly into the designated building to announce the visit.

After the car was paid, the men went to the entrance of the house, the driver carried part of their luggage in front and put it down. Before Gutmann still on

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When the bell rang, the small gate opened and an obese Arab in local clothing bowed deeply, not without having looked at the visitors beforehand. "Nehârak sa'id!" He greeted in a soothing voice.

"Nehârak mubârak!" Replied Frêne politely, "We are from Cairo, Mohammed Raif is sending us to you!"

The Arab straightened up and examined the arrivals again. "My house is yours," he said. Come in!"

In advance, he led his guests into a room that was furnished in the European style, but otherwise featured many oriental art objects and carpets. He offered chairs and only sat down when his visitors were already seated. "I know about your coming," he began the conversation. "Mohammed Raif sent me an airmail letter announcing the visit of three merchants." When he said the word "merchants," he winked mischievously. The winking took all the dignity out of his otherwise strict features and drew a short trace of cosiness.

Suddenly he crawled and his eyes narrowed. "But how am I supposed to know that you are the expected?"

"How are we supposed to know if you're Jamie Ibn Bahri?" Frêne replied.

The Arab smiled. »Wallahi - tajib! - You were shown my house and I knew you were coming. ”“

We have Ali Sikh's goodwill, "Gutmann said

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in English. He had understood the previous sentences,

»I know that too! Where were you before you came to Cairo? ”

"In Tangier!"

"Tajîb. - Excuse my questions. I was rude. But the seriousness and importance of our task allows these exceptions. Have you just arrived in Baghdad? ”

"We came late in the evening. It would have been inappropriate to bother you then, Jamil Ibn Bahri! «

«My house is open to you every hour. Where did you spend the night? «

"In a han, not too far from here."

"Not a motel?"

"No."

"That was smart. It would have been even wiser to come to me anyway. You will surely be hungry now. Allow me to have breakfast brought in. "The Arab clapped his hands.

A servant stuck his head in at the door. "You called me, Efendi?"

»Jîb akel - Bring food. Hurry tightly "Turning to his guests, he continued:" You have had a long journey. Do you want to rest after breakfast before we continue the conversation? "

"Thank you for your kindness," said Gutmann. "For the time being, we don't feel tired and we have to clarify the situation."

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»Your wishes are my command. Allah was with you when you traveled from Cairo to here. Have you had any difficulties? "

"Generally not. Only in Samusha did an event rob us of the night. "

"In Samusha?" Ibn Bahn showed astonishment. "You have to tell me about it during dinner or afterwards. For now, let me ask why you came to Cairo. "

"A message in Tangier passed us on."

"I heard a hint about it. Are you an aviator of the sun? "

"If you mean the sun that shines from midnight, it's true," Gutmann confirmed.

"I found out that your plane was flying south and couldn't take you in."

"That is also correct, as we found out in Cairo!"

There was a little pause. The servant entered and served a large meal. He handled it skillfully and silently. "May you enjoy the food," said the host.

"Allah be worth it to you," Frêne replied.

Gutmann gave a brief overview of the earlier past events, as far as this seemed appropriate. He was repeatedly interrupted by astonished cries from the Arab who admired the daring of the guests. Then going into the last sections of the trip, he described the events in Samusha and the matter with Abu Bakrin, Jamil Ibn Bahri showed

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Excitement and excitement. When Gutmann mentioned the papers, he even jumped up. "Do you have the papers here?"

"There!" Gutmann took it out of his pocket.

"Ya Allah! - God's ways are strange. "He looked at them closely and read the list of names, the letter of recommendation to the English officer in Mosul, and then the sketch.

"Can you explain that, Jamil Ibn Bahri?"

"Yes, I can do that. Abu Bakrîn was an agent in British service, but I think he also worked for the Russi. The list of names you found in him contains names of people who are fighting for the freedom of the Arab cause. If she had gotten to Mosul there would probably be many arrests. We already suspected Abu Bakrin, but no evidence yet. We only knew that his name was adopted. Nobody knows his real life. Neither the place of its origin. Our Syrian friends had probably learned more recently and tried to intercept him at the border ... «

"Then we removed him from this access by driving past and taking it with us," Gutmann said.

"Allah only played with his fate and gave him a few more hours. In the house of the Yazid his kismet reached him after all. Hamdullilah, how lucky you found the papers! A lot of bad luck would have come over us. And you've got the plan copy

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Given Yazidis, Efendi? "

"Yes. It seemed to me less important than the list of names. I had to give him something to avoid complications. Is that very bad? `

"You did the right thing, Efendi! The plan only refers to a meeting of men for an important matter. The Jesidi will find the place easily, but their curiosity will be in vain. The meeting is scheduled to take place in five days and we still have time to change everything. I'll do everything

right after. Allah is with our cause and has made you his messengers. «

"How do the Jesidi stand?"

"They're not for Ingliz, but they have their own interests. They are not against our cause either, but it is not a good thing that they learn a lot. They too have their secrets, which are even dangerous. «

"We cannot know all of this," replied Gutmann. »We acted as the circumstances seemed necessary. And we are pleased that we were able to do you and your friends a humble service after we had caused misfortune almost through ignorance. »

»You have also served Achawija ei burnus aswâd and are under their special protection. Our friends from Cairo also hinted at this. All your wishes will be commands to me and I will try to fulfill them as best I can. What are you going to do now? »

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"We came to you to find out, Jamil Ibn Bahri."

"I have been informed of your coming and that I may assist you in every possible way. You are one of the mysterious men of the sun, which so far has shone black and recently white. The sol nigra has taken on the color of the radiant light. But I don't know more. «

"I expected to find an instruction for you from us," Gutmann admitted sadly. "Now we're at the end of it."

"Why?" Asked the Iraqi.

"We came from Spain to here, always hoping for a message from our plane from midnight; nurtured in the hope of the help of Arab friends who knew our fate. You're good too, but no one knows what to do now. And we can't stay here in Baghdad. «

"I will do everything I can to get more news. In the meantime you will have to make do with the hospitality of my house! ««

Jamil Ibn Bahri hadn't promised too much. After giving out warnings and initiating new instructions on the day of his guests' arrival due to the incidents in Samusha, he went to great lengths to connect the three men. He proved to be an extremely attentive host and made every effort to make sure there was nothing lacking

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allow.

So a week passed. The three men only went for a walk on the banks of the Tigris in the evening without leaving the district themselves or visiting the heart of Baghdad. They avoided any fuss and followed the well-meaning advice of their host.

On the eighth day of their stay, they were sitting in a room facing the garden and drinking tiny bowls of mocha, which the servant served them, when Ibn Bahri suddenly appeared. Friends in the east have taken it back to where you came from. You can travel in two days. ”

"And where to?" Asked Gutmann eagerly.

"To Bombay for now. Good friends await you there! «

All three men looked surprised. Reimer stroked his forehead with a torn motion, Frêne whistled in the air. 'Mon dieu! ... «

"It seems as if we have to round the globe to get back to our station," growled Gutmann. "The whole thing is a tricky thing!"

The Arab had perceived the consternation of the men with a little astonishment. Time and space played a significantly different role in his oriental thinking than in Europeans. His simple, yet extremely intelligent mind told him that his guests would only benefit if they moved further east

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could settle. He did not count sentimental feelings.

Frêne suddenly thought of the old ring that Bastia would have given him when he left Spain. Pensively he reached into his pocket and pulled out the piece of jewelry. Holding it with his thumb and forefinger, he said, "It seems as if this ring is calling spirits to carry us across seas and lands. He rushes and protects us at the same time, what else can he give us? «

The host glanced at the ring but could not see any details yet. "May I see the ring?" He asked politely, showing interest.

The Provençale passed the piece of jewelry across the table. No sooner had Jamil Ibn Bahri looked at it than he called out. He turned the ring and tried to decipher the intricate characters. Then he fixed his eyes inquiringly on Frêne, "How did you get this gem?"

"We helped a man out of a bad situation," said the interviewee. "He gave us this ring in thanks."

"You must have done a lot for the man, or the person was unaware of the value and importance of the ring."

"What did he mean?"

"It is an old piece from the heyday of the Moorish Empire in the west." The Arab did not take his eyes off the ring. "It bears a secret symbol of the Boabdils Princely House and Abd **er** Rahmaas. The

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The bearers or owners of these rare rings were familiar messengers or special favorites of the ruling family. "Jimal Ibn Bahri stroked the ornamentation with a slight movement, then added:" Later the few rings became a special sign of a brotherhood! "

"Does the sign help us?" Asked the Carcasson,

"A lot and a little," replied the Arab. "If you have legally come into possession of the ring, then those who know are committed to you!"

"And who are those who know?"

The Arab was silent. He put the ring down in front of him and thought. After a while, while the men sat motionless in front of him, he said, "I have never seen a ring like this myself. I only know that it is a sign with good spirits. But I immediately recognized its meaning when I read the characters that you may not be able to understand. They are old formulas to which powers are also attributed. «

"Like in the old fairy tales about a thousand and one nights," Reimer said softly. »So the imagination of the Orient isn't dead!«

"Dead is only what falls from the stream of the Eternal and leaves no soul. Everything that freezes and breaks in materialism because Allah displeases it. But all the signs of the past are traditional and sacred to us. Certain fraternities make use of them to mark worthy people and to add wisdom

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preserve. They are also the keys that open access to the Valley of Wisdom with the Castle of Secrets, over which the Guardians of the Secrets watch. I can't tell you more, I don't know much more myself. «

Gutmann nodded seriously. "Mohammed Raif knew the meaning of the ring too, but he said nothing. He advised us to show you the piece of jewelry but not to ask any questions. Forgive me if we have violated this command without thinking! «

Jamil Ibn Bahri bowed her head slightly. "Allah is with you, who should be angry with you? If Allah wills, you will stand in front of the black stone Anât and admire his powers. We don't know in advance where the destination will take us ... «

"The messengers of Ali Sikh spoke of the impermanent tower with the stone Anât," Gutmann confirmed. "They came to Midnight Country to do an assignment. But I don't think we

can worry about the secrets of the brotherhoods. We have to protect and serve our own. «

The Iraqi jumped up, his eyes shone. "Yallah! Your mouth speaks wisdom and your heart is open and without curiosity! Now I understand why Ali Sikh's eyes watch over you benevolently. His hand is invisible over you! «

Frêne had watched the last sentences with excitement. Following a sudden impulse, he also turned to Jamil Ibn Bahri: "If Ali Sikh holds his hand over us and we have the letter of escort of the black coats,

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then that is enough for us. Just as every horse returns to its stable and every ship to its port, may this ring come back into the hands of the keepers. Keep him, O Jamil Ibn Bahri, and give him to the Brotherhood superiors who guard these rings when the opportunity arises! "

The Arab was deeply impressed. Gutmann and Reimer had nodded their approval for Frêne's actions. He took up the ring with a solemn gesture. »You sacrifice a lot, a lot! But I have no right to reject this gift. It is contrary to our custom, and besides, it is a gift addressed to a brotherhood. I want to comply with the wish and pass on the gem. And you will get thanks and appreciation! «

"Well, we'll be on our way to Bombay in two days. We hope that you will then no longer have to make an effort because another organization will probably take over for us there, «Gutmann asked indirectly.

"Na'am, Efendi, - yes! You get a recommendation to a parser! "Bowling, he added:" Our wishes are always with you and when you come back you will see all your wishes fulfilled. "

Gutmann thanked. Unlike usual, he looked a little shaky as he searched for more words. Then he asked "How are we going to travel?"

"By sea, Efendi!" "Easy thing?"

"Na'am. I'll take care of everything! "One moment

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he thought further, then asked: "Can I have your passports? I want to take a route from you and afterwards to Kerkh over to Keradet Merriam, where the Iranian consulate is located. I'll get you the visas. I have friends everywhere and I can easily and easily manage it. «

After handing over the requested papers, he glanced at them. »Two Swiss and one French passport, Taijib! This is not a problem. I will go immediately so that no time is missed! «

Left alone, the three companions exchanged their views. Gutmann tried to dampen his nervousness. "If we had previously been told such distant destinations on our train, we would hardly have been able to tell whether we were awake or dreaming. Due to the vagaries of a fate driven by the wind, our inner attitude to the outer impressions is significantly different. Inevitably. What may still irritate us is the respect for the distances in space. Here our image of life lags behind the pace of technology. To stay with the example of Bombay: the design engineer is only half an earthquake distance at the most a fuel question; the romantic traveler, however, a foray into a new, completely different world. Since we are still soldiers and have to serve technology, we have little time for romance and ideas. We have to get used to seeing a change in the environment just as a scenery. When we slide in romance

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we lose the instinct that ensures the return! "" If you give up all illusions in life, is

everything there that adds spice and color to existence, "said Reimer sadly. "We had seen people die in the war, and yet we were able to enjoy ourselves like children when flowers bloomed along the way."

Good man shrugged his shoulders mildly. »Both views are not against each other, but side by side. They only vary in the demarcation... «

Reimer's eyes became dreamy. "The road to Baghdad was not just a rush, but also an escape into an illusion that numbed the pain of home. The harsh reality, however, appeared without a veil. In any case, we no longer found the kingdom of Harun al Rashid. Not even a fluid of it."

"We mustn't get lost in ideas," said Gutmann a little harder than he wanted. »We mustn't escape into an illusion. We don't flee, we serve! «

"That is clear. We are not thinking of violating our duties. However, let us be privileged to have our own show and hope for pictures of beautiful expectations. Most of them are gray in gray anyway. «

"The simplest is the recipe: take things as they come," Frêne interjected. »And all the trimmings are the palette. And as for Reimer's disappointment with Baghdad, the fluidity of the thousand and one nights has never been

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disappear. Only we sober Europeans miss it because we give the imagination too little scope. And we ourselves cannot make a judgment at all, because we saw a district that is of recent construction and whose houses could just as well be anywhere in the sunnier part of Europe. We saw no old town and not the people who still live their usual lives in the corners and still like to listen to the storytellers there and whose ideas are populated by good and evil jinns. Incidentally, one of these old fairy tales is reality in a modified form. The trips of Sindbad became



the adventurous trips of Gutmann and his companions! «

Gutmann, usually very serious, laughed brightly. "Yes, and the sea snake is now called a submarine, Roch's birds are now abundant in the air, all other dangers exist in similar forms, good spirits take us across countries and seas, so we're standing in the middle of the old ones Fairy tales with a new look inside. And had the famous storks put the ruler of all believers, the great Khalifa Harun al Rashid, in a ready cradle now, of course he would have to receive his guests in a perfectly fitting evening suit or in a uniform with an English cut. «

"Funny perspectives," Reimer smiled, amused. "Just comparisons that are part of my illusions. One to zero for me, dear comrade Gutmann. «

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After two hours, Jamil Ibn Bahri was back. In his calm manner, he reported that he would be getting visas for Iran the next day. "That is good in any case," he added emphatically. "Everything went smoothly."

On the last evening the Arab went out with his guests and led them around in the old part of Baghdad. He went with them to places where the tiny bowls of strong coffee were served, musicians playing the strange melodious yet stirring melodies on their local instruments, where belly dancers tried to conjure up an erotic atmosphere and part of the old world of the Orient their original life forms.

Jamil Ibn Bahri was very open and knew exactly what the strangers from the West were hungry for. They were all looking for the colorful world and the rest of the magic of ancient times. Hardly anyone who traveled far, to whom the name Baghdad did not mean much, even the dry and mostly humorless Ingliz sniffed around in the old parts of town in attacks of five-minute romance, not without wrinkling their noses if the

original was too original for them. The flocks of flies and smells usually drove them away quickly.

In contrast to the behavior of many strangers, the guests showed Jamil Ibn Bahri's satisfaction and interest. They did not spar with appreciation for what was offered in the local amusements and amusements

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and openly showed their impressions of the spacious and beautiful layout of König-Faisal-Platz in the heart of the city with the equestrian statue of the ruler, whose premature death in a car accident was attributed to the work of the Intelligence Service by the murmur of the people ...

It was long past midnight when the men made their way home. They had spent a carefree evening like they hadn't in a long time. Two different worlds had come closer together, allies had affirmed their friendship.

Just before the departure, a younger Arab came from the city to Jamil Ibn Bahri and brought him some messages. After his departure, the landlord came to his guests and reported to them that recent events had confirmed the fact that agents had worked for Ingliz from the papers found at Abu Bakrin. A British military patrol had shot two suspicious Yazidis near an old tower on the banks of the Euphrates in the northern part of the country, who had become suspicious by prowling and attempting to escape.

"This is exactly the place where the original meeting of some of our men was scheduled and which we changed due to your warning," said Jamil Ibn Bahri. "The two men who were shot were observers of the Yazidis, who used the Plan left to Samuscha

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wanted to catch up with nations. These scouts fell into the trap of Ingliz, who must have had pre-announced the meeting. They knew of it, even without having obtained the papers intended for them through Abu Bakrîn. «

"Can't that be a coincidence?" Asked Gutmann.

»Lâ - by no means! Security in the country is left to our desert police and the Ingliz mostly only transport goods. Otherwise, they keep their contingents fairly concentrated. They also do not keep Baghdad occupied, but a military department and air force are stationed near here at Habbaniyeh Airfield, on the banks of the lake of the same name. The appearance of a patrol by an old tower in the

North is hardly accidental.

"Abu Bakrîn was seen through by Syrian Arabs at the last moment," Frêne said. "But why should the Yazidis have suspected?"

"The Jesidi even had their husbands in Esch-Shâm, which you call Damascus, in Beirût, sitting right up to the borders of Anatolia. They are scattered, though sporadically everywhere, to Basra and the Iranian border areas in the west. And they all send messages to your Emir in Sheikh Adi, which is northeast of Hond, or to the Ruhân, the priests. And now there are two options: either the Jesidi were warned about Abu Bakrîn from Syria and they tried to get rid of an informer, or the Jafar you mentioned drew his own conclusions when he witnessed the border interlude.

The neighboring tribes around Ma'ra Sindschar are well known to him in their attitude and he may also have noticed something that has escaped your attention. Where many interests overlap, there are watchful eyes! "The speaker muffled his voice:" And the Jesidi take great care that nothing is done to the detriment of the privileges of their community. That would be the case if the Ingliz or Russi brought laws... "

"The incident on the banks of the Euphrates will therefore hardly help to promote Jesidi's

sympathy for Ingliz," said Gutmann.

"The English are not awkward, but they have straddled the curve," replied the Arab, using a European proverb that he might have heard on one occasion.

On the same day, the men were to travel to Basra by train. As the host told them, the train left at 2:00 p.m. This time they packed the uniforms and their contents in suitcases that the Arab had gotten. This eliminated a striking travel prop and they were also provided with suitable clothing. Nothing differentiated them from other travelers.

After an extensive and good meal served by the servant Mansur, Jamil Ibn Bahri gave his guests all the necessary information for the trip. He also handed them an English pound amount, which, according to his explanations, was not made by him, but instead

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Fraternity funds. It was a significant sum that significantly increased the three men's remaining capital. Then he handed them another piece of paper with the address of a parson in Bombay, to whom three "merchants" would be announced. The given travel instructions were easy to remember, the intermediate stations would not cause any problems.

A car pulled up in time to bring the travelers to the train. As a precaution, Jamil Ibn Bahri stayed behind in his house and gave them his servant, who was less noticeable. With warmth and dignity at the same time, the old Arab said goodbye to the departing people and wished them all the blessings of Allah on the way. "The hand of Allah and our brotherhood is with you!" He said solemnly and hugged the men.

The car drove from the suburb of Adamiya to the city, then through the splendid Shâria er Rashid, a broad street, separated in the middle by a flowery lawn on which majestic rows of palm

trees stood. The houses on both sides showed shady colonnades, police officers regulated the traffic, which was not too heavy at this hour.

The journey went over the Jisîr el malik Feisal, the modern, wide Feisal Bridge that spanned the wide Tigris, into the Kerkh district to the train station, Mahâtat el Kerkh.

Mansur was very intelligent and skillful. He had in the

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Ordered his master to buy tickets and brought the luggage along with the driver to the tracks. The train was ready and the men found a compartment for themselves, which would probably promise them an undisturbed journey.

The train started on time. Mansur had stopped in front of the car and bowed low, leading the right forehead and heart. Then it went out into the plain that spanned everywhere.

The chariot worm ate through the desert for four hours until it reached Hilleh. After a short stop, he continued into the slowly emerging night. The silhouettes of date palm forests stood on both sides against the opalescent darkness, showing contours like scissor cuts. In between, the water levels glittered in shallow lakes and broad reed belts showed their slightly sloping tips, shiny silver. Every now and then, for a fraction of a second, dogs shrieked as they roared past villages.

The train arrived in Basra in the morning after an eighteen-hour train journey and when the heat was already high. The men were immediately taken to Fau, the port, by car, where, according to the instructions received from Jamil Ibn Bahri, they found a dhow that was going to Kuwait.

"Kuwait!" With a shrill cry, Fadil, the Dhaufuhrer, had pointed to the bright house points behind the narrow surf on the horizon

line of the sea washing up on the flat beach. The shallow coastal waters made elongated, low wave crests ride against the approaching land, slowly, lying lightly in the wind, drove the dhow to its destination.

Fadil and a second Arabian man performed their boat well. Grinning with a sly smile, they had told Frêne in a hint of confidentiality that they were picking up American Camel cigarettes as smuggled goods from their destination. Now, after the end of the global war, surplus goods, weapons and cigarettes had become worthwhile black goods.

The port of Kuwait was actually just a landing point. It showed little traffic and the three men were lucky enough to find a small steamer anchored in the shallow water in front of the city. His goal was Bender Buschihir, a feasible Iranian port.

Again, the Persian captain, who had a Norwegian machinist on board, agreed to take the three passengers with him. He was already about to leave.

"Scheduled connection," Reimer joked, drying his sweaty forehead with a sigh. Sweating and bubbling, the men had climbed onto the small ship, the anchor chains of which soon rattled.

The ship's crew was thrown together. The helmsman was also a Persian, who was very taciturn. The Norwegian was almost never seen and once he swayed over the deck,

he left a fuselage that indicated ample rakish enjoyment. Two Arabs came from the Oman coast and looked like real galleys, betraying their pirate ancestry perfectly. In addition there was a skinny Indian and some

individuals of undetermined origin. All in all a strange barge that lacked European organization and also some maintenance.

Shaky deckchairs under a sunroof stretched out on the rear deck were the captain's only efforts to provide comfort to his travelers. An almost unbearable heat drove the sweat out of the pores of those lying in the creaking chairs and deprived them of all their thinking power and energy. Gutmann and Frêne lay there apathetically, the Linz man cursed every now and then in his Upper Austrian dialect.

The ship was moving slowly and a faded cloth hung limply from the flagpole of the rounded stern. On the remaining horizon there were some fisherman sails that were only slightly smaller.

A cool breeze came up in the evening. Gutmann had stood at the railing for a long time and had looked into the distance. After a while he returned to his deck chair. "A country will appear again before our eyes in a few hours," said he, which has special meaning to the Grail myth, "

"I've been thinking along these lines for hours," Frêne admitted.

"When in the far north, before ancient times

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the snake of winter rose and the arctic climate that drove the Aryans southward, "explained Gutmann," in their new homeland, which had been reached after a long hike, people of the Arya were looking for a replacement for the lost paradêsha, paradise, and sanctified a mountain that in the old Rigveda is listed as Mûjavat. A parallel to Munsalvatsch, the Pyreneesengralsberg. It rises next to the swamped shores of Lake Hamun, to which Alexander the Great could advance and which he called Aria palus, the Aryan Sea. This Hamunsee is Lake Brumbane des Eschachachliedes, on the banks of which the mythical Parzival reached before it found the castle of salvation. In the Indo-Iranian myth, Parzival as the Iranian Parsival finds the easy explanation: ›Pure

Flower« or »Parsen Flower«. Think of the »Parsi«, the »Pure«; the Cathar Goths also called themselves. «

"And what about the other interpretations and comparisons?" Asked Reimer excitedly.

»There are surprising results! Parzival's father Gamuret is of the same name as the Iranian king Gamurt. And when Richard Wagner created his Lohengrin, he made the knight appear in the swan boat. In the ancient Iranian myth there was a god named Lohrangerin; the name means Red Courier. Furthermore, think of the boats with the swan stem, the ancient Ingväonian symbols, as they still occasionally adorn the Old Frisian roof ridges. These ancient traditions are also from the Manichaeian song of the

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Pearl included. It is believed that this profound song was written by the founder of Manichaeism itself. In this song the Manichaeian symbol of faith, the mystical pearl, is called. Since ghr-al also means gemstone, Wolfram von Eschenbach did not deviate from the original Iranian text. A parallel also allows the day of the highest love from Katharerepos, which is said to have been Christian Good Friday, with the Manichaeian Naurozfest, the festival of the equinox in spring. And in this tradition, a turtledove carried the holy Soma seed at this festival on the Ghr-al , just as the dove later carried the olive branch in Christian myth. It can be seen that love, remembrance, is a memory inherited from the forefathers, the bond to the Nordic origin and paradise, a bond, regardless of the geographic distance between the Aryan people, that the traditions and writings of the Hellenes, Celts, and Teutons with which the Aryan of the Orient binds in a Minne community!

«

Frêne nodded, "Our old Provençal troubadours knew about many of these myths - especially your German Wolfram von Eschenbach and his



agent from my home country: Kyot. And a beautiful tradition from a long time ago: our Pyrenean peasants say that the Grail is effective and moves further and further away from people when they become unworthy of it. But he is again approaching those who become part of enlightenment and who are aware of recognition

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Life!"

The men were silent. They stuck to their thoughts, under the spell of the grail power. It was a strange feeling that crept up on her; as if your senses were flying through the vastness of the dull sparkling sky and pulling the grail spell ...

Her thoughts and considerations were suddenly interrupted. A call from the bow made her look up.

A narrow shadow cut through the sea to the side of the course. A plume of smoke stood side by side like a thin line and a foaming bow wave glittered like spray light in the emerging moonlight. Flashing signals flash. The Persian captain seemed to have slept. Half-dozing, he stumbled over the deck, cursing, shouting instructions while the strange ship approached quickly. The sailors trampled barefoot over the deck and looked curiously at the cause of the disturbance.

In a short time a sleek destroyer rushed in front of the Persian bow, describing an elegant turn and stopping the wide aisle.

"What for ship?" Came a megaphone call from the sea. Shivering indignantly, the captain gave Answer. A few sentences alternated through the evening dark, then the voice from the warship announced that a boat was coming. "Damn it and sew it up," Reimer said in a low voice, "if the investigation team just doesn't find any hair in the soup ..."

"Just rest," Gutmann said. "Wait."

The Persian steamer had also turned up and was waiting for the arrival of the reported boat, which was not long in coming.

Rapid strokes of the rudder brought a dinghy closer, which, after practicing maneuvering, moored against the facing ship's wall. An officer and a few sailors climbed on deck over the trap. The three companions stayed at the stern of the ship and only watched closely. However, they could not understand what questions were asked of the captain. After a brief argument with the Persian, the officer and a sailor went into his cabin, where they remained for a while. The captain came out again, accompanied by the two, towards the three men in the stern. "Excuse, sirs," said the officer. »Can I see your passports

- Your passports, please! «

The three companions looked at each other briefly. Then, one by one, they reached into the inside pockets of their skirts dangling from the deckchairs and pulled out the required identity papers. While the Brit was leafing through, the sailor was shining with a large flashlight. He read the papers carefully and looked at the travel stamps and finally the Iranian visa in every passport. Then looking up, he said. »Sorry, you are suspicious! ... «

"What do you say?" Exclaimed Gutmann, mimicking excitement, "What's wrong with us?"

"Have you traveled through Iraq?" The Briton ignored Gutmann.

"As you can see, yes"

"We got a message that three men from Syria who were traveling through Iraq and at the same time a man disappeared at the border."

"This is extremely interesting, but what does this have to do with us?" Asked Gutmann coolly.

The Briton eyed those in front of him sharply. "You will have to come with us and show that you have nothing to do with it!"

Now Frêne pushed forward. 'Mil diables! What should that? - First interview people before they suspect them! First take a closer look at my passport. I am also a major officer in the French Army. When I report this treatment, it can make you very uncomfortable. Honor your order, but we can ask for a little more caution. «

The British officer was startled. "And the other two gentlemen?"

»These are Swiss merchants to whom I have joined. I can guarantee people's reliability! «

"Well, what you say is very nice. It all sounds very safe. But you will admit that a three-man signal is not very common. You could also use the official lines and routes for your trips! «

"I can't afford to stand out on big ships when I do my job," the Carcasson bluffed.

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"I have a very specific purpose, which unfortunately I cannot explain to you in more detail."

"You could still talk about her. But what about your companions?" The officer continued.

"I'll tell you something," Gutmann remembered, "it doesn't mean much if we switch from this box to a British Majesty ship if you only take us in the same direction. The next consulate representing Switzerland will provide you with the necessary information when we have presented our papers there and inquiries have been received. But of course I have to protest formally beforehand that Swiss citizens have been harassed and stopped for insufficient reasons! «

The Brit moved from foot to foot. Before he could say anything else, the Persian captain had grabbed his arm and made a call. At the same time, calls from the crew sounded over the deck,

"Injâ - here!" Cried the Persian in his mother tongue. His extended finger pointed to the sky.

Triangular, three bright, large panes whizzed across the firmament. They emitted an intense light that shimmered bluish white and came from the northeast to the location of the two stopped ships.

In a matter of seconds they stood above the sea vehicles, braking their lightning flight and hanging in the air like glowing traffic lights, then suddenly changing their color to a glowing orange when lowered.

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The men stared up in fascination. The first disc advanced and slowly circled both ships. The orange radiation was so strong that no details could be excluded. After circling three times, the guide disc rose steeply again, emitting a fiery tail. Then the luminaries formed back into the old triangular formation, rose diagonally into the heavenly expanse, the color of the fire changing to a Bengali, metallic green. At a high altitude they seemed to stand still again.

A white flare rose from the structure of the destroyer, aiming for the windows. In response, a piece similar to a meteor, detaching itself from the first disc, approached the warship seaward at an angle. At first bright white, the piece also changed to orange and slapped hissing into the sea, just next to the side of the destroyer. At the same moment the disks continued to climb, only to fly north as a star-sized body.

"Hudajâ - oh god!" The Persian whispered in shock. "What was that? ... «

The whites were silent. The British didn't know what to do with the apparition and the investigative officer was visibly embarrassed despite the night time. A megaphone call came over from the destroyer, urging it to hurry. A previous noise from over there made it easy to conclude that the alarm had been given.

"What should I do with you now?" Asked the Brit uncertainly.

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"The wanted are catching!" Mocked Frêne, deliberately showing a superior attitude. He put all cards on bluff. "If you had asked us politely beforehand instead of treating them like inmate candidates, you would already know more!"

"How so?"

"We saw three men in Baghdad who seemed to have been Levantines. They didn't seem to inspire confidence, but according to their behavior they had a lot of money. Was the missing person wealthy? "The last sentence sounded curious, naive.

"Where did you see these men? On the street?" Asked the Briton, ignoring the last question asked.

"In a small coffee house!"

'And did you particularly notice? Generally, I mean? "" I don't know. I myself had a bad feeling

when I saw these men. They spoke a language that I did not understand, and they spoke very quietly. The furtive glancing indicated a guilty conscience. I have an eye for such things. «

A howl came from the destroyer. Like the rumble of a primeval animal. The ship warned.

"Well - I'll write your names down!" While the accompanying sailor was shining again, he wrote the names of the three men standing in front of him and made notes. »One more question: where are you going first? '

"After Bender Buschuh," said the Carcasson

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truthfully.

"And your goal?"

"I have to go to  
Saigon." "And the other  
gentlemen?"

Gutmann thought quickly, since he had to answer himself. He was not exactly familiar with the still strict post-war censorship and visa requirements. Pairing logic and luck, he gave light tones: "Bangkok!"

The officer had already turned halfway and was about to leave. He stopped abruptly and asked sharply: "Bangkok? Are you traveling so complicated and tedious? ... «

"We're looking for the old magic of the Arabian Nights," Gutmann said pathetically. »It's not just a business trip, it's also a vacation for us.«

"That's foolish," the Brit grunted. "Have you found any of the idiotic magic yet?"

"Not yet," Gutmann said alternately this time.

"We hope in Bender Buschîhr ..." The officer tapped his cap with two fingers. "I hope your information is correct. For the sake of order, we will arrange a review. If there are any concerns, you won't get far! «

"It's a strong piece to say to us!" Gutmann showed obvious indignation, "What you allow yourself borders on attacks."

»Sorry - sorry! - the british interests... "He made another vague movement, then stepped away from it

Sailors followed, amidships to fall reps.

The Persian right behind. From the railing, the three men watched the shadowy figures of the British command tumble down the fall reptile and climb into the swaying boat. Then it pushed off and returned to the British ship.

In the meantime, a spotlight was playing its cone of light. He palpated the cargo ship and then went out. One could then follow the command and the hoisting of the boat quite clearly. Shortly afterwards light signals came over, the siren howled again and the destroyer picked up speed

again. Thick billows of smoke oozed from the stocky chimney.

"He's leaving," said Reimer, relieved.

"Yes, it was critical!" Frêne rubbed her chin. "Who knows what would have happened if the surprise in the sky hadn't distracted..."

"So far we've always got away with a black eye," Gutmann said. "I am afraid, however, that serious difficulties will now begin. Checks can cause us problems that would end our odyssey. After all, we can't be completely invisible after all ... «

»Immerse yourself! Immerse yourself again and again, "replied the Carcassonner. "Your friends won't let you down."

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"Not only that - I was almost tempted to believe that the luminous disks came to be called - to stay with a vulgar expression for the moment."

thought! «said Frêne,

"Because of that! It looks like our concentrated thinking has made a connection. In a way, our thinking became a call transmitter. And it was undoubtedly a lucky phenomenon. A sign for those who know or have an inkling, a signal for the rest.

"A lot of things stay in the room," said the Carcasson. »Why not thoughts with intense powers? You never know where causes and coincidences intersect. «

"Everything seen suggests that it was bio-machinas," Gutmann continued.

"I remember now," Frêne said, "that the crew of a French destroyer in 1942 reported a detailed description of a MOC - Machine Outre Connectionsance - and caused quite a stir. At that time there was a similar encounter! «

»Certainly under different circumstances, as long as they were of the same kind. We already know a lot, but still too little! «

Now the Persian voice shrilled in between. He interrupted Gutmann's intended explanations. "Bâ-pîs

- go on! - forward! «

The slouching team started to move. At first people might have been terrified, but now they were crowded together

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chattered briskly. The extraordinary event of the strange appearances of the sky did not even let her notice the sleek warship that was now plowing quite far through the sea. It had turned north and was now showing the low stern below which the sprayed wake ran like a torpedo track.

Now, disturbed by the captain's intervention in their various and peculiar conjectures, the crew literally crumbled. All the movements of the people didn't look like service at all. Rather afterwards, as if they all had free watch.

When the captain came by the three men, they heard him murmur. 'Hudâra sukr! ... «

"What is there?" Asked Gutmann.

The Persian stopped, "Nothing. I just said: Thank God! Now the Ingliz are of it and the strange magic too. So much terror. We Persians have a saying: *barân nâxn nâm mîajâd, âukâtâmra talch mikunâd* - that means: the rain comes in drops and embittered my life... "He was still grumbling. »The Ingliz are looking for counter volumes. Especially after weapons. And they weren't friendly to you either. You are not an Ingliz? "

"No," Frêne replied briefly instead of Gutmann. 'But one question: the officer went into the cabin. Was everything else okay? We don't want to experience such surprises again... «

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"Everything's fine," the Persian reassured his passengers. 'He just looked through the loading papers and didn't make much of a fuss. My ship



is known because it has never been criticized before. And I'm not just driving in the Persian Gulf, but from the country Hind to the west to Massaua and Suakîn. "He punched his chest with his right hand. As he went on he called back "God give you good rest and his blessings!"

"A solid captain in those old pirate waters," said Reimer, "that would actually be the famous exception to a rule on the word tradition."

"You never know exactly," Frêne said shortly. "These guys are smart and grated. The Oriental would first have to be born if he did not somehow put business before the law. There is rarely a criminal impact behind it; usually it's a profitable sport! «

"By the way: you did great before, Frêne! The Brit promptly fell for your bluffs and information. The matter of major rank worked well. Lower ranks usually collapse in awe of higher ranks. Otherwise he would have had to be a corvette captain, at least a sea captain, and until then there must be time for him. It was really about the sausage! «

"No praise," the Carcasson said. »Gutmann parried just as well. For me as a French passport holder that was

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easy ..."

"No order if I may please," Gutmann cut off. "It goes without saying that we're on the wire. Now let's think of how best to dissolve into nothing in Bender Buschihr. It is entirely possible that the Briton will carry out his threats and initiate an investigation. «

"Little comes out of it," mocked Reimer.

"Because of that! It is all the more eager to find dubious individuals. Now it's time to keep your eyes and ears open. We will see!"

The old ship's box was a real sea tramp. His speed was slow, haste unknown. Allah brought

everything to his destination that he thought was right. From these points of view, the captain and crew didn't need to do much.

Towards morning the sea started to roll a little and the steamer lurched heavily. However, no storm came. The three men had slept little and now, in their state of tension and slight exhaustion, found the rumbling of the sea very unpleasant.

The increasing day calmed down and the sky cleared up again. Again heat and little breeze.

The ship entered Bender Buschîhr rather late.

Three Europeans went ashore in Bender Buschîhr, followed by curious eyes. You saw her in the evening; one

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knew that they slept in a han and left it early in the morning; it was no secret that they bought plenty of provisions, they were apparently aimlessly walking around the city, and a little later they suddenly disappeared. As if swallowed up by the earth, drove away through the air, the fantasies had a lot of scope ...

The next day, an Iranian coastal sailor went to sea. He had cargo, loaded and sailed to the land of Hind, where golden bronze-skinned women with blue-shaded and colostrested eyes were waiting for the scent of fine Persian rose oil and the Parsi for carpets and other products from their old homeland. After that strange country Hind that worshiped gods with elephant heads, multi-armed goddesses, a monkey god Hanuman, the snake-bodied Nagas and other gods.

And in the direction of the country of Hind, three Persian merchants looked expectantly from the sailor's foredeck and sometimes whispered. According to their skin color, they may have come from Tabriz or, more north, from Azerbaijan. The Nahudâ, the captain, treated the three men with exquisite politeness and the crew

had been given plenty of bakschîsch in order not to disturb the guests ...

Life on this ship was the same as it had been centuries before. The design had changed little and the life on board remained monotonous. Just like the three merchants this time, the famous Sindbad traveled in the fairy tales of Scheherezades from the bow

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looking for the goal of his hope. Here was a trace of a thousand and one nights, though sober. Very sober, however ...

The wind carried the Borders' chant beyond the vastness of the water: Hudâ kâstî anga kê khahâd bârâd, âgâr nahudâ jamâ bâr tân dârâd - God takes the ship wherever he wants, even if the captain tears the dress off his body ... ntâ 'alâ shâynûh - He is God, his prestige is sublime!

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# THIRD BOOK

## AGNIS FIRE BURNS

Then the Bharadvâja said:

"That light that is in the sun's  
pane and always runs and  
shimmers and glows and is  
very bright and directs  
everything towards you - I  
know this as the Brâhaman."

Coming from Karachi, a small freighter headed for the port entrance of Bombay sprinkled with emerald islands. Sailors and yachts inflated their white linen wings and crossed at the gate of India. The bodies of large ships stood out from the background in front of the roads.

The ship passed Malabarpont, the rocky tip of the Malabar Peninsula, with the British Governor's palace visible from afar. Behind it

stood groves with mulberry and teak trees, the green wall of which hid the towers of silence. Behind the beach of Back Bay, the cremation site of the Hindu population, the houses of the native city showed themselves with striking, strange exotic lines of the Hindu temples. and, still further, the pillars of the mosques. Fort George became visible, which at the same time gave a district its name, then the Colaban Peninsula was bypassed with the lighthouse island in front, the Prongslight Tower like a raised pointing light.

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greeted fingers. The still old systems of the small island of Oyster Rock-Battery threatened from the harbor bay itself, with the Cross Island Battery behind , and the island of Elephanta, the Indian Gharapuri, to one side.

Bom Bahia called the Portuguese explorers the ideal bay when their caravels first moored on this pearl on the Indian west coast and which was already known and praised by Ptolemy as Heptanesia. The main part of the city pushed into the sea on a flat promontory. White house fronts in predominantly the newest, appropriately modern architectural style represented the new face of India. In the background there is fresh green everywhere from palm trees, oaks, mulberry trees and sweeping groups of teak trees. The western ghats mountains closed off the horizon, shimmering bluish through the haze of the heat.

Gutmann, Reimer and Frêne stood behind the freighter's bow bulwark, still dressed as Persians, and struggled to quietly enjoy the new beauties of a life previously only dreamed of. Her eyes were drunk.

When the ship had moored in the harbor, the three men stayed on board for a while before being able to go ashore a little later. Unshorn and barely noticed, they entered the port area and followed a Hindu man who carried part of the luggage and led them to the nearest car park.

"Yahan - here!" Said the Hindu, pointing to some cars whose drivers were slouching in front of the cars.

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"Shaitanghari - kâfi - enough automobiles!" He always improved in English when he realized that the supposed Persians did not understand a Hindustani.

"Shaitanghari - devil's wagon," Reimer translated logically and couldn't help but laugh. "Almost these people are right ..."

A driver in an orange turban greeted and hastily opened the door when he saw the men approaching. Frêne addressed the man in Arabic, who understood him well and was less noticeable to Persians than an English address. He gave the address of a Parsen in Juckeria Bandar, which they had received from Jamil Ibn Bahri in Baghdad.

The driver nodded. As soon as the men had stowed the luggage and paid the porter, he rushed off with the car. Despite heavy traffic, they had reached the specified destination in less than a quarter of an hour. In front of the stopping car was a friendly country house in white with a front terrace, slightly shaded by palm trees. Similar house types on both sides, surrounded by colorful flower beds, pointed to a suburban street that was inhabited by wealthy people. A servant peered curiously out of the garden. Gutmann called him in English and asked about Azîz, the master of the house.

"Hàn Huzûr - yes, your honor," the man served. He added a few words in Hindustani that the visitors could not understand. So the men followed his inviting gesture to cross the garden and

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to enter the house.

The servant had rushed ahead to announce the arrival of the strangers. Since he did not come back immediately, the men waited in front of the entrance to the country house. Suddenly a man came out who reminded of Jamil Ibn Bahri in many ways, only he wore a jet black beard on the upper lip. Large almond-shaped eyes gave his face a strange attraction. He was wearing white European-style clothing, but greeted in an oriental way when he saw three men with black kalpaks standing in front of him.

"We bring greetings from Baghdad!" Gutmann said carefully in English after the men exchanged the usual greetings.

Azîz, the Parse, bowed low. »My house is open to you. Please come in! «

"We are strangers here. Please guide us! «Asked Frêne, with, more familiar with oriental customs.

The host let his guests step into a nearby room, which caused surprise for the guests. In contrast to Jamil Ibn Bahri, there was little European note here and the Parse had taken the liberty of furnishing the interior of his dwelling with oriental waste. Colorful carpets, works of art from Fârsistân and from the country of Hind, attracted abundantly, side by side, all of them showing wealth and artistic sense. A small, artistically crafted traffic light with a flickering flame stood in a niche.

The men took a seat on the stools, Azîz also sat down. "You've had a long journey," he said.

"Yes. And above all a bit awkward, «explained Gutmann.

»I received an airmail letter from Baghdad. I was hinted at in a few things, "Azîz said. Restraint still sounded from his voice.

"The English stopped our ship on the route from Kuwait to Bender Buschîhr," said Gutmann. "It looked very difficult for a while."

For a brief second, the Parse half dropped his eyelids. Then showing a noticeable coolness, he asked: "What could have happened?"

"Enough! - It is not for nothing that we would like to have traveled through all the Arab countries with the most varied difficulties in order to suddenly end up behind barbed wire or even into a prison! «

Now Azîz became friendlier again. "Forgive me if I was a little cool. I can see from your subsequent concern that I have the right men in front of me, sorry again; I have to be very careful! "

"We too," Gutmann said. "We even like you to exercise caution. It is a confirmation for us that we can trust you! «

"You can!" Said Azîz, recommending the right. His eyes were full and without wrong. "Tell us about your trip ..."

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Gutmann gave a detailed description.

The Parse listened carefully and sometimes nodded his head.

"There is not much more to say," Gutmann said slowly, when he had described the journey on the Persian coastal glider and the change to the freighter in Karachi. »The last part of the trip was quiet and easy.«

"It was a good thing that you disappeared at Ali Shir's in Bender Buschîhr without being tracked down to him. And it was just as good that Ali Shir dressed you as a Persian. He did that excellently and so the Ingliz will grope in the dark, if they should have become suspicious afterwards and are looking for it. Because here with me you are safe if you follow my advice. «

"We'll be happy to follow them," assured Gutmann.

"You have great protectors and many friends," Azîz said respectfully. »It is a great obligation and responsibility on me at the same time. And I can



see from your expressions that you are curious to see what happens next. «

"Yes," Gutmann said. »Restlessness and uncertainty are bad travel companions. We feel like balls in a game! «

»Everything is uncertain; what is hidden in the future rarely opens before. Fate plays the ball with everyone and the less willing they are to act, the less

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less will their resilience be able to change anything... «

"So far we've heard more fatalism!"

"We are an Aryan branch," Azîz said emphatically. »We are still guarding the old, sacred fire of our people and faith. But back to you: there is still no path that you have to follow from here. And with impatience you will wait for a goal to open. Isn't it so? "

"You speak to us from the heart, concerns and desires drive us!"

"That is understandable. I understand you have traveled far. Always further from where you came from. We want to help you find your way back to midnight, where you are close to the original home of our peoples. It is only very difficult because your base is silent and has closed itself off. «

Gutmann and Reimer leaned forward in dismay. The former asked: "What suspicions are there in connection with this?"

The Parse raised both hands with a vague movement. »All presumptions are vague and easily lead to wrong determinations. But I believe that many people are now going astray and no longer believe in themselves. In addition, the spellbound blue and white colors with the pole symbol in the middle keep moving towards midnight. A hermetic sealing of the base seems understandable as a result. «

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“Then how are we supposed to be brought back? »Brahmins and Mongols have agreed to take care of your return. The Brahmins are honored to help you. They see an obligation to re-establish the long-torn bond between the Aryans of Asia and the West. This was not possible with the Ingliz because they lost their soul. And now India soon! «

'And the Mongols?

“It's puzzling, you just know you're on the way. I don't know what drives them to offer their help. But they can do a lot. Now far more than the Brahmins, «

"Whoever wants to help us should be welcome." Gutmann's voice was deep.

"I understand that," the Parse said. "But it's not always wise to think like that!"

"You're right. Do you have any objections to the Mongols as one of the two options? ”

“Only as far as I can follow my own considerations. See, Sahib, the Brahmins are close to us at the root of their origin and essence. They serve Aryan consciousness, unless parts of them have degenerated due to the influence of Ingliz. But it is different with the Mongols. These follow their own interests! «

“Do you see this as a danger to us?

“You have to judge for yourself, Sahib! It wasn't long ago that you sent an expedition from Germany to Lhasa. These men had runes

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Signs on their cork helmets and they researched the minds and secrets of the Potala. «

"A scientific expedition," Gutmann tried to distract.

"So they said," Azîz replied ambiguously. "These men must have made good friends. But the Potala archive kept many secrets hidden from them. ”

"We know that," Gutmann admitted. "Unfortunately ..."

'Isn't that understandable? A prophecy has promised Inner Asia the resurrection of a new Khan and a new world empire. The high seat is

then not the Midnight Mountain, but the Pamir, the roof of the world. Do you understand now, Sahib, what I mean? ”

"I understand very well what you want to express," Gutmann nodded. "But at the moment, I think the Mongols are still threatened by enemies and their interests are inevitably on our side."

"Friendship of purpose," Azîz smiled subtly.

"After all." "And what decision did we make?"

But however it turns out, you will be in travel to the Indus Valley in the next few days and from there to your destination in stages with an aircraft. «

"After midnight?"

"Yes, Sahib. God willing."

»Thank you for this message, Azîz! Now our long journey has made sense again. «

"It was drawn in the book of life. Forgive me, Sahibs! You'll be hungry and tired! "That

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Abruptly interrupting the conversation, he pressed a nearby bell and commanded an incoming Naukar, a native servant, to have the Khitmaghar serve food. The khitmaghar was the kitchen servant. He brought hot Indian curry rice, white bread and fruit. For drinking ice-cold fruit juice, which was very refreshing.

"You'll have good accommodation in a nearby bungalow," Azîz said as he ate. »It belongs to me and is intended for guests who come to me from time to time. I made it as comfortable as possible. «

"You are very attentive to us and we thank you very much!" Said Frêne. Reimer also added a few kind words.

Later the Parse offered coffee and sweets, which the Khitmaghar served up in plenty. Afterwards again fruits. In order not to hurt the host, the men had to access again and again.

Afterwards Azîz gave the Khitmaghar some instructions and a little later the Naukar reported

again. Azîz said politely, "If you're okay, we can go to the bungalow now. There's a car in front of the house that can take your luggage with you. «

"Gladly!" Gutmann got up and the companions followed his example.

The Parse drove a little way out of town with his guests until the car stopped in front of a very beautiful country house. It was deep in the green and offered by the

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Hill position from a beautiful view of the sea. A wide terrace promised beautiful hours of siesta.

"My house is entirely at your disposal," said Azîz, pointing to the beautiful home. "Come in!"

"God meant you well," Frêne said. "He gave you luck and wealth."

"He only gave me the wages of my hard work," Azîz said modestly.

"You are a dealer?"

"Yes, like most Parsees. A Saudâgar, as they say here in the main language. I trade in silk and other textiles. My father already ran the same business."

The men entered the house after they had passed flowering beds that gave off an anesthetic scent. In contrast to the actual home of the Parsen, everything was predominantly modern and functional. It looked more European sober, but without losing any of its domestic touch.

"Two servants and a boy will be at your disposal in a short time," Azîz said. "You are already on your way to here. You will lack nothing, I hope."

"It's more than we could ever have expected," Gutmann said.

"You can wear your usual clothes here. It is not noticeable. If you wish, I can get you white linen suits tomorrow. You can use the Kalpak

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to keep. Maybe it's even better. ""

You're very kind. We ask for it! «

Azîz stayed with his guests until bedtime and showed them all the attentions required by common decency. With great interest he had listened to the descriptions of the Germans about the European theater of war and admitted that only sparse news had leaked to India about the real events. When the officers told him sadly about the surrender, he said: "Today dark clouds hang over your country. Everything seems to be without hope and with no way out. But from here things look different. You have lost only one battle and received wounds that will heal again. Afterwards you will be stronger and smarter than ever. The supposed winners are the real losers. For know: England has sold and lost her empire for this victory and it costs the other peoples the colonies and their reputation. These powers have mobilized the whole world against a single people and will therefore lose all power to date. Everyone was stricken with blindness when they deliberately shook the power pole of the West. Inglistân declared war on Germanistân because it was obsessed with arrogance and arrogance. We also know that forces behind the scenes, forces that storm at midnight have your share in it. "

"You know very well," nodded Gutmann, "I didn't know that the Parsi with open eyes was watching the world events

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follow. You too are kind to us. «

"Yes, we are." The Parse looked at his wristwatch casually. 'It is getting late and you will soon have to take care of yourself. I've been with you for too long and have disturbed you! "He rose and bowed deeply, greeting in an oriental way. "You are wise and brave men, I have to tell Sahib Log to you! The Lord of Good keep you and give you a good night! Ap tashrif la'e the mera ghar men - you have brought my

house glory! "Saluting again, he shoved his lambskin pak into his forehead and left.

Reimer got up after Parsen's departure and leaned against the parapet on the terrace. He looked up at the star-shimmering sky and then lowered his eyes towards the sea, where the lights of Bombay ran like pearls in the dark water and gave a grandiose illumination. Gutmann and Frêne were sitting behind him in comfortable cane chairs.

"There was a time when I was jokingly called star-gazer," said Gutmann from the background. "It's been a long time since I heard this surname and I think I can now transfer it to our friend Reimer!" A chuckle followed these words.

Reimer turned. "Sometimes you two are terribly sober. You act as if we had driven a short-distance ticket by tram from Berlin to Bombay, had flown through half a newspaper during the trip, and would then be up quickly

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the conductor's second ring. Didn't you notice the large gate on the projecting land at the entrance, this magnificent gate with the raised middle section and the corner towers greeting in Indian style? Did you miss the inscriptions: Bombay. Gateway to India? When we were examined in front of the medical officer after the outbreak of the war, we dreamed of getting to know Europe. And now we're spinning halfway around the world ... «

Frêne got up and went to Reimer. »We all have the same feelings and admirations for the strange beauties, which unfortunately we can only enjoy almost like a kaleidoscope. Understand, however, dear friend, that Gutmann must first suppress all emotions and is obliged to be a constant admonisher in his own way. You Germans are great romantics and you are to be envied. But everything has its dangers ... «

"No offense," came Gutmann's voice. »Jokes as small attention signs will be allowed at any time,

right? I don't think of this new thing here, of India, of this country, of the cute naughty girls... »

"You remain a constant mockery," interrupted the Linz man, jokingly threatening with his fist. 'Just to remember nautical girls now. But what do we know about it? About their sociological position? Your duties? ... At school we didn't learn anything about it, we read too little in books and so ghosted terms

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our knowledge around ... «

"None of this matters so much," Frêne said, "it is enough to know that these girls have velvet brown and taking arms ..."

"A confirmation of the ghostly knowledge," laughed the man from Linz. »The French perspective ...«

Frêne grinned amused. Cheerful, the men went to their sleeping quarters.

Days passed again that brought rest and relaxation. The Parse was an attentive host and went out of her way to make guests happy. He hadn't missed showing them the beauty of Bombay. He led them through the bazaars, through the wide modern shopping streets, through the magnificent marine drive that ran along the sea and somehow resembled Rio, he showed them the university of the city, whose tower had a peculiar mixture of Gothic and Romanesque styles little suited the other cityscape. The mosques offered hardly anything new, but the architecture of the many Hindu temples captivated. Here the fakirs were loitering, one standing on one leg and a slowly withering hand stretching out, another pierced arms and cheeks with long needles. Bairâgi, ashes-smeared beggars with long, matted hair and beards, calling the name of Indian gods, begged for their livelihood. Graceful Brahmins crossed the way of the walking,

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recognizable by their proud demeanor and the box characters. On their foreheads they bore the sign of Vishnu: steeply rising from the eyebrow roots, two white lines, in the middle a red vertical. Half-naked priests sitting in front of the temples also painted the chest, abdomen and upper arms with the same colors, symbolic rectangular ornaments.

In the Native Quarter, the Black Town, jugglers conjured up, donkey drivers screamed, holy cattle and ox carts pushed through the crowd. Chinese, Malays and all other Asian peoples met here. Azîz showed the guests the magnificent tomb of the great Parsen Djamsedji Jijiboi, and he did not miss the opportunity to visit the Towers of Silence with them, which served as the burial place for the dead of his faith, which were thrown to the vultures inside the towers in order not to contaminate the holy earth.

Another day the men visited the rock temple of Karla on the slopes of the western Ghat Mountains, along which a number of pagodas and monasteries ran. Some of the hilltops showed a structure similar to that of Arizona. Lush green shone from the lowlands, a rapid train flitted like a white arrow on a railway line leading to the inside. From the temples of the ghats, the eyes were immersed in the vastness of the flickering sea and the sky, arching above in deep blue.

Gutmann and Frêne also showed enthusiasm on these excursions, which they had always suppressed. The force of the ancient reliefs, the depictions of the Indian gods, sculptures of mighty elephants, artfully carved columns, everything strange and suspecting ancient cultures, had to delight.

On the same evening that the Karla men returned to the bungalow, Azîz also took the evening meal with them, which was served by the Khitmaghar assigned to the guests. After dinner, the Parse was very open-minded and



talked more freely than before about the problems that formed a bridge between his people of the old faith and the men of the occidental tradition.

"Our traditions are also ancient," Azîz said. »Already around 200 years after the turn of Europe, the emergence of the Sassanian Empire started a new editing of the old writings of the Iranians. We too belong to the midnight tribe, because our people broke through the gates of the Caucasus into Iran and brought with them the god of light, whom we later worshiped as Ahuramazdâh. Already half a millennium before your era, Ahuramazdâh's philosophy of morals dominated Iranian space. After the invasion of the Arabs, most of the old writings were destroyed and we painstakingly put together the Avasta Zend, the basic text and the explanation of our faith from the scant remains and saved it with us

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India when we had to emigrate so as not to succumb to the persecution. Ahuramazdâh is great, greater than all gods, it is said in the old scriptures and in the Elamian version of the Bagistan text he is proclaimed to be the Aryan god, «

"There was always one god in the Aryan root, the old Thor of the Tuatha," Gutmann confirmed.

"Yes, Sahib Log. There are also Indian traditions that have mythical parallels to our Iranian texts and thus also point to the same original sources that come from the Aryana vaejah, «

"Mithra is also anchored in your teaching," said Frêne. "Sure, Sahib Log. In a later period, a three-god cult developed in our teaching, Dewaism. In this Ahuramazdâh remained the representative of the sun, while Mithra is the lord of the moon, along with a female-motherly deity, the Anâhita.

He is the hero of many myths, the Parthian Heracles with the club, equated to the Indra by

the Indians. He had nine mythical mothers, in an  
Avasta chapter he becomes Aptija,  
the ›end of the trunk‹, called «

"This is a trail that leads back to the Atlantic Poseidon," Gutmann said. "And the nine mothers have a parallel in the Heimdall account of the Eddian tradition."

"I don't know that," the Parse openly admitted. "But I know that a bridge connects us, that old myths lead us to one another. Few people know about the old truths and a prayer from Avasta says: rtam

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wahu wahistam - the truth is the greatest good! -  
And truly, Sahib Log, the truth lies in space, it is  
destiny and yet few fight for it. May fire light up  
the world! «

"You speak to us from the heart," Gutmann added seriously to the parse. "You are truly a Parsi, a Reiner who lives by the law."

"All the conscious live by the law," said Azîz. "Only the cudras, the lower ones, rebell because they have no mystical soul and pay homage to totemism. They are not striving for order, but for unleashing. «

"Then we are already experiencing the age of the cudras," Reimer said. »Isn't chaos and unleashing everywhere already? Hasn't the bottom already turned up? ... «

The parse rose. "We'll keep talking about it tomorrow. Get ready to visit the Brahmin Mulji Madharji with me tomorrow morning, who is informed of your being here. He is a wise man and will be able to tell you more than I can. His help is also valuable to us. «

"It is, as you say," answered Gutmann, using the oriental way of speaking. As he spoke, he suddenly had the impression that a shadow was floating under the darkness of the trees in the front yard. He paused in the sentence.

"What is it, Sahib Log?" Asked Azîz, who had followed Gutmann's eye movement but saw nothing.

'I think it's just an imagination. A shadow that seemed moved... '

"Thakur Das!" Cried the Parse.

The Naukar appeared immediately. "Tum ko kya hukm hai - What are you ordering, Huzûr?"

"Go to the front yard and see if anyone is standing by or behind the trees. Hurry up, hurry up! «

The Naukar jumped lightly down from the terrace. The men heard him shout, "Ko'i hai - is anyone there?" The white of his clothes glowed from the semi-darkness of the area. Describing a large sheet, he hurried to look through the garden and came back straight away. "Kuchh nahîn - nothing!" He reported.

Azîz was calm. 'A delusion, of course. Who or what should it be? «

Thakur Das withdrew again. The Parse exchanged a few words with his guests, then asked to say goodbye.

The three men watched him walk slowly and gracefully. Like every evening, they stayed on the terrace today and saw the city, as always attracted by the sea of lights of the big city.

A light wind blew from the ghats and brushed through the crowns of the trees and palm trees. The leaves and fronds rustled. Sounds of Hulman monkeys came from somewhere, in the garden itself a small animal stroked through the bushes without being visible.

"You had seen white mice before," said

the Linz easily to Gutmann. "The Naukar had to do a special run through the garden and interrupt his leisure hours."

"Azîz called him," Gutmann defended himself. "Doesn't an old saying, by the way, say that

madness is human?" Without a real reason, he turned slightly annoyed to enter the bungalow. Before he had made a full turn on the heel, he froze. "There!"

Reimer and Frêne spun around and followed Gutmann's pointing arm with their eyes.

In the middle of the path between the street and the bungalow stood a figure in a toga-like robe. The moonbeams glided over the motionless man and laid a dull blue shimmer on his shaved head, giving him an almost unreal nimbus.

"What do you want?" Gutmann called in English.

A sound came back that said nothing. The man came a few steps closer.

Reimer went to meet him, his companions followed. He spoke to the strange stranger again.

"Are you guests of Azîz?" Asked the stranger in poorly accented English. The tone of his voice was very quiet.

"Why do you ask that?" Said Reimer against it. The men could take a closer look at the figure and saw that it was a Mongol wearing the yellow costume of Buddhist monks. His head was ascetic

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Trains and from his narrow eyes flashed a strange fire.

"Maybe I have a message for you," came from the barely moved, narrow-mouthed mouth of the monk.

"We are guests of Azîz," Gutmann admitted. "Tell us what you have to say!"

The Kutenmann seemed to ignore the request. His narrow eyes suddenly grew wide. "You come from the area of the lost paradise and are now walking in circles ..."

Gutmann came very close to the monk. »If your sentences really have the deep meaning that you describe, who sent you and how do you know something? ... «

The eyes of the speakers, who were just opposite each other, crossed like sharp knives.

"Buddha's ears are every- where - Buddha's ears are everywhere!" The monk said in a nasal chant.

Reimer uttered an uncontrolled call, "Buddha's ears ...!"

The cowl man's dark eyes glittered as he eyed the men in front of him. A bony hand peeled from the folds of his toga, which he lifted slightly. »Friends of you are waiting! You should see them! ... «

"You mean the point where we came from?" Gutmann asked sharply.

"That is still far away, O Faringhi! But first you should

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You speak to those who belong to you and who have disappeared from your sight. «

"How many men are that?" Asked Reimer, breathlessly. A hope glimmered in him, unlikely, even fantastic, but focused on the hardly possible precisely because it was ignited under equally unlikely circumstances.

The Mongol passed a few seconds before answering. Then he said: "You must know, two men and one woman!"

Disappointed, Reimer took a step back. "Two men and - one woman? He secretly fooled himself that his impulsive thinking gave birth to hope. How did the men who were concerned with his thoughts come to accompany a woman?

...

"Well - keep going!" Gutmann urged the monk. Restlessness and excitement had gripped him too.

"The Seven Lotus Flower Monastery awaits you. You will also find your friends there. Do you want to come? "

"Where's the monastery?"

"It's far from here," the monk evaded. "But it will ensure that you reach your goal!"

"Explain yourself more clearly, monk!"

Gutmann demanded. »Why many words?

Follow me and you will find them

Answer in fulfilling what you strive for! "" How are we to understand that? Do you think we?

Should I go with you immediately? ”

"That would be easiest, O Faringhi!"

“What would our host Azîz say if he did

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would come tomorrow and not find us? How do you imagine that, huh? ”

"Write a letter," said the monk. "Azîz will find him tomorrow and show understanding."

"I doubt it," said Gutmann dryly. 'And besides - how are we going to get out of here? Shall we go on a pilgrimage? ”

'I said before: why many words? You Faringhi have lead on your feet. Am I not standing in front of you as a messenger knowing things that would otherwise have to remain hidden? "" Come back tomorrow evening, O monk! Maybe we'll go with you when you tell us where and how we should travel. «

The Kutenmann dropped his still raised hand. "That will not do. I can't wait... ”His eyes closed again in narrow gaps and completely hid his thinking. "I tell you, Faringhi, you are coming to the Seven Lotus Flower Monastery! It is not up to you, but Buddha's will decides. Think quickly and make up your mind. The messengers of the monastery only come once! You're free like the birds. Why don't you fly when a voice calls? ”

"It remains: come tomorrow, monk!" Gutmann's tone was firm and unmistakable.

The yellow one shrugged resignedly. “It would have been very easy. The Faringhi are stubborn. But think about it. Buddha's ears are everywhere! ... ”He grabbed the cowl and turned to go. Staying exactly in the middle of the path, he walked with a slurping walk

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Road without turning back. His bald head shone like a large, smooth button, chased by the rays of the moon.

"Buddha's ears ..." whispered Reimer. "I heard that at point 103!"

Gutmann spun around. "What are you saying?"

"It was then - at the time of the Great Assembly; Recke and I sat in the dining room. There was no one but a few Japanese and a strange Mongol. A llama. And then - Recke and I had changed a few sentences - it seemed as if the llama had overheard our thoughts. He couldn't understand us. And then - then the Tibetan got up and said clearly to us: Buddha's ears are everywhere! «

"This is very interesting," muttered Frêne, who had listened with interest. "One should ask the monk in more detail!"

As if by appointment, the three men turned their heads to look at the Kutenmann. Nothing. The street was empty.

The Carcasson ran to the garden entrance to peer down the street. He saw only two women walking wearing the deep sari, a man with a light turban a little further, no one else.

Thoughtfully, he returned to the terrace, waving the companions by hand.

"We should be contacting Azîz through the Naukar now," said Reimer. »It seems to me to be extremely important since one is clearly here without his knowledge

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Connection to us came about. «

"It's too late for that today," replied Gutmann. "The Parse comes anyway in the early morning to go with us to the Brahmin he was talking about today. Why should we worry him today? "

'Didn't he warn us of the Mongols? »In a way yes! But not in the hostile sense.

I am sure that if the monk reports on today's conversation, we will get a message. So let's wait!  
«

Frêne restrained himself: "The messengers of the monastery would only come once," said the Kutenmann. Accordingly, we would hardly have a monk in the near future «

"That's right," said Reimer. "However that may be, I have a strange feeling."

"Unke!" Growled Gutmann. "Good night!"

When the men stepped onto the terrace of their bungalow the following morning, there was a large flat bowl on the table in the middle of the wicker chair set.

"What is it?" Asked Frêne, pointing to it. The bowl was filled with water and there were seven lotus flowers...

Azîz came later. His expression was very thoughtful when he heard the report about the monk and saw the bowl. He called the Naukar and scolded him that he would not have looked closely in the evening. Now it was reasonable to assume that Gutmann was not subject to deception and that

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Shadow may have been related to the monk's subsequent sudden appearance.

"We should check again during the day," suggested Reimer. "Maybe we'll find something that gives us clues. If we are lucky, the monk may have lost a slip of paper... "

The Parse waved, "There is no such thing with such messengers. They stand up to any investigation without finding traces or indications of an order or a message. Unless you expose the brain's memory centers behind your temples and you can read in them..." He turned to the still standing Naukar: "Chale ja'o - go!..."

"What now? Gutmann asked.

"One more reason to visit Mulji Madharji, the old Brahmin," Azîz said. "He must also be informed quickly and will know what to do."

"We are ready!"

"Good! I left a car on the road anyway and we can drive. We have to visit Mahalakshmi Temple at the foot of Cumballa Hill. We'll meet Mulji Madharji nearby. "

Before the men left the house together, the Parse instructed his Naukar to be careful not to let strangers enter the bungalow. The



Khitmaghar should also take care and pay attention to all sounds.

The Parse did not hide during the carriage journey

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his concerns that the Mongols had tried to cover up his mediation. He interpreted these efforts as proof that the men were willing to go their own way from the roof of the world and behind the Great Desert. He also frankly admitted that he didn't really trust them.

"We thank you for the unvarnished presentation of the facts," said Gutmann kindly. "We will have to be very careful and continue to follow your advice. You have made grateful friends to us, O Azîz! «

"Your friendship is a great honor for me," the Parse replied, putting his hand on his heart with a solemn gesture. "We have a saying in India: Ek sadiq dost bha'i se afzal hai - a loyal friend is better than a brother!"

The car drove slowly. After a while he turned onto Warden Road, which ran past the rocky seafront of Cumballa Hill. At this point, the surf broke on the offshore reefs. The silhouette of the Mahalakshmi temple rose from the bank, the fronds of individual palm trees swayed in the breeze.

Azîz was to hold the handlebars of the car and wait for her to return. The men covered the last short distance on foot.

They passed the great temple, where fakirs and penitents lounged. Crying and singing, they called the gods or begged for gifts. Brahmins in

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white throws, with the signs of their caste, stood out from the bustle in front of the temple. Azîz turned sideways after a few steps and led his companions behind an inconspicuous building and through a rear entrance into a courtyard. There was a shaved Brahmin, also clad in a white throw, with the box mark on his forehead under an eaves. His face was wrinkled, but did not allow a more accurate estimate of the man's age. Expressive and clever eyes looked at the visitors.

Azîz greeted respectfully and the three men followed his example.

Mulji Madharji rose. "Namasté - greetings!" He said with a friendly gesture of greeting. His eyes flew eye-to-eye and memorized the individuals, from one to the other. "It's good that you've finally come," he added.

"We would definitely have come to you today," Azîz said. "Even if we hadn't made an agreement yesterday!"

"Has something happened?" Mulji Madharji raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Han - yes!"

"Get inside the house," said the Brahmin. "It's cool in there and we're undisturbed."

The guests followed him and entered a room that was almost bare. In one corner there is a charpoy, a low sleeping frame covered with netting, a low one

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Table and some stools, the latter obviously representing a new purchase. A large clay jug filled with water cooled the room slightly by the evaporation of the moisture.

"Baitho - sit down!" Said the Indian. He repeated his request in English when he noticed that the whites did not understand his Hindustani. Then he turned to the Parsis: "Reports, friend Azîz!"

"A chaprasi, a messenger came to our guests yesterday after I left. He came from a monastery of Tibetan monks somewhere in the north...

"Azîz reported and gave a faithful account of how he had experienced it himself. At the end of his story, he did not forget to mention the bowl with the seven lotus flowers that stood on the terrace in the morning.

The Brahmin thought for a while, then said, "We must act faster now than we intended, but we must not be in a hurry. You will now be informed of each of your steps and pursue intentions that we do not know. It wasn't good that we negotiated joint relief efforts for the Sahib Logs."

"There's nothing to be done about that now," Azîz said.

Mulji Madharji waved it off. "Of course not." Confidently he said: "Ram hamare satti hai - Ram will help us!" And after a pause of seconds: "The white Sahibs are not only our friends, but Rams' favorites and their knowledge is above time ..."

Gutmann looked at the Brahmin in astonishment: "From where

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do you know whether our knowledge is relevant? "“ Don't you often know more than would be expected, ”

was the calm answer. "You are masters of machines that will be hidden from the world in the next few years. You master flying disks, which in the sky resemble the Biomachina, the Mani! And don't you know as well that we fly with Vimanas? ... «

"We know about it," Gutmann replied in surprise. "However, it is little. And we will hardly ever see a Vimana machine . «

"Maybe!" Mulji Madharji looked past his visitors. "We will have to take you in the most secret ways to get you back where our thinking is going. We who are knowing have tasks to perform. And even though I'm only now getting to know you, Sahib Logs, I trust you because you are brothers on the same path. «

"It's a long way," Reimer said involuntarily.

The Brahmin smiled. "Chota Sahib, tumhara kya nam hai?"

"I do not understand ..."

"Forgive me, Chota Sahib, young master! I asked for your name! "

"Reimer!"

"Rei-mer?" Mulji Madharji closed his eyes as if trying to memorize the name. "Yo kuteh Meru se aya, where Meru me phir jata -" Improving in English,

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he repeated: "What came from the Midnight Mountain goes back to the Midnight Mountain! ...

«

"If I understand correctly, will I be able to return?" Asked Reimer.

The Brahmin looked at him closely. "Yes!" The tone of his voice gave the short word certainty and weight. His guests recognized that behind the initially unassuming appearance of the man was a strong and internalized personality and that the Indian was far more than he seemed. "You will see sveta dvipa, the white land in the far north. You came here on your pitr-yâna, the path of the ancestors, and you will return to where the seat of Narayana, the Son of God, the Purusha, the divine prehistoric man is; who is in the sun and in the year. Lokomânya Tilak only recently showed us Brahmins the arctic homeland of the Vedas, the original home of the Bhaktas, the ancestors! «

"I know Tilak's clues," Gutmann said in between.

"The shining are with you!" Mulji Madharji cried. »This is how your knowledge builds a bridge to us! We all need this bridge, which brings us back together through the ancient tradition. Aren't we all waiting for the return of the Ur-Aryan Cakravârti, the Lord of Humanity, to become sun sons again? ... «

"Ah -" Gutmann exclaimed in astonishment. "You know the root?"

»Whoever lives according to the rta, as it is called in the Vedas, lives

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according to the world order of Brahma.  
Whoever lives according to the order must also know the root! «

“You are right, Mulji Madharji! To live according to Rta means to have the right custom, that is, to live according to the destiny, so as not to violate the order of creation.” The Brahmin nodded. »And yet people deny themselves what they care for dogs and horses. Isn't the world a house of

breed? ... «

"Today people will say that you can't compare people to animals."

»Hai mai, are not all beings created by God? - God's law is only a law and everything is subject to it. See, the religion of the West is calling for salvation because the earth is a kingdom of sin. People are walking on a path of insecurity, they have violated the laws, they have become impure and their lost, pure consciousness is condemning them to degeneracy. Only an outgoing subconscious warns and makes them feel their existence as sin; the offense against breeding, against order. Our Vedas say: We need redemption because existence is the realm of error. Man is threefold; namely outer self, inner self and highest self! The thing that destroys the delusion is knowledge! «

"The luminous speak from you!" Said Gutmann to the Brahmin, adapting to the manner of speaking. "We also affirm the Rta, the order. In our Nordic Edda, the gods are called counselors. God is the root

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of everything that rata. And a closer examination reveals that the Aryans are sun sons. We also have an etymological connection here, which was reflected in the Edda and the Vedas. «

"Who hears your Edda guessing?" Asked the Indian. »Breeding out of common lust, turning away from any breeding pair and thus the decline of the noble is the life of now. A departure from the cosmic, from the divine law of growing up everything organic and living, from bottom to top. «

»Starting from the megalithic period, the Aryans carried the light into the world and gradually bled to death on their mission, not without having raised part of humanity beforehand. The long-drawn-out racial decay and the partial merging into mixed races force a new awareness of the spiritual and soul of the Aryanism. Since the mind forms the body, a new root race with the old values would have to develop from your new mental renaissance and physical basis, as the researcher Gorsleben also logically concluded. According to him, if the creative world is not to sand up, the dying or exhausting world will have to breed noble races again. «

"O Vishnu!" The Brahmin nodded approvingly.

The rest had listened carefully. "Who should cultivate this awareness?" Asked Frêne, little hope in her voice.

"Who else, if not us!" Reimer fell like one

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Fanfare in between. "The white people of Europe and America, like the conscious Brahmins and Iranians, will have to make a careful selection!"

"Don't signs warn that the world is about to change?" Asked Gutmann.

"You mean the manis?" Mulji asked Madharji. »Yes, the signs in the sky are signs of the times! - Han, akash mai jo chimno, where kalka chimno hai, «he repeated again. His thoughts flew on.

»The mother cave is still the beginning of Brahman and as long as there is a beginning, paths lead everywhere! From that of the world mountain, the uterus mundi with occidental name, Agni is born, the son of the dyauspitar, your Zeus-Jupiter, the father of heaven, and prthivi-matar, the mother earth. And Agni's fire burns, illuminating the world where there is darkness! He is the son of God, his highest birth in heaven, his navel in the air and his home on earth, as it is recorded in the Vājasaneyi Samhita. "The Brahmin's hands made an evocative movement. »Agni is the sacred, cleansing fire that rises to a brilliant flame, God's spark and soul glorious! Agni is in the white sun horse Dadhikrâ, Agni is in the swan! "His voice dropped. »Agnis, fire burns and there is hope and all that is hidden ...«

Gutmann asked gently: "You were talking about a swan, Mulji Madharji. What do you know about it? "

"Just wonder Sahib Log! In our Cvetâçvatara

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Upanishad says: A swan wanders in this big Brahman bike that inspires everything! That is Agni. "

"An old Nordic symbol," explained Gutmann, "that still appears in your writings. The Ingväonian swan boats carried the Indo-European myth from the Hyperborean region, from the North Atlantic region, to the south as escorts of the son of God! «

"Hari bol!" With the cry of joy, the Brahmin clapped his hands without paying attention to his dignity. »This is the path of the gods, the Nordic path. And the swan, our symbol ... «

"We still have a root that deserves to be highlighted from others," Gutmann said. "Agni is like our Heimdall the Edda, the guardian of Asgard, who lives on the Himmelsberg, the Himinbiörg, from where he has a clear view of the world and Bifröst, the rainbow bridge. The

Bifröst bridge between Asgard and Midgard connects the gods to the people whose mediator is Heimdall, the strong and wise protector of the world order and the friend of the people. «

'O Vishnu! - O Trimurti! "Attention spoke from the eyes of the Indian. »There is a bridge that lives in our books and it is the same bridge that connects us. And the great knowledge. I know the Aryan mission is eternal - yah to jante hain, arya jat k 'sadhana! «

Azîz nodded in agreement. "I didn't tell you, o Mulji Madharji, that my guests would come to you knowing

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will? Do you still have concerns about secretly transporting our patrons? ... «

»Nai - no! The shining are with them and have protected them on their paths. «

"And now? Think of the seven lotus flowers in the bowl! A warning!"

"What is above the sky and what is below the earth and what is between the two, the sky and the earth, what they call the past, present and future, is woven and interwoven in space, it says in the Brihadâraṇyaka Upanishad", the Brahmin quoted. »We can do what we can. The other thing lies with the shining! «

"Didn't you say a little earlier that you were flying with Vimanas?" Gutmann asked the Brahmin, directing the conversation to the things that lay at first. The things that touched them together were immensely captivating, but he was also concerned about Parsen's concern.

"Yes! I didn't see her myself, but I know her. There are old works in which many details of our flight are noted. The Vimanas are also reported in a work by Bhâradwâja, in Yantrasârwasam. The people who have read the books and are not among the elect know a lot, but have no benefit from it. - Hai mai, the Ingliz were a lot behind, but in the end they felt fooled! «



"We all don't know the books in question," Gutmann admitted regretfully. "Of course we would have it

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seriously studied! «

"The heart of things will remain hidden from you," smiled the Brahamane. "And everyone who only hears instead of seeing is gripped by doubts or cannot find out the crucial details. What is open is hidden! «

"Indian aviation is very old, I think," Frêne said, when it appears in old scriptures ... "

»Han - yes! There are also clues in the Mahabhârata and the Ramayâna. At this time of writing, India's cultural institutions were already at a very high level. We have already partially solved what the Faringhi masters in the West claim as their own ideas today.

As far as our old aviation was concerned, oriental scholars long believed that this was an imagination. However, if you follow the scriptures carefully, you will find that the ancient Hindu were able to develop perfect flying machines. In the Vimanadhi Karânam chapter of the book Yantrasarwâsaman, Maharshi Bhâradwâja describes in detail the design and steering of aircraft. Not only that, in another work, the Akasa Tantra by the same author, the various atmospheres are also described and studies on the gravitational pull of the earth and the effects of the sun's heat are published. Other indications about atmospheric peculiarities are also given. «

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"You know the writings of your country very well!" Gutmann praised appreciatively.

"Don't I have to know them as well as you know your people's writings?"

"According to your description, flight conditions have already been studied in detail," Gutmann had to admit. "Frankly, I'm very worried about what we're going to get in the next few days. Nevertheless, you have aroused our interest and we would like to listen... «

For a moment the Brahmin dropped his eyelids. A slight twitch in the muscles of his face suggested that he was trying to concentrate. To everyone's surprise, he suddenly said: "Listen, Sahib Logs and you, friend Azîz, what is still in the books: There are three types of Vimanas; these are the Mantrica Vimanas, the Tantrica Vimanas and the Kritaka Vimanas. The first two airships are heavenly. However, the Kritaka Vimanas are creations of the human mind. There were eight varieties, each with a different driving force. The books *Vimanachândrika*, *Vyomânya Tantra* and *Khete Vilasa* also report on this. There used to be a *Saktyudgama Vimana* that was powered by electrical energy. Such flying machines were equipped with various types of lenses, which were able to collect or reflect the solar energies and thus gave the machine swimming power for the air space. The *Amshuvavavâragam* were immediately involved

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Solar powered. Just as balloons are now floating through hydrogen gas, our books also report on chemical compounds that were used to propel aircraft. There were also *dhoomayanavargams* that were set in motion by steam and smoke."

"Steam and smoke, you say?" Repeated Gutmann. »I am extremely interested in that. There is somewhere in Western Europe the Russian-born Professor Braghine, who devoted a lot to the Atlantis problem and who, on a trip around the world in Costa Rica, found an old pottery shard on which a cigar-shaped body was notched over palm trees, which was notched in the recoil had a plume of smoke. Despite precise

statements, science didn't know what to do with it! ”

"Where the mind does not learn to fly, there remain doubts." Mulji Madharji made a contemptuous movement. "I want to tell you more: The Bhamâniviniana consists of twelve sutras or short aphorisms as construction details. Metallurgy was also an important part of our knowledge and use. In his work Loha Tantram, Sakâtayana Rishi reports on three types of metal; Vajrakantam, Ayaskantam and Suryakantam. These, fused in a certain ratio, were shaped as plates and used for floor plates of the Vimanas. This book gives precise information about the process of mixing and melting. Still can

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one cannot do much with the recipes given without further research and advice. This peculiar base plate has the property of being able to increase the lift of the missile. The aforementioned lenses, which we call mani, also have the special ability to harness certain powers of the sun and are also described as mirrors made of certain types of glass. What is particularly important here is a sensible arrangement of the manis, which must be coordinated in several different ways in order to be able to develop attraction or repulsion forces. In the case of the Vimana in question, there is also a lens near an oil container in the middle of the ship and, by the action of the sun, converts the oil into a gas, which facilitates mobility in the upper spheres.

"Very sensible, actually ..." Frêne murmured beyond measure at what he had heard and the Linz native also showed a tense curiosity.

The Brahmin continued: "The mani that is able to convert oil to gas is called Agni-Netra! The motion-generating lenses, like the sun's rays, have the property of flowing and developing an

upward course, while the reversal of the direction of force can cause the aircraft to land. «

"Strange," muttered Gutmann.

Mulji Madharji had heard the remark. "And notice, Sahib Logs! Bodhananda Vritti also described individual lens manufacturing processes. He called

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also the individual dosed additions for the material of the manis. «

"Thank you for your explanations, Mulji Madharji!" Said Gutmann when the Brahmin was briefly silent. "There are still laws and ethos of alchemy in your old books!"

"You correctly concluded from individual clues, Sahib Log! As far as I am informed, you also acknowledge the Mithra mysteries in your communities by projecting archetypes and mandalas and obeying the laws of individualization in alchemy. We're following the same tracks here! «

Reimer jumped up in surprise, but a grip from Gutmann forced him back into his seat. "Ah - I heard about that already at our base ..."

The Parse had followed the explanations with great excitement. Immediately after the Linzer broke off his sentence, which had begun in impulse, he remembered: »This is how Mithra's initiations on the path of the mystery are fruitful! Ahuramâzdâh's grace flows over things that move us and that mean progress, so is the son of God Mithra with us! "

"Brahman leads from being to none," Mulji Madharji said emphatically. »It is the beginning and it sends those who have to serve creation. Whoever becomes the center of the mystery in the name of Brahman is also Brahman. So is the equivalent of Mithra! «

"What do names mean when the meaning is the same?"

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the Parse agreed. "Aren't we all children of the sun, children of one, from the primeval? Aren't we from one root, the Rta, thus of a blood? How could we think differently? «

"Han!" Agreed the Brahmin.

Gutmann brought the conversation back to the heart of the matter. "You spoke very insightfully, Mulji Madharji! Your references to alchemical foundations confirm the importance of met-all knowledge in the context of all-chemistry. These are the seven seals of the secrets of invisible nature, which we have to gradually break down one by one with advancing recognition. In our Nordic Edda, in the book Skaldskaparmal, there is a passage that speaks of a law that belongs to the basics of physics and chemistry. This place has to be decrypted several times! When read correctly, it leads to surprising clues. We are talking about a flod network that envelops ether vortices and stores power flows, flod threads that guarantee the chemical resistance of an elementary atom . A lot is encrypted in the Edda and a lot is still not completely evident today. It only reveals its secrets to seekers and those who really follow. «

The Brahmin listened carefully to the explanations. After a brief consideration, he said: "This is probably the original material that we have known in India as Apas Tattwa since ancient times!"

"That is very obvious!" After this Indian tip, Gutmann continued: " All-Chemistry was tempting

the idea of producing gold from dark lead and this endeavor actually gave rise to the emergence of modern chemical science. While this idea is no longer an unsolvable problem in profane, modern nuclear physics and is no longer a question of cost in the production process, alchemy is not about mere transmutations, but about restoring a perfect original state. «

"What for?" Asked Azîz shyly. His curiosity was stronger than hiding his ignorance.

Mulji Madharji looked at him and replied instead of Gutmanns: »Every development is fed by the root. Can a tree bloom and bear fruit if the root does not give off the sap that is necessary for life? Don't you know our saying: If you don't know where you're from, you don't know where you're going! »

"It's very nice," Frêne murmured again. »Whoever finds the beginning has the starting point of all paths and possibilities ...«

"Those who are able to create the original state or know their matter have not only taken a material position of creative possibilities, the spiritual equivalents are also based on an ethos initiated by initiation," Gutmann also instructed Parsen. "That is the core of alchemy."

"Are you an alchemist?" Asked the Parse back.

"No, Azîz!" Gutmann shook his head. »We are soldiers who fly with new types of flying machines, their shapes and bases according to Mithric laws

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were developed. Even profane technology often touches them unconsciously and strives for archetypes because the starting points of natural correspondences are felt to be supportive. We found the accuracy of this knowledge in the technology of a gyroscope that we have already flown! «

"Mithra's mysteries and the protectorate of Uranos, the lord of the super-intellect, of the mental and mental faculties, would therefore be recognizable in the results," said Frêne, showing quick understanding and deliberation.

"Let's close the ring of contemplation," said Gutmann, hooking the Carcasson's throw-in and confirming his words. "What our friend Frêne said is true. Uranos, the oldest god of the Greeks, who has come from far-gray times, is the master of dynamic technology and upheavals. Chronos-

Saturn is a son of Uranos and was a mythical king of Atlantis. Heavenly Saturn is the beginning of the subject's selfish attitude, the actual cause of apostasy, the separation of all illusory multiplicities from unity. And that is exactly the picture of the earlier ways of the Aryan race, which after its worldwide migration into mixovariations of a new assimilation and biocenosis and lost the connection to unity. The blood silted after growing other races from the bottom up. However, the illusory multiplicities, as insatiable longings, kept the myths of salvation inside

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Kern striving for fulfillment of the Aryan mission. Chronos-Saturn, the lord of the Atlantis era, resigned after the great catastrophe that led to the fall of the Atlantic empire. Now Uranos, the lord of the dynamic upheavals, is reaching into the spokes of the world wheel himself. Regarding his origin one can see that a ruler of the Atlantic tradition gives protection to those who serve an Aryan mission in his sense! «

"Uranos is like our Varuna, the ruler of the cosmic world order, an Aditya!" Nodded the Brahmin. "There are only two names for the same!" "And those," Gutmann concluded, "which serve the Uranian technology with a knowing ethos will always keep the measure of things and be able to usher in a new era. Those who do not understand this and who are guilty of technology and its protector will be driven to self-destruction by unleashed forces, by having all control over the

Lose Matter. «

Gutmann's last sentences were spoken in a sustained tone, so that there was an interruption and the men pursued their own thoughts. So it was he who, after a short while, spoke again to use the time. "We now know that we are all brothers on the same path as you, Mulji Madharji, said earlier. We have exchanged views and knowledge and have become allies of the

Aryan spirit. Time is of the essence. People who don't Azîz us

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especially recommended to know about our being here. And you said yourself at the beginning of our visit, o Mulji Madharji, that we should be removed in secret. Act quickly and you will really help us! «

"Han - yes," replied the Brahmin willingly. "I will take care immediately that you get a travel opportunity to the southern part of Punjab, which you can best reach from Karachi and through the country of Sindh."

"We came from Karachi," Gutmann said. "Now we should go back there ..."

Mulji Madharji eagerly ignored the objection. »The train circumvents the Thar desert in a large arc around Jaipur. At Marwar a branch leads to Hyderabad. The northern detour is much larger. And you must come to the Panjnad River, which flows into the Indus. There is the small town of Nûrwala, still belonging to the province of Ahmadpur, in the middle of the inclined axis of the larger towns of Sitpur and Tarind Muhammad Panâh. And Ramkant Bishambar lives near Nûrwala. You will give him a sign and through him you will be flown out of the land of Hind! «

"If you have flight options, why take such a long trip there," Gutmann asked. "Isn't the long way to get there dangerous? It would be easier ...  
«

The Brahmin cut off the sentence that had begun. "It's more dangerous, our secrets of danger one

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Suspend discovery. I've thought it all over, Sahib Log. I can't give you better advice and help! «

“Good, Mulji Madharji. So we will wait in the house of our friend Azîz for your message when we should travel. «

"I think it will be tomorrow, maybe with a ship ..."

"It would be very good if it happened so quickly!" The Parse said emphatically.

The Brahmin tried to reply, but suddenly looked rigidly at the small window that led into the yard of his house.

"What's going on?" Asked Azîz, who first noticed the change in the Brahmin's face,

Mulji Madharji pointed to the window. "Wahan - there!" The men all looked at the designated place.

They noticed nothing unusual.

"Rikâbî - a bowl!" Said the Brahmin shortly. 'Someone put a bowl on my window. It's not mine. "

Azîz rose and went to the window. With an exclamation he turned. His eyes flickered nervously.

"Well?" Gutmann asked too.

The Parse did not answer, but gently took the bowl from the edge of the window and brought it to the center of the room, where he put it on the floor. It was filled with water and there were seven lotus flowers floating in it ...

Although the Brahmin had acted in his home immediately after the incident, Azîz had been quicker. Since both men had influence and reputation in Bombay, one of them had to be able to find a prompt travel opportunity in an emergency. Extraordinary luck had also favored the Parsen when he learned that a freighter was still leaving for the north the same evening,

Azîz knew the captain of the ship personally, since he mostly sailed the coastal routes and had repeatedly transported goods for parsing. It was

easy for him to get the captain to pick up the passengers to be transported in Gharapuri in order to cover up traces as much as possible. Luggage should be brought onto the ship in advance for the same reason.

When evening fell and the lights flared in Bombay, the Parse took his patrolmen to the port area and to the landing stage of a small ferry that crossed over to Gharapuri. When the men arrived on the spot, the Brahmin was already waiting for them.

"Greetings, Mulji Madharji!" The arriving men gave him a friendly nod.

"Namasté - greetings!" He replied gratefully, crossing his arms over his chest.

Azîz looked around the room. The Brahamane waved a reassuring hand at him. "Ko'i

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nahînâtâ aur ham kuchh nahîn sunte - Nobody is here and nothing is to be heard ... "Then he reached under his white wrap and took out three small, silver medallions, on one side of which God Agni, riding a ram, was depicted. "Here, Sahib Logs, show these signs to Ramkant Bishambar and he'll know what to do. If he asks you questions, you can confidently answer them.  
«

"We sincerely thank you, Mulji Madharji! A single day brought us together and separates us again. This day has made us friends and we will always think of you. The shining are with you! «

»My thoughts will also accompany you! I now know that Agni's fire is burning everywhere. May the luminous be with you too! - Namasté ... «

The ferry picked up the men, only the Brahmin stayed behind after saying goodbye. As the ship headed for the open bay and headed for Gharapuri, it grew smaller and smaller, like a stone statue on the quay, and followed them with its eyes. After a while it was only recognizable as a pale white stain that persisted until the ship also became a dark spot in his eyes.

During the crossing, the Parse asked turning to Gutmann to accept an evil man filled with rupees so as not to have any difficulties on the way. Although the men were still plentiful and had little opportunity to spend, they could not refuse the host's offer to him

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not to offend. The most common of all human worries, money, was luckily absent from their misery.

Azîz had also said goodbye a little later. As dignified as the Brahmin. Only in his eyes was a sad glow, his soul exposed. Out of his spiritual loneliness, who had only little knowledge of his faith and who worked in the background, he had received a stimulating impulse that opened up the apparent seclusion of his sect. He also loved the people to whom the three men belonged. "Germany ki jai - long live Germany!" Were his last words, expressed heartily and without pathos. In doing so, he showed the three men his respect and sympathy.

At night the ship anchored and turned its bow out into the sea. The three companions stood at the stern and memorized the images of the remaining beauties for later memories. In the north the beacons of the slender Prongs tower flashed, showing the way to shipping. The countless lights on the coast reflected like golden shimmering threads in the water, behind them the night-black backs and humps of the ghats rose.

"We made good friends in the Arab countries," Reimer said softly, so as not to disturb the night magic. "But here, in Bombay, we found brothers of our origin."

"Vraiment," Frêne said. »Truly! ... «

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Gutmann said nothing. An unprecedented feeling of anxiety had crept up on him

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## SEVEN LOTOS BLOOD

Just as the lotus flower, born in the water, only grows in the water, but without being wetted by the water only spreads its scent, so the Buddha was born in this world because it is among us, but the world does not touch him as the water falls from the lotus .

Buddhist monk song

The sun sent its mercilessly burning rays from the azure sky and behind the coastal land rising from the horizon a bright white cloud bank clung majestically. From the dark strip of land, which consisted of low sand dunes, the Spit Manora Headland with three old forts located there. Karâchi was in sight.

Before the entrance to the harbor, a high lighthouse rose from the lowlands. All around the country was flat, the surroundings of the capital of Sindh consisted of swamps in addition to the dune strips. The first picture of the city offered the men standing on the incoming steamer a Muslim face, demonstrated by predominantly towering minarets.

The three men had their white clothes and hers

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Keep Kalpaks so that they appeared like Parsi merchants. Since there was about two thousand parsi in Karachi according to a reference given by Azîz, they did not attract attention. The past few weeks had also been enough to give the men a strong tan so that their skin color was not too light. Only Reimer had to lower the kalpak to cover his light blonde hair.

It was embarrassing that there were many Englishmen in Karâchi, which seemed understandable given the importance of the port. Even though Azîz in Bombay had said that the days of Ingliz in India were numbered, they were still sitting here right now, hatching the egg that was to tear India's unity into two religious domains in the near future.

The men did not stay in the city for long. Apart from Frêne's Arabic and their common knowledge of English, they were unable to communicate with the Sindhi here and the predominant languages were Hindhi, Pûschtu and Persian. And three Parsees that could only speak English and Arabic had to stand out. It was also to be feared that the British, through their FSS, the Field Secret Service, had signaled to

three suspicious people all over India that they were lucky, and in this case they were successful.

The two greetings with the lotus flower bowls had also made the companions concerned after Gutmann could not hide his bad feelings. If there are no justified approaches for

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Fears showed that there were always factors of unpredictability that disturbed the balance of your mental planning. So there were compelling reasons to take the next outbound train to the north, which went to the Bahawalpur railway junction. After a detailed description by Mulji Mahardji, they knew that they would have to expect a day trip to Khanpur and would have to travel fifty kilometers from there to the small station of Tanwari.

In a white car of the Indian Northwestern Railway they drove almost three hours to Hyderabad, a city that was named after the great princely state in Central India. Then it went about three hundred kilometers to Khaipur, the people of which began to show the type of tall, proud mountain Muslim and Afghani.

The second part of the train journey via Ghotki, Khanpur to Tânwâri was also without incident. Not noticed or disturbed by anyone, they arrived at the destination of their train journey with relief.

The three men found no tropical beauties here. All around the bush landscape, interrupted by tall grass steppes. Scattered trees or palm trees. Here they found that they had no direct road and no way of driving to Nûrwala. With an ox wagon they could cover the approximately eight kilometers to Allahâbâd, also a small town with the name of a more famous sister on the Ganges,

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west of Benares. From there, a not very good road led north to Tarind Muhammad Panâh through a steady bush and steppe landscape.

In Tarind Muhammad Panâh, the men descended in a hân. They were already righteously tired and resignedly resigned themselves to the fact that the cleanliness and comfort of the Parsen guest bungalow in Bombay was not the same. Since there were no Europeans here in the village, they pretended to be themselves so that they could find out more easily. When asked questions in English, they were not given very friendly information. The warlike and liberal spirit of the hill tribes from the north and north-west of the country, which had always troubled the British, was blowing here.

Although the men had instructed the Hanji not to disturb them and to maintain a long period of rest, the restlessness drove them on prematurely. The next day they were able to ride an oxen five kilometers to the small nest Jhallânwâli, where two streets crossed. A path, also five kilometers, led in a north-westerly direction to the Panjnad River, on the bank of which the desired location Nûrwala was located. In the heat of the day, they had to walk this last stretch of foot cursing, and their luggage was unusually troublesome. The two small hamlets of Basti Mahfam and Basti Wasâia Langar, passing on both sides of the path,

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they reached Nûrwala, which was also only a small place.

Here Frêne asked about Ramkant Bishambar. He had to ask several people before he found out that the man he was looking for lived alone in a humble hut on a dead river arm to the south. The distance might be half an hour away.

Even the otherwise dominated Gutmann whined with discontent as they had to continue their way down the river. They silently hoped that the Indian would at least be found. The man

whom the Carcassonner asked for information and who showed the way had strangely refused to serve as a guide against an offered Bakshish and to help carry the luggage.

Heaven may have seen its hopes. They found the described dwelling and, luckily, the sought after home.

It was an older man who wore a large orange turban with black stripes to his blue loincloth. Bushy gray eyebrows made an age assessment easier. He was sitting on a tree trunk next to the low house covered with palm fronds and carving around on a piece of wood.

"Namasté!" Greeted Gutmann, using the learned greeting.

Ramkant Bishambar stopped working

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and looked up. After a brief inspection, he thanked him with the same word. When the three men stopped, he asked, "Kahen tum ho?"

"We don't understand Hindhi!" Gutmann explained in English.

The Indian repeated his question: "Who are you?"

Instead of an answer, Gutmann pulled out the medallion given to him by Mulji Madharji. His companions followed his example.

Ramkant Bishambar's eyes wandered from the coins to the faces of the men and back again. "Where did you find these coins?" He said reluctantly.

"We also received these from Mulji Madharji with the order to show them to a certain Ramkant Bishambar, who would then help us!"

Now the Indian got up and bowed deeply. »Vishnu be with you! Make do with what is modest I have to offer. "He rolled some wooden blocks up from the wall of the hut and offered his visitors space. If his eyes hadn't betrayed great wisdom and intelligence, one could easily be tempted to pity the man as poor Pariah. In fact, however, he showed himself to be an extremely



outstanding Brahmin, who in his seclusion and simplicity could count as Indian Diogenes.

"I wasn't expecting you for today," Ramkant Bisharnbar apologized. "The day after tomorrow I didn't expect you to come and then I would have

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sent a messenger to the train station. "

"You knew we were coming?" Asked Gutmann.

"Han! - Your protector sent an innocent one Telegram to a friend in nearby Sitpur. In this way I found out about the task of serving you ... «

Reimer could not refrain from interjecting in German: »Potz, Donner and Blitz! Instead of landing at the great Taj Mahal, which I know from a picture book, we crawl around in a sparse meadow and find this strange doghouse with a guy who has his wardrobe on his head and only a handkerchief in front of his stomach. Heaven, hell and false deck! The guy with the technology is literally on the wire and gets his mail as quickly as a councilor in a town hall ... «

Gutmann waved it off. He thanked the Hindu politely for the now friendly welcome and also reported here when asked about the last part of the trip. He did not fail to detail the lotus flower affair so that the Brahmin was urged to act. For this reason, he gave the whole thing a menacing background and as if they felt persecuted,

Ramkant Bishambar hooked up here: "And did you notice on the way that you were being followed or that eyes of curiosity were after you?"

"Not that," Gutmann said. »On the sea voyage we have observed all precautionary measures and have been since

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We were Karâchi without stopping and in a hurry to you! We didn't notice anyone. We got out alone at the train station, apart from one or two locals who didn't look at us. «

«You will have to live in the Hân for a few days, in the rest house. Maybe in two, maybe four days you will be picked up and taken away at night. "The Hindu made a warning gesture. "We demand one thing: silence!"

"That goes without saying!" The three men assured almost simultaneously. Reimer added, driven by curiosity: "Our friend in Bombay spoke of Vimanas ..."

Ramkant Bishambar fixed his eyes wide on the Linz. »The coming will be shown! The thing with no name is gone or suddenly there is out of nowhere. However, what has names and is called is echoed in many ears ... «

"I see," Reimer murmured.

"Then it's good, Chota Sahib! Let's talk about nothing about the trip. The men who will get you know the destination. "

"We didn't see a hen in Nûrwala," said Frêne. "Do we have to live further away?"

"Nai, Sahib! It is a small rest house in the village. I myself will take you there. It is small because few strangers come here. Very rarely that we see Faringhi. "

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"So we will have peace and quiet," said Gutmann satisfied. »Everything has been agreed and the slogan is now: wait and silence! So we can leave again, Ramkant Bishambar! «

"If you wish, we can go!"

The men rose. At that moment a silver-gray animal scurried out of the Indian's house. It made a few funny jumps, turned alive and was curious about the people. It stood sniffing in front of Reimer, who was looking at something of their strange animal. He still didn't know how to behave.

"It doesn't matter!" Smiled Ramkant Bishambar. "It's a mongoose!" He had realized that the Faringhi were still foreign in the country.

"Ah, I heard about it," said Frêne and Gutmann nodded. 'You keep it as a pet?

"Yes, Sahib! There are always snakes by the river and the mongoose keeps them away from me. "He whistled and the animal, the size of a small dog, leapt to his master. A clawed front paw rose slightly from the long silvery fur, while the hind legs almost completely disappeared under the long hair. His pointed tail tapped the floor several times. The eyes glittered cunningly.

»Snakes here? Brrr... "Reimer said. "I still lacked this cattle stuff in India," he muttered half in his Linz dialect. »So I actually like this strange four-legged friend here.

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At first I thought that a new breed of dog had arisen and wanted to bite... «

Under the guidance of the Hindu, they went back on the banks of the Panjnadi. The water was quite narrow at this point, but the Brahmin pointed to two larger islands, which pushed the river to a narrow bed.

"You live very apart," Frêne said, facing the Hindu. "You love calm and being alone?"

"Han. - In addition, mostly Muslims live here who are not well disposed towards the Hindu believers. «

"Then why are you staying here? India is big and you have brothers everywhere! «

"Hai mai," said the Brahmin, half singing. »India is big, that's right. But can a tree migrate if its roots are anchored in the earth? When we hike, we hike all of our caste. «

"How do you mean?"

»The spirit of Ingliz is breaking down our caste order. The cudras break up the order and the Aryan leadership falls apart. Four out of a hundred of the population are Brahmins and two thirds of them are no longer conscious. Before we go down we'll have to hike the last. «

"Where to?" Asked the Carcasson.

Ramkant Bishambar looked across the river. His eyes followed a train of birds flying north. "Do you see the flock of birds there, Sahib? Your flight gives the direction from where we came to this country several thousand years ago. Shouldn't we go back there

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find where our mother gave birth to? "Frêne refrained from expressing his skepticism. Problem

Matters should not be dismissed superficially. The conversation would only have dramatic aspects and it was better not to touch these things any further now.

The Indian seemed to be able to read Frêne's mind. Turning to him, he said: "We have an old saying in the country: God sleeps in stone, breathes in plants, dreams in animals and awakens in people!" And lifting his hand slightly, the Brahmin continued: "If he Knowing man enters the path of the gods, he receives the powers that support his firm will! When our time has come, we must do what the law of our kind commands ... «-

The conversation on the way back was slow and the three men tried to suppress the displeasure that appeared again in the presence of their Hindu guide. Getting tired and thirsty from the heat, the little hardships of wandering now seemed to them as an unnecessary harassment of their fate.

In Nûrwala, the Brahmin went to the mayor and then led the three men into the small rest house. Here everything was rural simple. Claims could not be made. Average travelers would not have stayed here long.

The place itself was also not attractive. The men bought cheap fruits, which they carefully before eating

cleaned so as not to fall prey to a disease that the tropics are rich in. They then retired to the rest house, while Ramkant Bishambar left with the promise to come back the next day.

The next morning the men met a black-bearded Pathan, who eyed them curiously from the corner of his eye and then walked past them into the rest house. He pretended to be looking for someone, then reluctantly stepped back and stood waiting outside. As the men walked on, they instinctively felt the black beard's pursuing looks behind them.

"Funny guy," growled Reimer. "Pretended to be a Maharajah's secret police."

"A Muslim fanatic," Gutmann said lightly. "I didn't like the Turban guy either," confessed Frêne, taking the Linzers' party. "I have a feeling ..."

Reimer stopped. »We are actually careless birds! Our luggage is unused in the house and besides, the Brahmin could show up in the morning already while we stroll here elsewhere. I'll go back and wait for the rising sun to drive you back into the shadow of our dwelling. "

Gutmann remained undecided. He gave Frêne a quick look, then said, "Reimer is right. So it will be best if we all turn back together. «

They turned and sauntered back in silence.

The Pathane was gone, except for children playing at the top of the street that no one was visible at the moment. While Gutmann and Frêne stayed behind, Reimer entered the semi-dark room inside the house alone. An indefinable sound made him stop.

His eyes, impressed by the bright daylight, became generally used to the inner twilight. As if driven by an inner command, he turned suddenly and just then saw a figure leaping out of the room. The man must have been standing to the side of the doorway to scurry away unnoticed. Reimer had noticed him a second or two too early.

With a springy leap, Reimer jumped after him. The pursued was unlucky. He suddenly stumbled over a leaning stick that came across his legs. With an angry sound he hit the ground.

The Linz was immediately above him. Before the man, it was the black-bearded Pathane, came up, Reimer had grabbed him by the neck with a firm grip and pushed him to the ground again. At his short call, Gutmann and Frêne came in and prevented them from starting a scuffle by appearing quickly. The Carcassonner turned the beard's forearm backwards so that he had to give up defenseless.

Predatory teeth bared from the warping beard. The narrowed eyes blazed with rage and anger.

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"What's with you?" Gutmann snapped. "What are you doing in our dwelling, hey -? ..."

The Pathan was defiantly silent. When Frêne jerked his twisted arm up a little with a painful grip, he grimaced, gasping briefly, but kept silent.

"There's no point in keeping the guy under pressure," Gutmann shrugged. "These guys would rather bite their tongues before they reveal anything. In this case, we cannot find out who his clients are or what he was looking for. He doesn't look like an ordinary thief. Let him go, Frêne, so he can get away! "

The Frenchman followed the instructions. »Go on! ... «

The Pathan lay still for a few seconds and even left his angled arm. Only his head rose slightly and his dark eyes slowly wandered around, examining the faces of the white men.

"Go on!" Frêne repeated his command.

"Yallah!" The black-bearded man jumped up, then suddenly stood in the doorway with a cat-like phrase. His eyes searched again. Surprise and mistrust were both open to read on his expression. He muttered a few sentences in Puschtu that the men didn't understand. Hesitating, almost reluctant, he then raised his right hand to his forehead and hid outside. Gutmann, who watched him, found that he calmly crossed the village street and then disappeared between a few houses apart.

742

"Strange visit," Reimer babbled. »Wherever you step, roses and thorns are equally scattered on the colorful carpet of the globe. Hai mai, like the Hindu sing, the interest in us is almost overwhelming, unfortunately they are not ardent-eyed Huris and Bajaderen, but always just benevolent or ill-willed men. «

"The world is now not a carpet of flowers, but a battlefield," growled Gutmann. »And there are always a lot of enemies alongside a few friends. And women have lost nothing. «

"Just because you're an enemy of women," Reimer poisoned back, "With the Teutons -"

"Nonsense!" Said Gutmann. »Now we are with the Indians ...«

As if Gutmann's last statement had been a call, Ramkant Bishambar appeared. He came through the main street at a measured pace and bowed with his greeting at home.

'Khwushkhbari! - Good news; in two days you will be able to travel on. I already have the connection through a chaprasi, which is a parse by the way. There are some secret Parsi families in this area. They have an Adhuran fire nearby and they invite you to their worship tonight. I told the Chaprasi that you are friends of the great Azîz from Bombay. And that was a great recommendation for the keeper of pure fire when he heard this news from the mouth of Chaprasi. »

"We are also pleased about that," thanked Gutmann kindly. "We, on the other hand, have no good things to report.

"Kyuni - why?"

"We are being spied on!" Gutmann informed the Brahmin of the previous event and also described the pathathan in detail.

"Bari afsos-ki bat hai - that's a bad thing!" Ramkant Bishambar confirmed with concern. "It would be better if you could leave this place as soon as possible."

"We'd like that too," the men said at the same time.

"If you don't spurn a free camp, I will take you away immediately. You can't be too careful," said the Brahmin.

"Go ahead," Reimer said.

"And the explanation for visiting the Pathan?" Asked Frêne.

"Yih - there are many explanations," said Ramkant Bishambar. "But none is good ..."

"Then we'll get our luggage out immediately and let's go!" Gutmann decided briefly.

When the men left the village, the residents watched them stealthily peeping out of the huts. Only a few dogs barked. Otherwise it was as quiet as if it were night ...

The sky stretched like a velvet blanket. The moon ship hung like an oblique traffic light and immersed the country in a mild twilight. The branches of the

Forest trees streaked bizarre and tangled like black, crippled fingers skyward. A train of bats fluttered along the edge of the clearing, chased



by angry caws of startled birds. An animal call in the distance.

A little over twenty people stood in a clearing hidden in the forest around a small, dilapidated building. They turned their heads expectantly when a report came from the edge of the forest. Some men emerged from the dark. A lean parse followed by three white men ...

Quiet call and counter call alternated. The three whites followed their guide across the small clearing towards the group of people who remained calm. Small flames flickered from there, blazing like short, nimble tongues from small mangals that were scattered on the ground. Some men also held small lamps, small lights dancing across their openings, temporarily protected from the wind by hand. All those present stood around a dilapidated four-arch structure in which an altar-like base was to be made, on the upper surface of which a small fire spread a twitching glow.

"What's that?" Reimer asked softly to his companions.

The gaunt Parse, who had served as their guide, heard the question, usually asked in English. "It is the remains of a long-hidden Tshahar Taq. A cult firehouse, like many years ago

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have been used to sustain holy motherfires throughout Iran. «

"And here -?"

»We are a small, completely secluded Parsen community, which, regardless of the rest of the area, still maintains a community here. And with that we also keep a small Adhuran fire, a mother fire for cleaning the other fires that we use in the household. That's what our old law wants. «

There were only two men inside the Tshahar Taq. Both had their mouths covered with the paitidana, a handkerchief, and gloves on their hands. At a call from them, the Parsen community in the circle, holding their mangals

and lamps, approached the building without entering the interior. One of the two men in front of the fire altar reached for a log with a long gripper, which he slowly fed to the mother fire as food. The whole plot clearly showed an effort to avoid any contamination of the flames by avoiding direct contact by a limb or by the breath.

The fire crackled and subsided slightly after the draft. A man started to sing, the rest of them came in. A rising melody, a chanting recitation and then a falling back to an indistinct mumble. Strange, moving, putting a spell around the mother fire.

The three whites stood in awe of something

746

sideways so as not to be distracting. The haggard stayed with them and gave them a friendly look. "They are ancient chants of the Avesta," he said softly, aware of the tense listening of the invitees. "So

- and now they pray the old Atash nyayistin, the fire praise song! ... «

The singing and the litanies broke off, leaving only a vague murmur. The men exercising the priesthood in Ateshga, the holiest of saints in the Adhuran fire, now took the mangals and lamps presented to them and married their flames briefly with the flickering mother fire, performing a symbolic purification. With a solemn gesture they handed back the cleaned house fires. The main story of the fire ceremony had ended.

Strange night. Ancient custom, practiced with fervor in the diaspora. Sacred fire in the hidden grove, past come alive, long-lived epochs of the Achaemenids, the Arsacids and Sassanids. The rollover of Iran by Alexander the Great, the late Islamic invasion, all-encompassing changes in the country's religious and intellectual spheres could not completely destroy the chain of ancient traditions. The Adhuran flame blossomed in its

immaculate purity like a strange flower in the mysterious womb of India.

Strange night ...

The Parsi slowly migrated with their house fires.

747

One by one, the men lost themselves in the darkness of the surrounding forest after a silent greeting. After a quarter of an hour, the three whites stood alone with the lean in front of the old building.

While one of the fire-watchers stopped in the middle of the Ateshga and pushed the embers together with the pliers, the other approached the building's spell. He greeted the haggard and then looked carefully at the strangers. "I understand you are friends and charges of Azîz from Bombay?" He asked.

"It is so," confirmed Frêne and Gutmann at the same time. "I welcome you again!" Said the Parse with a bow. "It almost never happens that we let guests take part in our ordinance. But with Ramkant Bishambar one of our brothers learned that you are not only friends of our great Azîz, but also that you know ancient tradition. May the pure

Fire always illuminate your ways! «

"Thank you, oh friend!" Said Gutmann worthily. »Your trust has our trust. If you have any questions, we will answer them openly. «

The fire watcher didn't answer. His facial features were still covered by the patidana. His eyes suddenly looked somewhere past the visitors into nothing. It almost seemed as if he was listening for something inaudible.

"We don't want to bother any longer," Gutmann whispered to the gaunt Parsen. "Thanks on our behalf for that

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Tolerate our coming! «

The Guardian had undoubtedly heard the quietly spoken words. Still, he kept silent. He only raised his hand as if to suggest that he was not world-wide. A gesture that might also mean a greeting.

"Let's go!" Said Gutmann to his companions. The leading Parse turned again after the first two steps and called back a few short sentences, following Gutmann's previous request. Only now did a short but incomprehensible answer come. Since the Parse did not repeat the sentence, the men also refrained from asking him.

The dark wall of the night-black forest stood before them like a wall. The Parse pushed forward and took the lead. With admirable certainty, he found the course of a path that led through the matted forest undergrowth. The high treetops blocked the light of the moon lights. With an uneasy feeling, above all because of the snakes, the men followed the parsing which, apart from his eyes, had to have an unerring instinct.

A faint rustle revealed the proximity of the river to which they were migrating. A narrow gully divided the forest. In front of them was a narrow, primitive footbridge, just wide enough that a single man could cross it with some caution. He connected a larger river island, which they now left, with the mainland. Not far from here stood the Ramkant Bishambars hut.

749

"What prompted you to invite us, foreign Faringhi, to your holy celebrations?" Gutmann asked the leading Parsen suddenly.

"Hai mai," he sang, falling into an Indian habit, "aren't you friends of Azîz? Haven't we repeated this to you already? We honor those through our trust who have the trust of the great Azîz. Didn't the fire keeper welcome you by pointing this out? It is a humble honor how such a rare but white man gets. Aren't you on the same path that leads from one beginning to many common ends? «

"Asia is truly a strange country," said Gutmann cautiously. »Wherever you go, things are whispering everywhere and everywhere, the seeker is able to recognize and gain insight. Like diverse patterns in the carpet of time, woven into an eternal meander, everything bound lives to the roots, which in the West is only a diagram. That is the weakness of Europe. The abandonment of tradition is rooted in infirmity and the end. «Just then a treacherous moonbeam slid through the now thinning tangle of branches and exposed the elegiac features of the speaker.

"If I understand correctly, are you complaining about Europe, O Sahib?" Asked the Parse. "But if there are still many men in Eruopa like you and your companions, you can hope as much as we do. Because always

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The light comes again and it is always victorious! "Bending a few branches aside, he continued:" It is the great tragedy of the history of your continent, which has been forgotten by tradition, that the Ingliz did not come to India as Aryans but as their empire destroyers. They mobilized the cudras and thus launched the world uprising against themselves. «

"I hear the same thing everywhere in similar words," Gutmann admitted.

"Everything is easy to see, only the Ingliz themselves are blind like newborn cats." The Parse laughed softly, "And we know that they won't be here long in our country."

After a short distance, the men finally stood in front of the Brahmin's humble hut. Ramkant Bishambar was sitting in front of a small fire and had clearly waited.

"Namasté," he thanked when the newcomers greeted him. "Take a seat!" His skinny hand pointed around the round of fire.

While the whites followed his request, the Parse stopped and asked for permission to say goodbye. It was getting late and he had to hike a

while before he got home. Fending off the thanks from the guests, he made off.

Ramkant Bishambar waited until the parse was out of sight, then said suddenly. "I had a strange visit in the twilight that I cannot hide from you!"

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"Who was it?" Asked Gutmann eagerly.

"The black beard you told me about," replied the Brahmin seriously.

"Did he spy here too?"

"No. On the contrary: he came to warn! «

"What?" The three men looked at the Indian in astonishment. The latter nodded. "That's the way it is! He came and told me that you were magnanimous. He also knew that you weren't an Ingliz. Incidentally, he also mentioned that he had already fought under the saint of Ipi. And he wanted to warn you through my mouth to stay here longer, where you are in danger. He couldn't say more. You may suddenly go south set out!"

"Look at it," said Reimer, "the black beard looked so much like a scoundrel that one shouldn't be trusted to move like that. Should that be true or initiate a new prankster? "

"I advise believing his words," said the Brahmin. "It's a misfortune that you can't be picked up that night, maybe tomorrow ..." He slowly poked around in the fire and threw some dry branches. His expression was worried. »There are still forces at work ...«

"I don't trust the Pathan to have good intentions," Frêne said. "It may be a good thing now to have our stowed weapons at hand again."

"Gun violence only in the worst case!" Warned Gutmann. »That always leads to in all countries

752

unpleasant complications. «

Birds screeched from the river side. The spatter of small animals and monkeys followed. A dark train of frightened peoples stroked across the now half-disc of the moon.

"Unrest on the river," said the Brahmin after a short listening. His eyes drilled into the darkness of the bank, but could see nothing further. Again his eyes caught the dancing game of fire.

Half an hour passed in oppressive silence. Night life in the forest had calmed down again, only now and then a short night bird call and once a distant hissing sounded. The flame of the fire grew small and tiredness struck the people sitting around.

The crack of a dry branch at the edge of the forest broke the silence. Frêne, who had lazily turned his head at the sound, nodded up and uttered a call.

The increasingly clear silhouette of a man came across the clearing. When he stepped into the outer circle of light from the post-fire, he turned out to be Mongolian-faced, dressed in a suit similar to a fitter. He also wore a hat that resembled the Russian fur hats. All in all, he looked unexpected and strange in this environment.

He stopped a few steps in front of the seated. A brief gesture indicated a greeting. The one

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muttered words were a throaty English.

"What do you want?" Ramkant Bishambar asked in the same language.

"I'm coming to the white sahibs!"

"And?" Gutmann turned to the stranger.

"I'll bring you something you forgot in Bombay!"

"And that's -?"

Instead of another explanation, the man put his right hand under his suit and produced a

medium-sized, rigid envelope, which he handed over to Gutmann as he approached.

Reimer and Frêne moved towards Gutmann, who opened the envelope with curiosity. He pulled out a folded sheet of paper and when he opened it, there were seven pressed lotus flowers between the blank paper ...

Gutmann jumped up excited. "What's that about?" He folded the envelope wide and looked inside. Nothing in it anymore. Again he turned to the man: "Why did you find us here?"

"Buddha's ears and eyes ..." the man began to grumble.

"... Yes, yes, are everywhere!" Interrupted Gutmann. "It borders on witchcraft."

The stranger ignored the irritation that came from the mouth of the white man. He calmly said: "Friends of you have been waiting a long time. I'll get you! «

"To the Seven Lotus Flower Monastery?"

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"Yes, Sahib!"

"Who are the friends?" Gutmann asked.

"You'll see them and be satisfied!" "Pah - some trick," Frêne said. "No!" The stranger said.

Gutmann looked at his companions and then at the Brahmins. The latter sat motionless, only his eyes were fixed on the stranger. Frêne took the floor again and turned to the visitor: "Whose messenger you may be, you come at a late hour, which is not a good idea. Come back tomorrow morning. Until then we have given advice and things are easier to see in the daytime! «

"You won't be in India tomorrow morning. You must come now! «

"That is crazy!" Rumbled

Gutmann. »No - it is the way of destiny!«

"We are ordering fate - not you!" Reimer cried belligerently.

"No!" The stranger raised his right hand steeply. At the same moment, three more figures



came out of the dark background, coming closer in a broken line. They were wearing the same clothes as the caller, two of them with half-lowered submachine guns in their bent arms.

"Heda!" Reimer and Frêne jumped up too and stood next to Gutmann. Only the Brahmin remained motionless except for his expression, which now looked double wrinkled and decayed.

755

"This is - a somewhat strange - invitation ..."  
Gutmann's intermittent words betrayed surprise and anger in the color of the sound. Despite the red hues of fire, his complexion was pale.

"Close your eyes and just hear your ears," said the first to come. "Then my message will be music in your ears."

"And the armed business card?" Mockery was in Gutmann's defense.

"Don't leave your eyes ..."

"Save that, man! We are not dreamers. What are the weapons for? «

"Just to ward off resistance," said the stranger coolly. "Let's go now!"

"What if we refuse?

"Then you have the Ingliz tomorrow!" "We'll make a difference!"

The stranger's face showed a typical Asian smile. "I have been instructed to deliver you to the Seven Lotus Flowers in the monastery under all circumstances. Don't force us to use means that could spoil our friendship. "One of the gunmen slightly raised the barrel of the submachine gun, but the speaker waved it off. »Take your luggage and follow us! The old man may make a noise then, we are quickly gone. «

"I will make no noise because it is futile," said Ramkant Bishambar. 'I won't make you

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Chase the village policemen, but make sure that your actions are answered at the right time. The shining are with my guests! «

One of the strangers chuckled softly. The people's spokesman began to push. "Hurry up, Sahib, and your companions too! We can't be here in half an hour. "

"I'm afraid there is nothing else we can do now than give in," Gutmann said softly. »Our weapons are in our luggage. We also don't know what these guys are going to do here if we can do the utmost. We can be sure that they will do their bidding by any means possible. "

"Cardel!" The Carcassner swore angrily. "To get us that way."

" What if we jump at the MPi people ?" Said Reimer in German.

"Leave it alone!" Warned Gutmann. "The other two also have guns in their pockets. Take a closer look at these brothers! «

"Horrible crap story," said the Linz man. "So in Belzebub's name we go with these lotus flower uncles to where the pepper grows."

Gutmann said to the Indian: »We thank you, o Ramkant Bishambar, for your friendly welcome and all your good intentions. But as you can see, your friends and our friends have come too late. We bow to a force that is stronger than we are in

757

Moment."

"Han," the Brahmin nodded. "Yih sharm ki bat hai - this is a bad event. Go calm, because you are under the protection of the shining. Your luggage is behind my hut under the rush mats. Forget nothing ... «

Reimer and the Frenchman, accompanied by a submachine gun man, picked up their packs from the specified location. Flanked by the Mongols, they all walked together with shouldered luggage to the river bank, followed by the gaze of the Brahmin, who had called out a solemn namaste to his previous guests.

The small group of men marched up to a small arm of the Panjnadi, crossed it over a small footbridge, always keeping the same marching order that the white men formed the middle. They followed a short stretch of bushes, then came to a large sandbank around which the river arched. And in the middle of the sandbar stood an airplane, recognizable in strange silhouettes, the forward pulpit of which bore two horns reminiscent of a buffalo. A few steps in front of it was a man in the same clothes as his now coming brothers and also a rapid-fire weapon in his hands.

The Panjnadi rustled near the flying machine. Silver squiggles hopped over the ripples that slid toward the nearby Indus River. The exposed sandbar was covered with moon glass and shimmered like light

758

Velvet blue, and the sand's quartz particles glittered like diamonds. The stationary, strange machine was balancing on the bench like a prehistoric beast.

Call and slogan brought the men together at the flying machine. The man on watch opened the entrance and the Mongols forced the white men to follow the leader. The others followed and slammed the entrance shut.

Two men went forward into the pulpit. The rest of the passengers with the involuntary passengers remained in the on-board area with seating. It had six places, all of which were now occupied. The rear seats were again taken over by Mongols, who took their submachine guns between their knees.

Now there was a soft hum. Then a roar as if from a turbine, interrupted by a few stacks of staccato, the machine started to vibrate and in general the known train, which always starts to make itself felt because of an airship, starts to move.

The German aviation officers pressed their faces against the round window hatches with all the signs of extreme tension. Starting on a river sandbank in the dark required a lot of luck in addition to high flying skills.

To her surprise, the plane had only advanced a very short distance, suddenly pulled away from the ground, and set off surprisingly quickly on a steep flight

759

high.

An Ah came from Gutmann's lips. "Admirable flight characteristics," he murmured back to Reimer.

The latter only nodded briefly and added: "Almost fantastic. An interesting machine! «

»Suitable for the smallest runways. Like our Fieseler stork, only much stronger, «Gutmann said. "But you can easily do such sandbank experiments with something like that."

The broad river quickly melted into a narrow band, the bizarre contours of the forest tipped over into a black-wavy carpet. In the first seconds of pulling up the machine, the men behind the bank of the bank could see the nearby fire in front of the Brahmin hut, which, like a little tongue, sent a last blazing greeting.

The plane rose still higher. In the direction of flight the river band of the Indus current, divided into several arms, came towards them. The machine changed course after the current and flew north. Always following the shimmering bands that flowed through the dark country below. Always islands, always a multi-part river bed.

The speed of the machine increased considerably.

Individual silvery clouds were already sailing under the airplane like swept scraps, bright house points could hardly be removed. The

760

Punjabland fled like an assembly line.

The Mongol leader came crawling out of the pulpit. In the darkness of the room he reached out two thermos bottles, one of which he tucked under his arm, while he opened the other a little awkwardly. Spicy coffee scent poured into the cabin. He filled the beaker and offered it to Gutmann with an accompanying polite gesture.

Gutmann accepted with thanks. It was actually strong, black coffee and he drank the mug empty with pleasure. Reimer and Frêne were also catered for.

"Apparently these strange gnomes are not as dangerous and ominous as it looked before," said Reimer a little more conciliatory. »Anyone who is hospitable has hardly any evil in mind.«

"Wait," Frêne growled sideways.

Again the men tried to catch some of the landscape below. Frêne soon gave up again, only the practiced flying eyes of the German officers found an attraction in observing the area.

Soon a great weariness crept over her. Reimer nodded and hit the glass hatch twice. His eyelids were like lead. Gutmann, too, was now clearly struggling with a sudden need to sleep. The Frenchman had clenched his hands in the seat and cursed quietly. He gave Gutmann a puff and said: 'I want to drink the whole Loire if the guys here haven't given us a nightcap. I am always in control

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but this time I'm so tired for no reason that I'll switch to a long hibernation in ten minutes. And sacrébleu, there is nothing I can do about it. Mil diables ... «

Gutmann could only growl more. His eyes closed too, just so that he could still grasp the meaning of Frêne's words. But that was all. And Reimer's head was already hanging forward.

Frêne rebelled against the abandonment of his strength in vain. "Chiens! ... "He whispered

angrily, then followed the pressure of his companions.

The strange plane kept heading north, mostly following the Indus. Flying high up, it haunted the sparkling night sky, controlled by expert hands. While the pilot, with an expressionless expression, watched the firmament and the instruments, the pilot of the airline seated next to him showed a light, triumphant smile. And slowly shimmering chains of the greatest earth mountains appeared from the dark horizon.

The plane flew towards a towering mountain range. The pilot stayed on course with stoic calm and only after flying over a place lying at the foot of the mountains did he suddenly pull the plane to the right. It had already looked like the metal bird was racing into the stone wall.

The sharp right-hand bend caused the aircraft to tilt significantly. The Mongols clung on to not slip, one of the

The submachine gun crashed to the floor at the back. The sudden train also woke up those who had been slumbering for some time. In the meantime, their supervisors had strapped them on as a precaution, so that they suddenly came to only by jerking their heads.

Gutmann and Reimer immediately turned to the hatches and looked out. They did not immediately find their way around because they had extremely strong headaches, which made them sleepy and sleepy. The Carcassonner was no better and a whole series of French curses betrayed his mood.

Gutmann was astonished at the now detectable flight through a wild mountain scenery, the ridges of which were higher than the plane on both sides. As an experienced pilot, he knew the risks of such a flight. A mountain nose was flown around, another half turn to the right, and then the machine flew into an elongated valley that showed complete karst character. You could take

a dry waterbed in the depth, the terrain was not only flat on both sides, but apparently sandy. A terrain that would at worst be claimed for an emergency landing. And yet the pilot went down here with even security and put the machine on after an almost unimaginably short run.

The sky was pale and the hazy light gave the mountain ranges sharper contours on both sides of the ridges and ridges.

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The whole landscape had something unreal about it, almost a primeval atmosphere, to which the dawning gray, lying between day and night, contributed significantly. Snowballs and glaciers shimmered bluish through the torn fog that sailed between the high walls. This image of mountainous wasteland remained in the memory of the white men as they climbed out into the open after the machine had finally stopped.

This time even Reimer of all humor stayed away. Gutmann's sarcasm had also died away when they stood freezing next to the Frenchman and waited for their luggage to be thrown out of the machine. Two of the Mongols brought this to light and a couple of packs. The Asians did their work in silence, only now and then a half-loud shout from the leader fell into silence.

One of the Mongols took the luggage to the whites in turn and gestured to pick it up. While the men hesitantly followed the request, they also watched the Fiihrer and two of the Mongols picking up packs, too, without hanging machine guns over their right shoulders. Two of the yellows remained in the machine and slammed the door of the entrance hatch again after a few hasty sentences.

The three remaining men came up to the waiting white men and the leader waved with a short gesture to follow him. His face was as recognizable

closed and made every question seem futile. So far Gutmann is hardly fading anymore able to orientate removable stars between the torn cloud cover, the Mongols strived towards an ascending cross valley in an easterly direction without taking a look at the remaining machine. The safe step of the guide betrayed local knowledge.

There was no known way. But it was the terrain itself that allowed little deviation from the direction. The valley slowly narrowed, rock debris made it difficult to walk, and a steady climb slowed the pace. At the same time, the fog thickened and forced the men to reduce the distance they had previously kept in order to keep in touch.

The thin air made the men complain. Nevertheless, it was more familiar to the Mongols than to the Europeans. The oppression of the whites gave way to an open discontent when the climb did not want to end and the Mongols pressed on without ceasing. As far as Gutmann noticed with a quick glance at his wristwatch, they were soon climbing an hour. If it hadn't been for the rising morning frost in the mountains, climbing the luggage would have cost swearing and sweating. So the whites only felt an uncomfortably cold, wet back. The fingers clasped around the backpack straps were stiff and freezing. The sudden change from

previously tropical climate in the cold of the high mountains was felt twice.

To make matters worse, there was a stronger wind. With a hollow whistle he stroked the ridges and swept the mists away. Reimer nodded Gutmann: "The right pilot laundry ..."



Gutmann just snorted. He took a step back because the climb hindered walking side by side. But now Frêne, coming from behind, moved up. "Mes camarades," he said softly, barely audible in the wind, "this is a damned area. And I mean, nothing would be easier than to disappear to the side now, as long as the fog lasts. If the yellows should shoot us with their M-Pi's, it will only be a bit of warlike music, but they will hardly hit us. «

"I'm in favor of waiting for something," Gutmann replied. »In this area, which is certainly very deserted, our freedom does little to help us. Even if we take our weapons out of our luggage, we have won little. Let's wait a little longer! «

Frêne started to respond violently when a sudden gust of wind tore up the mist and exposed the view for a distance. It was as if nature had played a trick on the Carcasson's project. Cursing, he stumbled on.

Reimer, who was just behind the guide, paused for a moment to catch his breath. "If we keep going for a while, we'll still go to heaven

766

he shouted to the next Gutmann.

'Do you think so? That would be a reason to go on," Gutmann teased. "You'd find Engelein there ..."

"With bare feet, a blue-frozen backside and dripping snub noses," Reimer growled. "With such a heavenly weather here ..."

A stiff gust forced the Linz maneuver halfway and took the words away. The wafts of mist got a boost and made the view clearer. The puffing men stopped again and looked around. All around barren as far as the eye could see.

"For how much longer? How far? "Gutmann asked the Mongolian leader, frankly showing his displeasure.

»Very soon at the destination! Very soon ... "he repeated soothingly. His right pointed into the stony tangle of the primeval landscape, with no aim to be excluded.

"What can there be?" Said Reimer, nagging again. »This area is far too uninviting for an excursion. I have nothing against a good air change in a nicer area. But this one there - brrr! - Well, our old aviator slogan: If you are unlucky, you break your finger off your nose ... «

"Jawa!" Urged the Mongol at the end.

"What does he say?" Gutmann asked forward.

"Go, he said," grinned the Fiihrer. With a demonstrative gesture, he tightened his grip on the M-Pi and with an imperious head movement, suggesting a descendant, he climbed further over the narrow one

767

Scree slope ahead.

The Asian concepts of time have always been vague. If the Fiihrer had said a long time ago that the goal would be reached soon, this did not correspond to the European terms.

The pale gray of dawn gave way to a peach yellow morning. The first rays of the sun danced across the sharp ridges as the guide turned a protruding cliff and gave a bright cry.

The men behind saw a slope in front of them, which did not rise very steeply about fifty meters, and on the upper edge of which stood a block-like building.

Standing close together, the three white men stared in surprise at the strange structure in this stony loneliness, in which up to now no animal call could be heard. Further in the background a snowy chain stretched out, the middle plateau in front jagged as if jagged with a wall crown.

"Un miracle!" Frêne could not suppress this cry of amazement. Not that the building looked particularly inviting or beautiful; the very existence of it was highly improbable, almost like a hallucination.

The strange building stood on a tapered substructure that rose from the edge of the slope and supported a building whose small windows

stuck out of an unadorned facade like dead eyes.  
The architecture cut a flat roof

768

from. Only a rather primitive billiard veranda, which sprang out of the entire width of the house and was also covered, had a stimulating effect. The entrance was on the back of the building, not visible to those in need of food. And there was nothing to suggest that this secluded hermitage was inhabited.

In a few minutes the men, despite their tired legs, had reached the edge of the slope and followed the Mongolian guide, who led them on a barely perceptible, not even meter-wide path to the gate at the rear. Here the whites saw in the background on a still higher slope a high stone-layered mark from which a gnarled pole hung with ribbons.

Before the Fihrer could knock, the gate opened with a shriek. In the darkness of the opening stood a figure who bowed deeply and opened the way to enter. Obviously a Tibetan llama who murmured a greeting in a low voice: "Tschag peb tsu nan ..."

The guide nodded briefly and motioned for the three whites to continue following him. The hallway ended in a cross passage, from which some doors led into the different rooms of the house. Turning to the right, the Mongol led the men to the penultimate door of the aisle, pushed them open and let the others lead the way.

The room, which the men now expected to enter, was not very bright. Between two window openings stood a simple, carved wooden altar on the wall with a picture painted on fabric in it

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Middle surface that had an allegorical representation of Buddhist religious elements. At first glance, details were not very noticeable.

There were seat cushions in a niche opposite a window, in front of which was a low lacquer table. Smaller fabric paintings adorned the otherwise bare walls.

"Tscha phe nang chung!" Came from the semi-darkness of the sitting area. A figure dressed in black sat in the corner of the seat cushion and raised an ascetic face to the visitors. The shaved head showed a deeply furrowed forehead.

"The abbot welcomes you," translated the Mongol, bowing himself to the corner.

"We thank the Abbot for his welcome," Gutmann said to the Fiihrer. »Unfortunately we don't understand his language ...«

"It doesn't matter," said the Mongol. "He is a wise man and can read your heart and mind." Turning to the Black Cowman again, he said a few Tibetan sentences, which the latter replied and then concluded with a farewell gesture.

The Mongol bowed again and spoke to Gutmann: "The abbot understood my suggestion that you were tired from the somewhat difficult march and also missed a good night's sleep. He wants to have a conversation at lunchtime with my help. Until then, may you rest. Follow me now! «

The Fiihrer already seemed to be closing the house

770

know.

Without hesitation, he led the three white men, still followed by one of the Mongolian escorts at the end of the train, back down the aisle, then climbed a narrow, creaking wooden staircase that was more like a ladder and upstairs. Another passage ran through the floor, showing doors on both sides. With a firm grip, the Mongol opened one of them and invited them to enter.

"Like an enchanted castle," Reimer said to the comrades. "No one seems to live here except the old one on the ground floor." Shaking his head, he was the first to enter the room.

When the men had put down their backpacks and suitcases, they looked around. It was a

medium-sized room with only one window opening through which the morning clear sky sent its brightening light. It was bare and unadorned except for a remarkable fabric painting on a wall. A small table, cushion and three beds made up the whole facility.

"Everything prepared for us," the Linz man sneered again. Gutmann looked at it thoughtfully and turned to the Mongolian, who looked at his involuntary guests with no apparent movement.

"I think it is time to give us more clarification.

Above all: where  
are we now? «

The Mongolian pointed to a bowl on the small table. The men followed his pointing gesture

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and saw in it a single lotus flower, which on closer inspection turned out to be an artificial flower. The men's eyes returned questioningly to the guide.

"You are now in the house of the first lotus flower," said the latter.

"I think the Seven Lotus Flower Monastery is waiting for us? Aren't we there yet, which you should forcibly take us to? "Gutmann's voice was cold, almost rude.

"You should rest now," the interviewee evaded.  
»You should learn more at lunchtime ...«

"What if we leave this house? Who can stop us if we fight for the right to freedom to act independently? "Asked Frêne.

If the Führer's eyes hadn't narrowed, his expression would have seemed almost cheerful. But his look was an unspoken warning. "You won't come far alone, Sahibs! You are ignorant of the area and this part of the country has not yet entered a white foot. It is a desolate country in a wide area and sometimes few people pass through it. And if you come across locals in the opposite direction of the path, these are servants

of the monastery that awaits you. And then you will have trouble getting further. «

"So a threat?"

"Not at all." The Mongol smiled firmly. "Just an explanation ...". A hollow sound came from outside

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and cut off the sentence. It sounded like a dull Swiss alphorn and was audible from afar. It was not difficult to determine that this primeval sound came from the roof of the house. Three country tones broke the morning silence and immediately the same tones answered, which reverberated from afar. Like a distant echo, tantamount to a singing of the air, this resonance gave an indubitable connection with an event reported by the house of the first lotus flower.

"It is now known that you have arrived here," said the Mongolian.

"Who is the 'man'?" Asked Gutmann. "The Monastery of the Seven Lotus Flowers!"

"You could almost be curious," Frêne scoffed.

"It's reason for that," replied the Mongol. "I have already told you in the Panjnadi region that you are expected to have two men and one woman, and you would be very sorry if you confused the clear threads of fate."

Gutmann looked at him sharply. "You speak like a llama without being one."

"I am not a Lama," the Mongol confirmed. "I am what you are. Only our empires are different. "He pulled the M-Pi dangling from his right shoulder to his chest and crossed his arms over it. "See you later. May the Sahibs rest well! "The simple wooden door closed gently behind him.

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"So there we are," said Reimer resignedly. "It almost seems that Asians have better knowledge. They do not rebel against what seems unchangeable, but show equanimity, which is often admirable. In our strange situation ... «

"... we could probably rebel," Gutmann said. "The only question is whether it would be wise. The Mongols can rightly be reproached for having kidnapped us, but in no way for the fact that they treated us hostile. The secret of the seven lotus flowers should soon be revealed. We are not removed from it, we are taken there! «

"What if there is a trap behind it?" Frêne showed a sharp crease on her forehead.

"I was already thinking about this during our arduous hike." Gutmann went to the window opening and looked out into the clear day, which had just overcome the last remnants of dawn. »There are many thoughts when you ponder. But at the same time you lose your clear view and get lost in assumptions that sometimes contradict reason and logic. After careful consideration, I see no immediate dangers. We know with certainty that we must be armed, and yet no attempt has been made to disarm us. So far, it has only been ensured that we did not make hasty use of them. This means that one appeals to our reason. And that's a lot! «

774

"But it seems weird that the entire globe is covered by a network whose meshes can hardly be slipped out," replied Frêne.

"There is not one network, but several," corrected Gutmann. "And it's not always just someone who is fishing ..."

Reimer had groaned and sighed on a deposit. »I feel miserable. I would be very surprised if I didn't get sore muscles. Such an area of distress! All the lotus flowers can now be stolen from me. Everything! The whole world can slide down my hump. Damn and sewn up! For the moment it's enough for me ... «

"Sleep kid sleep! Gutmann mocked good-naturedly.

Frene's face relaxed a little. "I don't think Reimer is entirely wrong at the moment. I would say a lie if I wanted to claim to be fresh. I still have an evil in me; no doubt aftermath of the sleep drug that we were allowed to take with the coffee on the plane."

"That was mean!" Barked Reimer.

Gutmann turned to him. "Should we have acted differently if we were the executive organs of such an action?"

"You defend the slit eyes?"

"Not in the slightest. I only make statements and comparisons. Incidentally, I find a small drug for more sensitive than a plunger anesthetic. That alone

775

proves that one is only careful and has no hostility to us."

Frêne, who had walked to the window next to Gutmann, grabbed it by the shoulder. »Voilà - people!«

Gutmann also leaned out a little. First he looked down the slope they had only recently come up to, and then behind the depression on the opposite rock face. Nothing. Only when the Carcassonner pointed sideways did he notice a path that ran sideways from the same slope in a protruding arc to the house and on which two people approached. One of them was sitting on a shaggy horned animal that must have been a yak, of which he knew only from a few travel books. The second man trotted alongside. Both wore black coats and helmet-like hats.

"So the old man below doesn't seem to be alone." Frêne left the window seat. "I would have been surprised too ..."

"It's the door opener in the house, too," Gutmann recalled.

"And hopefully a good cook for lunch," Reimer yawned from his bed. "Cuckoo, give it a rest



now!"

If the men had feared that they would get tea with rancid butter and yak milk cheese as a Tibetan lunch, they were surprisingly disappointed. The Mongolian leader had for that

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worried that the white guests found a promising canned food that left nothing to be desired. Nonetheless, the contrast of the new, completely unfamiliar surroundings did not allow for a real lust for food.

The abbot remained cautious and silent during the meal. He had welcomed the men again and the Mongolian had translated his words with dignity. At the beginning of the meal it turned out that there were several monks of the black cap sect in the house who had not previously shown themselves and made themselves known. There was an extraordinary calm in this monastery building. No hurried steps echoed through the hallways. At most, a quiet sip was heard when the monks came or went on the felt soles of their footwear. Two of them had appeared before the meal after a short blow to a small gong and, on the Abbot's orders, had brought the clearly prepared dishes and served them up.

It did not bother the men in the least that the table was not set up according to all the rules of European custom. The somewhat primitive preparations were rather military sober and were all the more preferable to the three men, as this did not underscore the distance to the simple and foreign culture of the room.

Jampel-tsun, the abbot, was a Demtschi Lama. A sub-administrator of the monastery to the seven lotus flowers,

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as the Mongolian explained casually during the meal. When they sipped unsweetened tea together after dinner, the Demtschi Lama turned to the Mongols, who asked the guests to translate his words: "Gyur med Idan sin klon du sykel yid bin nor bu - the philosopher's stone who like an everlasting tree spreads is the pure source of knowledge that reason serves. May Buddha make this stone shine before your eyes and with it light in your thoughts that torment yourself after what seems to be unexplainable. «

Gutmann pondered for a while before translating his answer: "Not the light alone shows Buddha's grace, but the leading to the path that must be followed. Only those who are sure of the path will consciously walk it. «

The Demtschi Lama nodded. "Kuchog - Lord, you spoke like a chela before the ordination. I read in your thoughts that you are aware of your path. Still, doubts about the section ahead are tormenting you. Can I advise you? - Don't ask, but go how the wind drifts ... «

"Your words, oh Lama, are a pointer to follow the skill that we are emphatically subject to at the moment."

The Abbot's thin lips stretched into an almost amused laugh. The Mongol also showed a trace of smile when he translated Gutmann's words. Both of them had the reproach in the sentence

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Roger that.

"There are many ways that lead to enlightenment," said Jampel-tsun again. "If Chenrezi, the Merciful, helps, he does it emphatically ..." Another mischievous train flew around the abbot's wrinkled face, while the Mongol gave no sign of emotion.

"Great is the grace of the merciful," said Gutmann seriously, "his eyes and ears are everywhere."

"La-yö, yes - Buddha's ears are everywhere ..."  
The llama's eyes fixed firmly on the white speaker's face. It did not escape his sight, however, that Reimer punched the Carcassonner and added a few words.

"Kutschog, you show astonishment?"  
Jampel-tsun turned directly to Linz. "Don't the religions of the West have an eye glowing in a triangle that can see everything?"

"You are talking about the altar eye of the Christian church," Gutmann said to the abbot. "This symbolism of dogma is not the symbol of the world of the north, which you call the west. It is the eye of Yahweh who submitted to the West over Rome."

The Demtschi Lama waved it off. "I don't equate the West - or, as you say, the North - with Rome," he said. "I was just talking about what is currently part of the general external terms of your life. I hear from your words that you have not fallen for appearances and recognize: just like heaven

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Order, man should also recognize his Tao, his path and live according to the cosmic order. If you stay on the larger path, the Mahayana, the larger vehicle, you will find the sun ship again, of which the old Sanskrit writings speak, the ancient Aryan tradition. "Jampel-tsun's eyes grew rigid and absent. »Gods are also shine and light of your own soul. Thus the sun of the Asian expanses did not go down like the Christian, from whom God was robbed by it, but his soul itself is the light of the deity and the deity is the soul. "Translated the Mongol softly.

Gutmann was silent this time. His companions, too, sat thoughtfully and processed the ever-repeating core of the ancient tradition, which was expressed in all conversations with the various people, all of whom were looking for a great understanding of where and from where.

Jampel-tsun sipped from his tea bowl. "This wooden bird year" - "he means this year after the Tibetan name," the Mongolian said hastily between the translations, - "is a year of great testing and testing. Flames blazed from the heart of the West. This fire consumed much that man thought irreplaceable and ate many of them. But the heat scorches those who kindled it. And those are those who think they are victorious over those who are now persecuting them. I didn't say that before, Buddhas

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Are ears everywhere? He made you happy on the hike, which took you further and further away from where you actually wanted to go. But remember that everything is a cycle. Satisfied that you are safe under the roof of the first lotus flower house. From there on, your path is assured if you obey the voice that speaks to you!

«

"Buddha's ears were already listening in the midnight country," said Reimer. "It was a Ta-Lama who came as Ku-tshap, the envoy of Mahasiddha Lugtog. It was in the far north where there was nothing but ice and fog." He distracted from the Demtschi-Lama's warning to find out the context of the stereotypical Buddha sentence. There seemed to be a special sense in it that went beyond the usual measure of formulas.

The abbot did not respond. He looked down and his fingers tugged playfully on the folds of his black cowl. He said exactly what he thought was good and deliberately ignored what did not suit him.

"And when will we be in the monastery for the Seven Lotus Blossoms?" Frêne pressed into Jampel-tsun, trying to find out more than Linz.

"Gyok-po, soon," said the Demtschi Lama. "Six houses are on the way, in a semicircle around the heart of the monasteries. These are the houses from the first to the sixth lotus bloom. In the

middle, on the slope of an insurmountable mountain range, stands the Gompa, the monastery to the Seven Lotus Flowers. Except for a few

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Dub-tób, saints, you will not find anyone on the way there. In the morning when you arrived, one of our monks blew the ragdong, our four meter long horn, the sound of which can be heard widely, and the house for the second lotus flower heard our signal and passed it on. In the great Gom-pa you already know that you are here. Tomorrow, very early in the morning, you will move on. From the house to the second lotus flower, lamas will take the lead and bring you to the center. «

"And then?" Asked Frêne.

"I don't know," said the Demtschi Lama frankly. "When you 're in the great Gom-pa , you can ask the Ngön-kyi, the great abbot, or the De-pön, the Mongolian colonel. In front of the Gom-pa there are still veils for you; but everything becomes clear behind it! «

"A Mongolian colonel in the great Gom-pa?" Gutmann's question tone couldn't hide a great surprise.

The Mongolian did not translate this time. He replied himself: "The abbot cannot answer that." And with a slightly ironic undertone: "You are endowed with wisdom. Why this curiosity? ... «

"There is no point in asking uselessly here," Gutmann said in German to his companions. 'But I think we've learned enough. Under no circumstances do we want to say more. Let's leave it at that for today. «

Frêne and Reimer nodded in agreement. The two Asians had listened indifferently to the strange sounds.

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The tone of voice may have told them that no appointments were being made that were supposed to be a secret.

Again the Mongol poured tea from a copper pot as an attentive host. His binding demeanor made him almost likeable and showed him from a completely different side than the day before in India. He even tried to keep a conversation going, although he seemed to prefer silence.

"I understood your words well beforehand," Gutmann said to the Mongolian leader a little friendlier than before. »It is not curiosity, but interest in the area when I ask whether this area is already in Tibet. I am satisfied with general information and do not request any location. «

The Mongol grinned broadly and good-naturedly. "If you ask that question, Sahib, I can answer easily. I'd love to!

- And I confirm that you feel correctly: it is Tibet where we are now! «

"A strange country," Gutmann said.

"For us Mongols too," said the interviewee frankly. »It is foreign to us as a country and yet familiar with the people. This part of western Tibet, in which we are now, is still unknown to the white men. Here, this mountain range, "he pointed out the window with his arm extended," lies to the south and is about four thousand five hundred meters high. Behind it, which is difficult to climb, runs along a valley

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a caravan route. This chain runs at least a hundred kilometers in an east-west direction. And back here, "he pointed in the direction of the door," towering glaciers, more than six thousand meters high, like a bolt in the sky. On this mountain range, which represents a massive massif, lies the great Gom-pa to the Seven Lotus Blossoms further east . «

"And why has nobody ever come to this area? Is it so difficult to access and out of the way? «

The Mongol shrugged. "I don't know, Sahib. There are many difficult areas in this country, but some are known and partially inhabited. This vast space here is a pronounced mountainous area and, apart from the trapas and lamas of the seven monasteries, is avoided by Tibetans themselves. There are settlements far to the west. About two to three arduous day trips, "he emphasized the distance," is the well-known Aling Kangri Mountains, over seven thousand meters high, north of it the Thachap Kangri massif. "

"The names mean nothing to me," Gutmann said. "So far I don't know much about Tibet except the approximate course of the country's borders, some information about Lhasa, the Dalai Lama and the most important monasteries known to Europeans."

The Mongols seemed particularly satisfied with this explanation. In her eyes, she largely reduced an alleged risk of escape. He was not aware of the fact that knowledge or ignorance of a country is not particularly invigorating or

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were inhibiting factors.

"What's your name?" Asked Gutmann suddenly.

The Mongolian looked up in surprise. 'Boroldai!  
- But why are you asking? «

"The Mongols have always been good warriors. You too acted like a soldier and wisely, albeit first against us. I want to remember your name with you when we split up. "

Boroldai bowed low, his hands on his thighs. He openly showed that he was very receptive to praise, and especially to white men. Like all members of warring nations, he also valued a good name and emphasized military virtues. "You do great honor to my name, Sahib," he said. "As long as no orders bind me, I'll always be your friend. Listen, we Mongols have a saying: Ksöl ksugarsang nere ksugarsanás dére. That means: Better to break his legs than to spoil his name.

And you understand that well, Sahib! "He bowed again with deference.

"You can fly, Boroldai?" Gutmann suddenly surprised the Mongol.

"Yes, yes, Sahib ..."

"I'm also an aviator," replied Gutmann. "I flew in the great war in the west."

"I know, uh, I think that's possible," Boroldai said quickly. He hadn't wanted to admit knowing about it at first, and not before

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watch out. He was slightly upset inside.

"You flew a nice plane," Gutmann continued to chat lightly.

"Yes, of course, Sahib. May I refill your tea again? "He reached for the jug and poured the aromatic drink into the tiny bowls on the lacquered table top. "The Tibetans - in our Mongolian language they are called Tobodut -" explained Boroldai, "take great care in the preparation of tea. Especially the country's notables. The poor nomads and beggars are satisfied, if they have tea at all..." He sipped his bowl and then continued to extend the praise for the drink. In between, he addressed a few polite sentences to Jampel-tsun.

It was amusing for Gutmann and his companions to see how the Mongolian struggled to avoid continuing the conversation about aviation that had started first. He tried to avoid a negative answer on the subject after first assuring the guests of his friendship. The Demtschi Lama now joined in the conversation as he seemed to have intuitively grasped the Mongolian effort.

"Ask the abbot," Gutmann said to Boroldai, "whether he was already in Lhasa and saw the Dalai Lama."

The Mongolian repeated the sentences in Tibetan. Jampel-tsun nodded negatively. Then he made a statement, which Boroldai repeated to



the guests: "He, the abbot, says that he is a Dwa-pa, a student of a Dub-

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tób, a saint, was like a young man. He would have enjoyed the tantric school for a long time and would only have come through western Tibet with the dub-tób . For some unknown reason, the saint would have avoided the eastern part of the country. He learned many nags, magic formulas, because his teacher was a great ngags-pa, a magician. After his death he came to this monastery as a geling, as a beggar monk, where the former abbot took him in. So he joined the Order of the Ninmapa, the Black Cap Llamas. For a time he served Gom-pa and his teachings with the Seven Lotus Blossoms to return here after the death of the previous abbot as Demtschi Lama . He had been in the house for the first lotus flower for twenty years now. ”

"An interesting life story," Gutmann admitted. »Many experiences and efforts are interwoven in the stages of this development.«

The abbot must have fully grasped the meaning of these words, for he nodded eagerly.

“There was a lot of hardship,” he continued, “and all that was missing from my youth was the calmness for my soul and the possibility to look inward earlier, for the strength in the emptiness of pure consciousness to find which is the other bank, which is opposite to consciousness. Because the real nature of human being is inside the body without being inside... ” Jampel-tsun bowed his bald head and fingered his rosary. »Om mani padme hum - oh you

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Jewel in the lotus ... «

Be it that the abbot had grown tired or fell under the spell of his prayer formula, his figure

visibly shrank and his now closed eyes indicated rapture.

Gutmann turned to the Mongols with a questioning gesture, which was supposed to indicate walking, and was understood correctly by the Mongols. With a slight head movement, Boroldai agreed to this suggestion and rose first. He let the men go first when he left the room and when he had closed the primitive wooden door behind him, he said: "It will be good if you retire to your room and rest. Sleeping in the morning couldn't make up for the night. "

"Oh, we slept very well for a while after enjoying the black coffee," said Frêne ironically. "The morning rest only chased away the headache that remained ..."

The Mongol raised both hands to his chest. "I didn't say I was your friend," he murmured. He continued to the stairs to the next floor. Stepping sideways, he added: »If you have wishes or need something, then step into the corridor and call for Yürki. It's in the room to the right of yours. I'll come back myself in the evening! «

"Yürki is our guardian?" Continued the Carcasson.

Boroldai looked at the French unmoved. "He is the

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Messenger of your wishes. Remember, Sahib, that this house is a place of peace and that we have offered you peace. Do not think too much of yesterday evening, the hour when we took you away from the old Brahmin. Direct your eyes expectantly into the next few days and you will thank me for doing what I was told. "He made a gesture of greeting and stepped back

Reimer was the first to jump up the creaking stairs. "I find Boroldai's wish very convenient," he said, expecting his companions at the top of the step. "I think it's got pretty damn cold after the sun in the past few weeks. There is nothing like a bed and a warm blanket... «

"You have been whining all day like a naked chick on an ice island," Gutmann reprimanded. »This beeping with whoops, whoops ...«

"Yes, if you don't even have a strengthening cognac," defended the Linz man with a miserable expression. He smirked suddenly. He called Boroldai's name down over the shoulder of Frêne, who was standing in front of him. He called twice, but the called party did not answer. He had left while the men were going up.

"Hopeless," replied Frêne. "I know you wanted to request a bottle for adult babies. But Boroldai will not have been able to take this far to the best of his ability. «

"We want to investigate that first," said Reimer

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stubborn. Standing in front of his own door, he turned to the right and called for Yürki. Actually, he had no real wish at the moment. But it was curiosity that drove him to test the operating system of this strange house.

As his companions entered the room assigned to them and left Reimer alone in the hallway, he heard the hasty steps approaching the neighboring door next door. They were audible kicks, different from the sipping or taping of the Tibetan felt boots. Then, when the door opened, one of the Mongols stood in the opening, who was with them from the plane to the monastery. That was Yürki.

"You wish, Sahib?" The Mongol was friendly and there was nothing to suggest that he felt like a guard. If this was true, the calm expression hid any sign of sharpness or a certain arrogant emotion that suggested such a commission. His words, spoken in good English, and his behavior showed that he belonged to a select staff.

Although he still felt the pressure of the tea, which he had previously enjoyed, the Linzer could think of nothing better than to repeat the wish he had made to his comrades.

The Mongol grinned broadly. 'Sorry sir, very sorry! - No whiskey, no cognac. I'm terribly sorry, sir! But can I bring Tschang? «

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"Tschang? - What's this?"

For a moment the Mongolian searched for the English language. Then he said: "Millet beer!"

"Hmm," Reimer said slowly. He could not overcome an inner distrust. He thanked me kindly. "Later, yes ..." With a hasty turn he took the few steps to the door of his own common room, which he opened to escape the chang.

On that second night, the Tibetan sky was purple.

When the three men had gone to rest after a simple but neat evening meal in the house of the first lotus flower, the excitement of the eventful events kept their sleep away. They had been brought the meal to their room beforehand, which they did not like. Now they stared out into the sultry red night, the reflection of which lay like violet springs on the blue-black slopes of the mountains. The glacier moraines and firn peaks shone like matt rose quartz, the broad snow fields lay on the rock giants like amethyst-colored veils.

Not a word was said in the dimly lit room, into which the rays of the vastness flooded. The eyes of the men wandered over the firmament standing in the cutout of the window and their thoughts went beyond the majestic chains of the roof of the world, flew further back to the land of Hind, whose strangely beautiful,

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bizarre temples and pagodas, the enticing striding almond-eyed women, then on across the seas and countries where the storytellers

invented imaginative stories and where the violation of hospitality was still considered a curse crime; the inner wishful images flew ever further and ever faster like a mirage, reflecting emotional suffering, to the land of unspoken longing: the land of brothers and sisters, home ...

When the purple of the sky first gave the eyes of the dreaming a bright glow, it suddenly disappeared like a curtain pulled away and exposed the torment in their mental mirror when the end picture of the thoughts was revealed to them in the whole, terrible event. The traces of the apocalypse in Europe ...

And then again: the hours wandered and with them the pictures, the thoughts came back and shifted the sensations of the senses from the area of the mental eye to the centers of the brain in order to rob the men of another hour of the night. It was long after midnight when physical exhaustion provided a short but heavy lead to sleep.

A dull and gray morning drove the purple night away and an icy wind swept over the mountains. The three men stood shivering in front of the monastery

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them Boroldai and Yürki, while the third companion stayed off the plane. In its place, two previously unseen trapas, monk novices, had been placed by the Demtschi-Lama , who also served as guides and were supposed to drive two yaks standing as pack animals.

The packs were loaded onto small, stocky animals. Long-shaggy, stocky and short-legged looking, the abdominal manes almost reached the floor and with strong, curved horns, these half-wild creatures stood there waiting.

"Chenrezi, the Merciful, enlighten your path!" Boroldai had the abbot, who had come to the gate saying goodbye, translating the departing man

ambiguously. Behind him stood two lamas with their high, black caps, unmoved like statues. Jampel-tsun folded his hands with a praying gesture. »Nád med tsád med tashi purisum tsog tshu - I wish you good health and immense happiness - da tsha yin - farewell! ... «

A yell from the trapas set the yaks in motion. At the same moment the muffled sound of the ragdong boomed from the roof of the monastery, like a signal, combining the announcement of farewell and departure.

The three men bowed to the remaining Demtschi Lama according to Asian custom and used this gesture to express greeting and thanks at the same time. Then they strode forward behind the driving trapas, followed by the two Mongols, who were theirs again

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Submachine guns carried, but this time carelessly hanging backwards with their barrels. When they turned after about a hundred steps, they still saw the abbot standing a few steps outdoors, and in addition to the two llamas with him, they saw a whole series of monks on the flat roof, who had previously been silent in the secret of the House. With their black coats and high hats, they looked like a row of giant black birds. The ragdong boomed again.

Soon they were bent around the ledge behind which the two Tibetans had come with the yak the day before in the direction of the monastery. With this, the Gom-pa was withdrawn from further vision for the first lotus bloom.

The path was narrow and rather rough. The grunting oxen tripped with safely placed hooves and the men walked in single files for a while until the path from the slope ended in a pass. There they closed up again to a loose group. Boroldai pointed to a bright spot that stood out clearly against the gray of a rocky landscape on the horizon.

Gutmann looked at the Mongolian questioningly. "The Gom-pa for the second lotus

flower, Sahib!"

"And the great Gom-pa,  
Boroldai?" "You'll see that  
tomorrow!"

On the way they met some pyramids made of  
stones, of different heights, some with slanting  
sticks, on which faded rags fluttered in the wind.  
They were chorten from

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deeply faithful Tibetans, who served as gathering  
places for gifts adorned with prayer flags, and at  
the same time made signposts. The primitive cult  
buildings were all in very poor condition and  
occasionally poles lay on the floor, torn down by  
the wind. As far as the choirs were not isolated  
and touched directly as they passed, the two  
trapas raised the pennant poles again, falling into  
a monotonous prayer veil.

Gutmann took these Tibetan marks as an  
opportunity to speak to Boroldai again, who had  
remained silent all the way up to now: "This is  
truly a strange country, inhabited by strange  
people and certainly even more strange customs.  
I am very afraid that we can make mistakes in  
some form, without malicious intent, that would  
make the Tibetans feel hurt or offended. We  
would be grateful to you, O Boroldai, if you  
would always give us the necessary information  
in good time! «

'Don't worry, Sahib! - The men of the  
monasteries that we touch on our hike, and also  
in the great Gom-pa itself, know very well that  
you are completely foreign here and ignorant of  
the customs of the country. The Ngön-kyi, the  
Great Abbot, also gave strict instructions to  
diligently overlook all mistakes. "

"Do we attach such great importance to our  
coming?"

"It is a sign of excessive respect for brave men!"  
Said the Mongol, who had given him the previous  
day

Returning compliments and answering the question at the same time.

"Hopefully we won't disappoint your expectations," Gutmann dampened the reason given. "We are probably soldiers from the country in Europe that has now lost a great war. But not anymore. No scientists, no generals or other significant people from whom you could learn anything valuable. «

The Mongol smiled broadly. "Didn't we just talk about yesterday that a Kutshap of Mahasiddha Lugtog was somewhere in the midnight country. Isn't there a circle of men there who have given you a job? We know little about each other, and yet we know a great deal! "His expression was mischievous. "When I picked you up in the Poundschab, I said you were expected by friends. So you actually expect more than we expect from you ... «

"You speak a lot, but we know little," Gutmann varied the Mongolian sentence that had just been put forward in a similar way. "One question, however, burns my tongue. Can I pronounce it? "

"Speak, Sahib!"

"Is the Mahasiddha Lugtog identical to the Ngönkyi?"

«No, Sahib! The Ngön-kyi Padma Dab-yang, translated his name is leaf of the big lotus, is a confidant of the Mahasiddha. I can say that, but I don't want more. «

"It is enough for me and I thank you for this information, Boroldai!"

"It's good, Sahib." Moving slowly and cautiously, the trail was terribly rocky and



uneven, the Mongol remained a little bit longer until his last companion had caught up with him. Again the three men were alone among themselves, keeping a little distance from the trapas who were playing ahead.

They came forward very slowly. Strong gusts of wind seemed to constantly emit a groaning or shrill whistling music in this highland. Nevertheless, the contours of the new Gom-pa slowly emerged, which despite its light color was very cleverly built into the landscape and was well protected. For a full quarter of an hour the little caravan struggled forward over the scree field when a light tone was carried lightly through the air.

"We've already been noticed," the Mongolian said from behind. "You blew a gyaling, an oboe-like wind instrument. When we enter the house for the second lotus bloom, we will be presented with fresh, hot tea. It will do us good! «

'Undoubtedly !;' growled Reimer back. Again they came across a chorten, this time

was a good five meters high. And from then on the trail was better and almost free of rubble. The trapas at the head of the train accelerated their steps, the yaks trod faster, and the now closer goal of today's march also inspired the walking of the

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Following.

"We were on the road for an hour and a half or two," Frêne estimated the marching time to date. So far, none of the men had set a time. "Just want to know why we left so early in the morning when we're back at breakfast. That would have been better than a digestive walk after a good lunch. Maybe the sun would have made the temperature climb a few degrees higher. "He turned to the Mongols:" Why so early, Boroldai? "

»Early morning is always a quiet time. No planes either, Sahib! «

»Airplanes here? That will hardly be possible. «

"In general, of course not. No aviator risks walking flights here, where air holes or wind drifts pose great dangers. But caution doesn't hurt. There are world forces at work that scan and control every part of the country. And besides - mysterious discs have already flown over this highland twice. «

"Manis?" Gutmann blurted out in astonishment.

The Mongol looked indecisively at it. »I don't know how I should or may comment on it. But I haven't heard that name. Our superiors know more about it. Maybe our De-pinn, the colonel in the Gom-pa to the Seven Lotus Blossoms... "He came close to Gutmann. »Whatever it is, whether I have windows that I don't know much about or planes

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could - and what would be impossible today? - we have shown you that you can get people out of anywhere, and we don't want to be surprised by the same. And I am responsible for you coming safely to the Great Abbot! «

"And what would be," Reimer asked in between, "if we three men caught you and Yürki off guard? If we weren't willing to answer the call of the Great Abbot and look for the way back alone, armed with your excellent submachine guns? "

Boroldai conjured up his rights in a begging manner. "Don't ask what could be with me if I didn't do my job. My fate is no more important than a wind-blown leaf. It doesn't count in the happenings of time. But ask yourself, O Sahib, whether your fate and that of your companions could not take a turn that you certainly do not want. Don't play with dangerous thoughts if you don't want to cheat yourself." He made an almost desperate gesture. »Uncertainty and useless brooding worries your souls. If I were a Lama, I would say: Seek the samadhi, the state of

complete immersion and in it for amitabha, the limitless, incomprehensible light, for the grace of the Buddha Avalokiteshvara. I would say that and much more in this way. But look, Sahibs, I am a Mongol myself and my religion is a little different in my feelings. We riders are not like that

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profound philosophers. We think a little more practical, more secular, I would say. But still: May Buddha sink rest into your souls! «

Reimer put a hand on the Mongolian shoulder. 'Don't take my question seriously, Boroldai! - You assured us of your friendship yesterday and we believe you. We are smart enough to know that a friend will not be ruined. So we can trust you. «

"That's good!" The Mongol nodded in satisfaction. Then he reached under his jacket and pulled out a pistol. "This one ... is mine!" Cried Frêne in amazement.

Boroldai handed it to him, then pulled out a second one.

"That is my weapon," said Gutmann, equally surprised. "I know my bag again immediately!"

"Good, Sahib. - Take it here! "Pulling out a third, he turned to Reimer: "Sure, that's your weapon, isn't it? "

'Right, Boroldai! - How the cuckoo...! «

'I was careful. I let you take off your guns on the plane when you were asleep. And I was reassured because you hadn't noticed their absence. And it calms you down because you need weapons to escape or counter-strike. So the connection of thoughts... «

"If you give us the weapons voluntarily, your trust is boundless, o Boroldai!" Gutmann's voice had a warm undertone.

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"I'm playing for my head," said the Mongol calmly. 'But I can't help it. You are open and brave. We don't meet Mongols like you often. And I admire you. Didn't our great Genghis Khan also subdue the world at that time and then fail in the West at your borders? You have to treat soldiers like soldiers and dogs like dogs. "He turned to Yürki, who was just as stunned, and said a few sentences in Mongolian, explaining the facts. Then: »Jawajî - let's go on! ... «

The Trapas were already a step ahead and the men had to catch up now. Now the monastery was very close in front of them and you could already see some figures in front of it, curiously awaiting those who were coming. These monks were also black cap lamas. Some stood on the roof and a ragdong protruded from the flat roof like an over-long anti-aircraft gun. In contrast to the first Gom-pa , things were more lively here.

The explanation may well have been that this monastery was considerably larger than the previous one and had to have far more residents, some of whom had to fulfill a number of secular tasks which served to maintain the necessary living conditions. However, the same calm prevailed here, which had already pleasantly surprised the house at the first lotus bloom.

Here, too, the reception was similar to

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the day before. The arrivals were led to the abbot of the house, Boroldai again being able to do the translator. Even as they had passed through the small gate, the long, ready-made ragdong boomed and announced that the whites were coming.

The abbot of this house, unlike Jampel-tsun, was a small, rather obese man who did not seem to love asceticism too much. Still, he did so extremely gracefully and his measured movements seemed grotesque at times. Despite

everything, he was a really smart and wise man who not only seemed to know all the disciplines of his doctrine, but had also reached a level of knowledge that was a prerequisite for his office. The great respect that the lamas and trapas of the house showed him confirmed this.

A serving monk brought Tsalma for breakfast; Butter tea with toasted barley flour. It took some effort for the three men, especially Reimer, to eat this strange dish. Unspoken, the thoughts of the two Germans wandered back to the Boothia Peninsula to the Eskimos, whose menu had been far more hideous for a European palate. The Tibetan dish, on the other hand, was still harmless and quite safe for a refined stomach if one could overcome a certain bias. And conditions forced it to do so.

This time it was the abbot of the house who had already commissioned the Gom-pa to visit the seven lotus flowers of the

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Onward journey the next morning spoke. Boroldai translated, "The great Gom-pa Ngön-kyi sent a messenger that after a day's rest you could continue as guests of the Ninmapa, the black hats, to reach your destination. A gopa, a guide, is ready to guide you to the great gom-pa . "The Mongolian added on his own," This is an attention from Ngön-kyi Padma Dab-yang, because he knows very well that I too I know the way myself. «

"We're ready," Gutmann said through Boroldai.

"We would also like to thank you for the hospitality of this house and regret that we as foreigners do not master the customs of the country in order to be able to demonstrate this gratitude through the gestures common in the country!"

The fat abbot smiled flattered. He looked at his guests in turn, then suddenly clapped his hands. A serving trapa entered immediately. The llama

gave him an order, whereupon the latter hurriedly departed and, after a few minutes, returned with another llama who, with many bows, gave the abbot four white veils, which the abbot passed on to his guests with equally deep bows.

The three men looked questioningly at the Mongolians, who continued to translate the abbot's accompanying words: "It is the custom of our country, when visiting Khadar, these white veils, as visiting cards and honorary gifts

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to deliver. The abbot asks to take these veils and use them in the Gom-pa with the seven lotus flowers. The Ngön-kyi would be very surprised and would be very happy if the foreign guests moved in with him in the Tibetan way. It was fun for him, the abbot, to imagine the face of the grand abbot if he were given white khadars without being prepared for them. He had already been informed by a previous messenger of the house for the second lotus bloom that the strangers had been moved here according to the unsearchable will of Sang-gye, that is Buddha, and that no offense should be taken against their behavior that stems from their ignorance. as well as violate local customs. "Boroldai continued: "You see, Sahibs, it's all what I said before. "

While the new Lama and Trapa left the room, the Abbot clapped his thighs amused. He liked the strangers and also had a sense of humor, for which he was not insensitive.

When Gutmann embarrassedly apologized that he was not prepared for any counter gifts, however modest, he waved good-naturedly and explained that his sense was not directed at worldly things at all.

"I'm eating a stable broom," Reimer murmured in German, "if that's true ..." when Boroldai translated the abbot's last words.

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"Did you make a wish?" Asked the Mongolian to Linz.

"I asked my companions why Yürki isn't with us," said Reimer.

"He's taking care of our things," Boroldai said briefly.

The men remained seated until noon. The abbot was very curious about what was happening outside of his world and Gutmann had the almost ungrateful task of conveying detailed accounts by the Mongolians. He was very happy when the abbot indicated that it was time for lunch and asked his guests to take part in the modest kitchen of his house.

"Are your canned food already?" Reimer turned to the Mongols.

"No, Sahib," replied the latter. "But if we would contribute in this house, the abbot would beg half of the remaining stock from the great Gom-pa's Ngön-kyi, despite the strict prohibition."

"He always seems to be hungry," said the man from Linz. "Yes. Since Tibetan monks never beg, the begging bowl

if it is only an expression of a ritual custom, he will definitely find suitable words to express his desire. Although he has a high level of knowledge and is referred to as the Gyud-Lama, who knows secret teachings and the magic rites, he is far from the path of Pratiahara, the elimination of food for the senses for the purpose of uniting with the emptiness of the mandala flow and brings about his joie de vivre that he too

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little practice of the secret tantric rites. Nevertheless, the great Ngön-kyi appreciates him very much. «

The abbot addressed a few Tibetan sentences to the Mongols, with the audience only understanding the recurring word Pratiahara. Boroldai first answered the Lama and then explained to his companions: "Our host has ears like Buddha himself. From my English explanations, he understood the Sanskrit word of

the yoga disciplines and somehow correctly related it to himself. I have now explained to him that you are on the way to becoming chelas, which are disciples, and that you therefore value little food. For this reason, the abbot should not be surprised if you are abstaining from the amount of food at his lunch table. ”

"This is excellent," said Reimer. "Nothing can happen now, should there be rancid butter and the like this time, which I dreaded from Sven Hedin's descriptions when I was at school."

The Linzer's fears proved to be groundless. The Gyud Lama had provided an almost enjoyable meal. Two trapas served a bowl of yak meat and rice, a feast, as the Mongol assured them, because the area was very poor in products and supplies were very difficult. In addition Tschang, which tasted tart and bitter . Although the morning march through the high mountain area had woken the appetite of the guests with a thin but strong air, they ate little. Already Boroldai's explanations, like Reimer easily after the meal

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scoffed.

The second part of the day was no different than in the house of the first lotus flower. Then the night came, this time less the peculiarity of Tibet, showing a purple sky; rather the stars shimmering larger in the clear mountain air danced in a blue-violet expanse. And then in the morning goodbye to the fat abbot and his monks. Again the two yaks were ready loaded, two other companions, and a gopa from the house to the seven lotus flowers. Yürki was also there after being completely invisible the previous day. The long ragdong sounded muffled as the little caravan started to move.

"Kale phé a!" The abbot smiled again with the Tibetan farewell words. "Go slowly if you want to come back ..."

The scenery of the area showed little change. Lonely, wild, almost threatening. In addition, the



steadily violent winds. In one place a narrow rock path, hardly a projecting edge on an almost vertically falling wall, at the feet of which a gushing stream rushed. The yaks scrubbed the rock face with their loads, cautiously groping forward. A deep grunt came from her nostrils.

Snow spots everywhere, slightly higher ice on the walls of the mountains. A lone vulture circled the sky. The path slowly but steadily descended towards the goal. Moss lichen and sparse-low plant

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grew showed the deepening.

At a moderate slope they came across a cave and not far from there was a skeleton in the middle of a still visible white circle. The Mongolian, asked about it, turned to the Gopa and then said: »In this cave lived the chela of a Naldjorpa, a magician, for a while, so that he could indulge in the contemplation. The gopa says that one night in the moonlight he had drawn this magical circle of khor to conjure it up within the belt protecting him from the evil demons. On that fateful night, a bear had come down from the mountains and plunged onto Chela, who remained within his spell and constantly murmured incantations, always thinking that the manifestation of a yidag, a hell dweller or demon, was ahead of him to have. In the ecstasy of his ideas, he only recognized his mistake when the bear began to tear him apart. But it could just as well be that the victim, until the last moment of his conscious feelings, believed he was at the mercy of a demon who was stronger than his incantations or had made a mistake in them. »

"And no one buried the dead man?" Asked Reimer. "After the tibetan burial, what the bear left was consumed by the vultures until only that skeleton was left." The Mongol waved a vague hand. "Maybe a hermit will come again

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to this cave and builds a stone pyramid around the skeleton. Maybe, maybe not... "Asian equanimity to the unchangeable was the undertone of Boroldai's words.

The sky remained cloudy as the day progressed. "Sprin ak'or!" Cried the gopa. Boroldai frowned. "The Fiihrer says clouds are gathering. We see that ourselves. We have to hurry more, because if a storm surprises us here, it is very unpleasant! «

The yaks were more motivated and willingly followed, as if feeling the weather was coming. The two Mongols did not hide their aversion to mountain thunderstorms and declared that the Tibetans were even more superstitious about them.

The gusts of wind grew stronger. The heavy clouds drifted on quickly, at times there were gaps, showing scraps of blue sky. The hurrying gopa kept looking up and his worried expression smoothed out a little. He had Boroldai say that with a little luck they would get dry to the great Gom-pa .

There were a number of arduous pathways. The men generally got really tired with this march. Hours passed and the distance from the house of the second lotus flower to the destination was much longer than the day before between the first two monasteries. After the arduous crossing of a gorge, they came across some small choirs, which again

indicated a busier area. Individual crippled conifers appeared, showing the deeper location of the current terrain. Then, after crossing a long scree slope that was only slightly inclined downwards, they reached a valley indentation that already had a number of bizarre conifers. In the meantime through some medium-high rhododendrons. A stepped mountain pulpit protruded further back and on the penultimate level a large building was to be excluded, the

shape and color of which was largely adapted to the landscape.

The gopa pointed forward. He said briefly, understandable to everyone: "Gom-pa!"

Once again the men tried to move faster. They had done it in half an hour. As always, a ragdong boomed. Men came to meet the caravan, again ninmapas in the dark robes, all greeting respectfully by walking around the newcomers and sticking out their tongues. Then, right in front of the gate, stood a tall abbot with all the signs of his dignity and next to him two white men and a white woman.

Gutmann froze and Reimer ran a hand over his eyes as if he were dreaming. The white men hurried towards them.

It was Recke and Juncker ...

That was the surprise of the monastery for the seven lotus flowers.

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## THE SECRET REALM

Kor ba mi tag mar mei lun kor  
ba de dshen mi lam k'rul.

O cycle, you breeze of a lamp  
that doesn't last,

o cycle, you deceptive dream of  
great happiness ...

(Tibetan Findings)

If ever a spell could condemn people to immobility, it was the spell of surprise.

When the four comrades met from base 103 in the shadow of Gom-pa to the seven lotus flowers under more than strange circumstances, the surprise was mutual. A single man, knowing and helping the intended destiny, savored the triumph of an organization and technology in this moment of fulfilling a subtask. He stood motionless against the shattered white woman,

watching the greeting scene. It was the great Ngön-kyi himself. Padma Dab-yang, the abbot, who had his hands in a great game and whose eyes were now burning in a consuming fire of the greatest satisfaction. Behind him, almost hidden, was the Mongolian depon, the colonel that Boroldai had spoken of.

The public reception in front of the monastery building

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The ring of curious eyes forced the Germans, after the very first release of their emotions, to tame themselves and to save face, as it was in all Asian customs. Frêne was the immediate next, who was also warmly welcomed by Recke and Juncker after an informal performance. A multitude of questions floated on the men's lips, and only a great deal of self-control under the constraint of the moment made them bow to the arrival ceremony.

Another quick examination, then the newcomers started moving towards the still persistent Ngön-kyi .

The latter nodded kindly when the men stood in front of him. "Welcome to this house on the roof of the world that may be a home to you for the duration of your being here!" He said in impeccable English, which revealed that he must have been somewhere in the white area for a long time.

Before Gutmann was able to respond as a speaker, he felt a hand pull and immediately a pressure between his left arm. He reached up with a hand that seemed insignificant and felt the soft crackle of the kharar that Boroldai had cleverly given him. Taking another step forward, he took out the white veil and handed it to the abbot with a polite bow on half-outstretched hands. "Thank you for your hospitality! ... «

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The Gyud Lama from Gom-pa to the second lotus flower had an excellent imagination. The Ngön-kyi Padma Dab-yang was hardly less surprised than his guests a little before. He solemnly accepted the visit sign and smiled a little sheepishly. After tilting his head several times, he thanked him in polite words, making a brief gesture to the first standing llamas.

Before he was finished with the slowly chosen sentences, an additional black cap llama presented the abbot with three white khadars, which were richly embroidered with Tibetan motifs. With an almost sacred gesture, the Ngön-kyi presented the offer to the three white men. "Come on in," he said at the end of the ceremony.

The men entered the house past carved goal posts, the new guests passing the Mongolian officer, who now also bowed slightly. The abbot paused for a moment and made the deposit known in the European form. "This is Tayang Noyon!"

The Mongolian officer was very tall for Asian terms and had a bold face. His clothes stood out from the black robes. He wore a simple European-style uniform with no visible rank insignia unless a small gold horse on the left collar testified to it. Strangely, he wore the Mongolian clothes in a strange contrast to this clothing

Felt boots.

As the Ngön-kyi continued, followed by his guests and closer escort, Boroldai stayed at the depon to report and report. Both men were missing when the little train with the pale white woman entered the room intended for the reception of the guests.

If Tibet had previously been closed to the white men in the performance of the country's own art and better way of life, after the few days of their stay in the strange country after entering this

room they presented themselves with a significantly different picture. Not that a new trait had opened up; but while simplicity appeared to be the law in the surrounding monasteries, there was an almost oppressive abundance of richly carved furnishings and meticulously crafted pictures.

A low, elongated table, painted matt red, surrounded by a number of seat cushions stood across from a slightly elevated, throne-like seat. In one corner of the room stood an ornate house altar with a plastic depiction of Chenrezi, the Merciful. A lot of gold painting and silk ribbons that hung like flags immediately attracted the attention of those entering. In front of the Boddhisvata stood bowls of pure water and cereal grains, dough tormas as prescribed by the cult, and a series of small figures and objects. Compared to the

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The overloaded altar was hung with a large mural, painted on fabric, representing the great mandala of the peaceful deities: sitting on a mighty lion throne Vairochana and in surrounding circles showed Samanta-Bhadara and his Shakti, Chenrezi, Manjushri, Vajrapani and then Tsonkapa with two students . On an elephant throne sat Vajra-Sattva in the east , on the southern horse throne Ratna-Sambhava, on the peacock throne in the west of the picture Amithâbha and in the north Amogha-Siddhi on his harpy seat. The goalkeepers of the mandala in the corners of the picture sat on flaming lotus thrones. Further Buddha representations rounded off the whole thing to a phenomenal effect of high artistic skill and haunting imagination. A picture that captured every viewer immediately.

The Ngön-kyi nodded in satisfaction when he saw the admiration of his guests. He walked slowly around the table and took a seat in his

high seat, at the same time showing the guests the seats.

Every gesture of the Abbot resembled a ceremonial act, but without any stiffness. And although the face of Padma Dab-yang had strict aristocratic features and his eyes showed a high level of inner spirituality, his narrow mouth could not banish the cheerful features that betrayed a soulful balance and contentment. And it was this trait that took the cold austerity from the ceremony and acted as a symbol for Buddha's serenity.

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"Tschag peb tsu ran, let's say Tibetans as a greeting," said the Ngön-kyi, repeating a benevolent greeting. "No one can escape his destiny and Chenrezi's grace guides the seekers, whose will is as pure as the white of the lotus flower. What has to do with each other has its meaning and if you white men are reunited here, as an earlier determination brought you together, then your thoughts may give the voice space that will carry you further. But all in good time. "He paused and waved to the room opening, giving some instructions in Tibetan that the newcomers could not understand.

"The abbot gives instructions to take your luggage to the guest rooms and to have a snack," Juncker said in a low voice, so as not to hurt the Ngönkiyi who was listening.

Younger monastery novices, mostly trapas, served a plentiful meal that came close to the usual European palate. Here, too, it turned out that there had to be a supply of canned goods that allowed white guests to be served in a very accommodating manner. Last but not least, canned fruit juice, no doubt of American origin, was surprising.

Some dignitaries of the monastery community took part in the meal, all of whom were more or less fluent in the English language and to a lesser

extent even in the Russian language. In contrast to the talks in

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The other gompas were given plenty of time here and exhausted themselves in informal chatting and courtesy. Everything personal had to be put on hold, as much as it pressed the German officers to exchange and discuss their personal experiences. The surprising presence of a German girl was still unclear for the new arrivals.

It turned out that the Ngön-kyi's interest was concentrated primarily on Gutmann, whose leadership position he seemed to have found out quickly. But Padma Dab-yang deliberately failed to go beyond the unspoken core and secrets of the monastery to the Seven Lotus Flowers, except for explanations of the much admired mural and general sentences. He indicated that the term time had no meaning at the moment.

The formal reception lasted two full hours. During this time, the white guests had to refrain from pursuing their urge to speak out. And you had to leave it to the llamas: they knew how to keep the conversations flowing and distract the guests.

Nevertheless, the men could hardly suppress a sigh of relief when the Ngön-kyi picked up the board and gave instructions to two llamas to guide the guests to the rooms provided for them. Now the same process was repeated that Gutmann and his companions had already done in the Gompas for the first and

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had experienced the second lotus bloom: the briefing, but much more personal and courteous than before.



"Two rooms, next to ours, have been reserved for weeks," Recke explained to the comrades as they climbed two floors.

"For us?" Asked  
Gutmann. "Yes!"

"Then you knew for weeks that we were coming?" Gutmann continued in astonishment.

"We weren't sure whether you'd be coming," said Recke. 'But you were certain that you would come in the monastery of the Seven Lotus Blossoms. The Ngönkyi knew about your trip to Cairo and taught us. Your trail was briefly lost later, but your arrival in India was promptly reported again. Bombay is a narrow filter and many eyes are watching there! «

"We noticed that," replied Gutmann ironically.

The slow-moving llamas paused on the second floor until their guests left the stairs, then walked down the rather dark hallway, opening two doors. With one bow, one of the black cow monks showed Gutmann alone in a room, while the second directed the side door for Reimer and Frêne. It was almost bare, but perfectly clean rooms that surprisingly had camp beds. Next to the beds was the baggage that had been bought in advance.

"We're next door!" Juncker said. "Stretch and me

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together, one room further is our companion Ortrun Weser! «

"Do the Sahibs have wishes?" Asked one of the  
lamas. Gutmann looked questioningly at  
Juncker, who looked at the head

shook and instead answered the question. The  
lamas had no choice but to withdraw with a bow.

"Now we can finally find our way back to ourselves from the seemingly dreamlike," said Reimer somewhat cautiously and pressed Recke's arm. The feeling of the old and steadfast camaraderie came back to breakthrough and immediately created the atmosphere of intimate connection despite a long separation.

"I think the next two or three hours will be ours undisturbed," Juncker said. "And I can hardly go wrong with the assumption that no fatigue will be great enough to take precedence over a basic discussion and an exchange of experiences. Or?"

"By lightning-throwing Zeus - there can be no question of tiredness!" Protested Reimer almost overwhelmingly. Gutmann and Frêne also make it clear that they in no way have the necessary calm and patience to relax for a few hours.

"Then let's go to our room," Juncker said. "Over the course of time, we have already set ourselves up as we could and seemed appropriate."

He let everyone in and then was the last to close

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Door. "So - we'd be happy together now!"

Recke pointed to a few low stools with upholstery and the bed frames on both sides. Ortrun Weser moved the seating closer to the small table in the middle of the room and smoothed the pillows with a typically feminine gesture, smiling a little shyly at the new guests and companions.

"It's nice here," Gutmann could not refrain from commenting. "Quite cozy." His eyes graciously brushed the shape of the waiting girl. "What a paradise a tender hand can do for us robbing lansquenets!"

"We noticed that before," laughed Juncker. "Ortrun is our good spirit. Well, sit down! «

"Do you want some tea before the long palaver?" Asked Recke.

"Nothing there," Gutmann said. "For now, let's finally clarify the situation!"

"There isn't much to clear up," joked Recke. »We were totally shot down. Or is that not clear enough for you? - Hey? «

"And caught!" Added Juncker. »In fact, if you look closely ...«

"That's roughly how we imagined it," Gutmann admitted dryly. "We were brought here with some emphasis. And

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Your?"

"Well - that's the thing!" Juncker and Recke looked at each other, divided over which of them should roll things up. The girl sat still and hardly moved.

When Recke slouched somewhat obliquely over his bed, Juncker began to tell slowly and deliberately.

He started with the experiences in Prague, described the uprising of the Czechs, elaborated on the rescue of Ortrun, the march with the Vlasov soldiers, the capture by the Soviets and then the Mongols' getting out of the Soviet quarters. "We were led to a strange flying machine and shipped there," Juncker said fluently. "We were left with our equipment and weapons, only as a precaution did our kidnappers keep the ammunition. We still have them now and even our two-way radios have not been taken away from us. So far, that's the most strange thing.

Then we flew out of the cauldron and, as we found out later, from the power of the Soviets. The crew of the new high-performance flying machine, which showed a large radius of action, consisted only of technically well-trained Mongols, all of whom spoke a European language, mostly Russian or English. We were not given any information, but despite a certain strictness and supervision, we were not treated hostile. Nearly

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one could argue that there was a certain courtesy. We made a stopover somewhere in a steppe, then we went on over the Kuen Lung Mountains to the province of Changtang. We were landed there and taken south through the deserts and steppes with two jeeps, which apparently came from American deliveries to Chiang Kai Schek and came into Mongolian hands, then at the end of the mountain country driveways with a provided caravan under Mongolian guard after a pretty good one laborious march to this Gompa of the Seven Lotus Flowers. And I have to say, "concluded Juncker," our companion Ortrun was extremely brave and persistent! "

"But no," the girl said sheepishly as the men looked at her.

"Then she was very sick for a while," Recke said in addition to Juncker's description, "but she was admirably tough. Some fever ... «

"And her relatives?" Asked Gutmann.

The girl's eyes filled with tears, the tender, white throat showed swallowing movements. "I guess I'll be missing," she said softly. "Our house in Lippeland has been destroyed, my father fell near Kharkov. Mother now lives with relatives somewhere. A brother of mine is missing from Rostov."

After a brief, somewhat embarrassed silence, Juncker asked Gutmann to tell the story of the origin,

He complied with the request and reported in detail the decline in the Pyrenees and the flight across two continents until the capture in Punjab. Gutmann did not neglect any detail and so the audience got a complete picture of past events and encounters with remarkable people during their wanderings. And nothing was more natural that Frêne would also grow into the close community of Germans when his role in the events was highlighted. Recke and Juncker immediately expressed their full sympathy and

camaraderie to the Carcassonner, the girl also smiled at him trustingly.

"A great thing," Juncker said when Gutmann had ended. "A year ago we wouldn't even have believed such things in a fairy tale." After a short pause again, he continued: "Hm - but that's not all that seems and is great. We haven't talked about why we're here yet. Because without an interplay of fate, our history would have ended on the one hand with the Soviets in the Czech Republic and on the other hand with the good Brahmin in Punjab. «

"That would get us to the core," said Reimer excitedly. "So it is," Juncker said. "If we had previously thought that we had made a technical hoarding at point 103 that would have been unparalleled anywhere else, we were wrong. But not

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only that; there are other endeavors in the world that strive for great goals and are among the great secrets behind the scenes of the world stage. When we came here after the adventurous flight and caravan trip, it didn't take long to learn the background of the kidnapping. And I can only say: Powers are at work here, which try to fulfill old predictions and who try to win the services of usable people by all means. «

"I imagined something like that," said Gutmann indifferently. "The invitation to come here was made with all due vigor."

»Yes, you are looking for trainers, technicians and other staff. In addition, one very skillfully plays out the contrasts between the white nations, always leading the interests of one part against those of the other. In our case, it is the secret of our flying disks and our new weapons, which were no longer used in the war. And because there are a lot of connections in the general relationships, as is known to exist at point 103, it is hoped that, noting that, our tasks

will not only be coordinated with those in this area, but will also be useful in pretending to the underlying goals. «

"Probably the predictions hidden in the Potala at Lhasa ..." murmured Gutmann.

"That's the way it is! It's about the yellow empire that has no limits. «

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"And there are external and internal dangers," Gutmann thought of it. »What is immeasurable and without boundaries overflows and seeps away. Such a beginning also harbors the end. The natural laws of our earth are also a useful application of practical life ... «

»So far we have had a lot of freedom and little worry about any demands on us. There are secret powers here that are capable of far more than we Europeans might think. Not only an excellent intelligence service, but also the almost supernatural arts of the magic llamas predicted the arrival of white men. We actually owe a long period of contemplation to this foresighted knowledge of those initiated here, which nevertheless tore at our nerves. And we had neither the desire nor the ability to win the smiling calm of a Buddha. Well anyway, with your coming things will change here. How, - we'll find out in good time through the Ngön-kyi ! «

"Who is the Ngön-kyi?" Asked Frêne with undisguised tension.

Juncker put a warning finger on his lips. "Pst, not too loud!" Bending his head forward, he continued quietly: "Abbot Padma Dab-yang is a confidante of Mahasiddha Lugtog, whom we have never seen, despite our long presence here. It is also unknown to us where he is most of the time. On the other hand

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we know that there is a close connection between the two men. And both of them know a lot, a great deal! "Juncker's voice got a meaningful undertone:" Here threads of a secret empire spin that extend as far as India, Thailand, Afghanistan and across the Mongolian steppes and landscapes to the Chinese Sea. And the people of this secret empire are waiting for the opening of a great mystery; the coming of the Lord of the World, who, coming from Agarth, will show the new Great Khan the way for his people. In reality, they are initiates of a great plan who have resources at their disposal that deserve the greatest attention. «

"And this plan is -?" Asked Reimer in between, unable to curb his tension.

"A very dangerous one for the West," Juncker said harshly. »No more and no less than the yellow empire, which also leans on the Meru mountain, according to an old tradition. And this mountain Meru is somewhere around midnight ... «

"This is not all that surprising," Frêne said somewhat dryly. "The legends of the yellow empire have been haunting the brains of white people for some time. It would be all too natural that all these markets have a true core. The old seer of Paris, Nostradamus, was already predicting a new Mongol storm against Europe! "

»It is not a fair that has been around for decades

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Guiding fantasies, "Juncker warned the Frenchman. »It is the dynamic belief of a community of the Mongolian peoples that pushes for action and is very purposefully driven forward with a lot of patience and deliberation, only to find its highest fulfillment with a blazing fanal.«

"And the messengers of Mahasiddha Lugtog at point 103?" Asked Reimer.

"They are benevolent to us because, in their opinion, we have a common enemy that is easier

to defeat together. And you know all the subtle forces of the world here very well! "Juncker made a vague gesture." But all of these things somehow overlap and in the end we are alone. We must always keep that in mind and we must not be fooled! «

»Certainly the messengers of the Mahasiddha Lugtog were the commanders of a great man from the background of invisible world politics. A man who is trying to use the technical potential of our crumbling empire to increase his power, «added Gutmann, who was not new to everything. "One can only be surprised that the world-wide apparatus works so well and reliably."

"Why wonder if you could try it out?" Juncker asked, eyebrows raised. "No offense, dear friend, but in this country here every superfluous word is as much as a departure from the world of inner thoughts. Every word

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must have meaning and be the language of the spirit. "" That's very nice, "Gutmann remarked dryly," but

It can be seen from your words that you have been here for a long time and almost became a llama yourself. «

At first a cloud of displeasure passed over Juncker's forehead, but quickly his face and Gutmann's shoulders brightened, he said: "Not yet, my friend, not yet. But I admit that the bypass rubs off here. I almost think it was time you were brought here. Because sooner we could not think of somehow changing the situation on our own. «

"Change?" Repeated Reimer stretched. "How should it go on now?"

Juncker put his fingers over his mouth. "Pst, dear comrade. It is better not to talk about it now. In a few days you will find out for yourself why you shouldn't trust the tongue too much..." "There was a brief pause. The newcomers quickly realized



that their situation was hardly better than before. Their only advantage now was that they could share the experience they had gained from part of the group, that their fighting strength had also increased, but they also had to put up with a lot of disadvantages

to take.

Reimer interrupted the emerging mind games. In his downright carefree manner he asked: "How far does the influence of the Soviets currently go here?"

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Again it was Juncker who replied, "Not at all open. The Mahasiddha Lugtog stands against any infiltration in the Mongolian area, yes one works subversively against it in the Soviet-occupied Mongolian areas. I don't know anything about success. On the other hand, I know that the detour via the Panchen Lama is rummaging against the Dalai Lama . And there are lower-level lamas and friends of the Panchen lama, which are not inaccessible to certain enticements of soviet Soviet agents. And if I mentioned earlier that there are overlaps of inferior powers, I would just like to mention the example of the Khazars. I think Gutmann knows about that too?"

"Just go on," the latter said calmly.

"The Khazars are an Israelite tribe that infiltrated the Russian region via the Caucasus. As a whole, they disappeared into the vastness of Russia, but their work can still be felt in the dark. They did not westernize in assimilation, but breathed in the breath of Asia and called their hierarch as Cha-Khan or Kha-Ghan. And this great Khan of the Khazars remained a real-mythical figure. Word Kabbalistic he appears today in a name that belongs to the Soviet leadership. This is Kaganovich, whose Khazarian origin is known. There are now two khans claiming Asian rule. On the one hand, the tribal community of the Israeli Khazars, the

to go their own ways apart from the Zionist idea, but also to cling to the dream of world domination and to some extent consider communism as a supportive force, since in the Marxian sense it should be manageable for them; on the other hand, this is opposed by the great khans of the Mongols, who trust their old predictions and see their deadly enemies in the Khazars. «

"So the Amur is becoming a soft spot in Russia," Frêne said.

"Right," Juncker said. "But at the moment Moscow doesn't seem to be sufficiently clear about it."

"Maybe it is," Gutmami smiled. "Why does it reach into the Mongolian area as a precaution?"

"That might have been due to other considerations," Juncker said.

Gutmann said nothing. Recke got up and suggested that the conversation be terminated after the essentials had been communicated. There would still be enough time in the next few days to cultivate pronunciation and to subject the given circumstances to a more thorough examination.

Ortrun Weser and the newcomers also rose. After a mutual hearty handshake, they said goodbye for the first night under a common roof. It was a memorable day for everyone.

A few days passed. On the second day of the arrival of Gutmann and his companions, the whites still had

followed an invitation from the Ngön-kyi for lunch, then they had been left to their own devices. It seemed as if you didn't want to rush

anything on purpose and give the involuntary guests time to settle in, as some of the whites could already enjoy.

Once the Ngön-kyi Juncker and Gutmann had invited themselves to a bowl of butter tea and had half-secular, half-philosophical conversations with them. It was clearly recognizable that he also linked certain tests to his questions, nonetheless the conversation was extremely witty and almost enjoyable. In the views there were two different worlds, but this did not preclude multiple understandings. When the three men stopped chatting after almost three hours, the Ngön-kyi remained on his pillow with a gentle smile, while the two officers returned to their rooms, highly excited but not enriched by anything. They were therefore unable to satisfy the curiosity of the companions who remained behind.

One day the De-pinn, accompanied by some of his Mongols, rode away. The men sat on small, shaggy horses, which seemed to be a very tough breed and were undoubtedly very functional for the area. A few Mongols were still behind, including Boroldai. The latter, in particular, had an affection for the good-natured Reimer, which was in small parts

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Showed attentions that he showed to this and his companions. Reimer had given him a storm lighter for this and from then on he was very accessible to all small requests.

The Linz man had also asked Boroldai where the depon had gone. At first the Mongol didn't really want to speak the language, then he whispered in Linz's ear that the great Tayang Noyon had ridden into the valley of the Black Yurt to personally receive a message. When asked where this valley was, Boroldai could not or did not want to give any further details.

Reimer immediately reported this to his companions. But Juncker and Recke, who are already more familiar with the circumstances, had never heard of this valley and its meaning before. The common conjecture was that it had to be a higher Mongolian command post and that the designation was probably symbolic.

Frêne took the announcement of De-pön's departure with very sober considerations. He initially suggested a little walk together so that he could speak undisturbed on the way. He hinted that this would be an occasion to move away from the monastery to the Seven Lotus Flowers.

Juncker did not hide his skepticism for the moment, but agreed with the other companions. So it was after lunch that they left Gom-pa , followed by the prying eyes of the lamas.

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Within a certain radius, they were allowed to move freely from the Ngön-kyi right from the start. The valley of the monastery could be described as lovely by Tibetan standards, but beyond that the landscape was a barren karst area, fading into glaciers further away.

In this valley Juncker and Recke now led their companions to a small pulpit overgrown with green, which was clear all around, a good view. in the vicinity and which was not far from Gom-pa . The sunlit floor was slightly warmed and allowed for storage.

"So," Frêne began again, "the de-pön has been gone for a few days now. Actually, it would be a very good opportunity now... «

"Run away!" Reimer finished.

"Getting out of here," Recke mimicked, "it's not as easy as walking home from a soccer field. I'd rather go today than tomorrow, but there's no point in limping a few miles in five-pound trot and then staying somewhere in the wilderness.

The only possible direction is India. This is a very long way and we will be immediately looked for in this direction and can certainly be

intercepted. You would have to go not only with your legs, but also with your brain! «

»That this is not so easy is evident from the fact that the Ngön-kyi frees us in the area

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lets run around. So nature should have provided a good watchdog, «said Gutmann calmly.

"I think we have survived the improbable so far and have slipped through some tight meshes," Reimer said heatedly. "Why shouldn't we succeed this time?"

"With more luck than reason," growled Recke.

'How, that doesn't matter, old toad! If you only have something from both things, then it will go on again. Brake pads off and start the foot propeller, hey - so what's up? «

Juncker remained serious. "We are in a highly sensitive magnetic field of the secret realm, if you can put it that way. Here people and forces are at work who are not easy to outsmart and to whom few things remain hidden. I bet all the treasures that have been preserved to us against the fact that one will draw correct conclusions from today's walk. Namely the opportunity to have a palaver without disturbance. That is why I suggest, after a short but thorough preliminary planning, that in the next three or four days there will be nothing more that could confirm the correct conclusions. I would like to have said that at the beginning. As far as an attempt to escape is concerned, it would have to lead back to India, but in a roundabout way that we are hardly suspected. If we make a sweeping sweep across the north, we should have one

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Degree of probability can succeed against Kashmir to come out of this country and the area

of these powers again. At least from the immediate area. «

"And the provisioning in this deserted room?" Gutmann had immediately thought practically.

»That is probably the most difficult. There is not much of our menu that can be hoarded. Provisions for marching will be very sparse. "Juncker rocked his head slowly. "Somehow we would have to make a living from hunting. But we have no more ammunition for our M-Pi's . We can't hunt with spells ... «

"I want to see if there is anything to steal from the Mongols," said Reimer, showing some optimism. "Maybe my friend Boroldai can be tricked..."

"Which has been the best idea so far," Juncker said, with an appreciative smile. "Of course, you could try a lot in this direction without breaking a soup for the Mongol. Because the disciples are very strict! «

The conversation was terminated after less than half an hour. Nobody had known anything new to say and so the decision was made to go back to Gom-pa with an apparently carefree expression . In front of the gate, Reimer tried to tell some jokes to make the companions laugh innocently. But the llamas they met

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showed an impenetrable expression and did not pay attention to the mood shown.

The next morning the Ngön-kyi asked for Gutmann and Juncker. When they appeared at Padma Dab-yang 's house, she invited him back to sit and had butter tea served. The abbot suddenly asked for some forms of politeness, while his fingers busily ran the beads of the rosary through his hand: "Why do you think of leaving? Do you feel like going where your enemies have more power than here? "

The two officers tried to show a harmless and somewhat astonished expression. The Ngön-kyi, however, waved it away: »kon-tsog Zun zer mi run - God cannot tell a lie; I hear what the wind is whispering and it blew through the valley to me yesterday. "His eyes were now like glowing black pearls and dipped into the eyes of his counterpart.

The experienced Juncker took up the floor: "You are right and not, oh Abbot! It is correct and all too natural that we talked about our later return home yesterday, among other things. Why not? After a long or short flight, every bird is looking for its old nest again, every animal for its burrow or cave, why shouldn't people search for their home again after times when they have moved away from it? Such conversations are natural, they are by no means an escape from a given situation. If we leave here, we will only do it if Chenrezi's will! "

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"Chenrezi! ... "The Ngön-kyi muttered, the beads of the rosary clattered audibly. "Khon-tshog-gi san gópa med - God is the only and supreme ruler ..." He sat there for a few minutes, then his body straightened again, his expression showed the knowing cheerfulness of Buddha. With the full dignity of his rank, he said, "It is enough for today. Go! May Chenrezi keep you from all paths of temptation and be a light to your thinking. "His smile widened, but his eyes hardened:" Don't try the demons ... "

"The yidam I own, the patron god, is stronger than the demons." Juncker raised his hand with dignity. "We have no demons to fear, oh Ngön-kyi! And besides: isn't the Gom-pa to the Seven Lotus Blossoms holy enough to keep all demons away, even if you summon them? «

Padma Dab-yang gave his visitors a keen eye before answering. Then he said in a slightly singing tone: "There are demons everywhere, if you open their hearts and souls to them. Isn't the body a house of being, in which good and bad

spirits find a place? Remember that our Gompa is also a good yidam in whom you have found peace and security! «

"Peace and security - does that really still exist in this world?" Asked Gutmann. "Isn't the whole thing a bit strange, in connection with the events we know together?"

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"Turn your eyes inward and wait until you can hear Chenrezi's answer! Perhaps you will find a realm here that you can serve, like the lost one! «

"And that would be?" Asked Gutmann razor-sharp.

The Ngön-kyi hesitated a little. He was clearly considering whether the timing for openings was favorable. His hands pressed the rosary into a ball in the lap of the toga, the cheekbones tightened. "Don't you know that when we measure it by what you call a watch, it is the time that pushes us? Do not push the time because it is this that brings us closer to eternity... "Padma Dab-yang looked briefly through the window of the room into the vastness of the landscape. The mysterious sky of Tibet was reflected in his eyes. "Your empire that you served has been destroyed. You fell faster than anything that carries the sign of the fish and will fall. You have overcome the sign of the fish internally to be subject to it in the outer area because your leadership did not want to obey the laws of a rhythmic reorganization. Because ..."

"Because," Juncker suddenly interrupted, "the alliance of a society, a group, with the realm of your will, oh Dordsche-Lama, - oh Lama of power! - was broken by your secret societies! «

The Ngön-kyi started up and stared at the speaker with a surprised expression. "What do you mean, western lama?"

"Exactly as I said it," said Juncker, everyone

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Dropping formalities. "Didn't I express myself clearly enough?"

Padma Dab-yang leaned forward, his lips pressed together in a narrow line. "Are you more than what you say you are?"

»No, oh Ngön-kyi and Dordsche-Lama! I am not more than you know and what I have admitted. Nevertheless, I looked behind the curtain of events and can speak where it seems necessary to me. And it is of no use to you and us if we keep the cards of a big game hidden. «

"Go on!" Said the Ngön-kyi. "I have nothing more to add."

"Then I'll keep talking," said Padma Da-yang in a hard voice. "It is true, as you said, that there was an alliance with men who had power in your empire. They knew the Dzyan book, which shows the two sources of power of Eastern wisdom. The source of the material forces, the left hand, which are based in Shambala; in the above-ground city of violence and power ruled by a great king of fear. But it is also the seat of Shambala, which a part of the western secret brotherhoods and the lodges regard as a location, from where the promises and warnings of a master of the world come. This Shambala is a directional lamp of our will! Then there is the second source: Agartha, the inner lower realm, the realm of contemplation and its powers. There is also a lord and king of the world

who promises his rule. This will lead the good people against the bad at the right moment and he is in constant connection with Brahytma, with God. And that is the king to serve, who will establish our kingdom and rule the others. If you previously said, Lama from the West, that an alliance was broken, it was not a break, but the fault of the men in your empire who combined with the powers of Shambala, pure violence, and secretly opposed to their own way the other men of your empire were working. "Padma Dah-yang suddenly straightened up, his voice became hard

as metal:" And behind these forces that manifested themselves in Shambala is the Stalin-Dugaschvili Caucasian! He knew about everything, he knew the men of the circle in your empire and he played them his own cards as theirs. Stalin Dugaschvili had the support of the Lord of Fear and Violence against your empire! «

"And who were the forces that helped us in the war?" Asked Gutmann. "Wasn't it Tibetan circles in London that promoted exclusive circles in society, infiltrated them with middlemen, and set up their listening posts there? Hadn't that been the way to find out the most secret things from the British House of Commons meetings and send them to the German government within twenty-four hours? They could never be the same forces that promoted Stalin ?! "

The Ngön-kyi nodded slightly. 'You were helped and

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destroyed at the same time. The power of the right hand, the underground Agarthia, which has weighed you, has helped you. She left you when a group of men came into the hands of Shambala. One relied on a force instead of serving a synthesis instead of considering both forces according to the necessary circumstances. The source of the left hand is a good one when combined with the right hand. Whoever serves her alone is lost. Then the forces of violence turn against their servants as evil seeds instead of becoming an instrument of higher laws. «

Juncker and Gutmann hardly breathed. The inaugurations of the Abbot, a knowing Dordsche lama commissioned by the night, showed the terrible truth of the political mole work of powers that made the globe a game ball of their secret efforts beyond drawn borders. The invisible triumphed over the visible, controlled and controlled it.

"So our empire was really just the scene and the field of experimentation for higher aspirations, instead of coordinating the interests

of our empire and those in Tibet?" Asked Gutmann slowly.

"Didn't we say beforehand that you would be helped and later abandoned?" The Ngön-kyi was a little annoyed. »A lot was up to you and the leadership. With the fall of your empire, we have lost years of our endeavors. Today even Stalin's forces are turning against us and shadows are rising over Tibet. Isn't that reason enough to help us? "

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"First you left us, now we should help?" Asked Gutmann bitterly.

"We no longer decided on things," said the Ngön-kyi. "But know - it is an old promise that a great Khan will come back to the west and that a great empire will arise. The secret realm lives here in the vastness of Asia, the throne is the roof of the world and here it will come to life, appear visibly when the time of promise is fulfilled. And she is close, my white llamas from the west. It is close! «

"And ..." Juncker urged.

"And you should serve this rich man and it will be worth your help!" The Ngön-kyi loosened the rosary from the previously cramped handles and let some pearls run again. »Nub dewa tshen ... - the western paradise of great bliss will be attained when the light shines from the east and the grace of Chenrezi reaches the western ocean. Oh white lamas, the forces that stand in the way of our growing empire are the same forces that also hindered your growth, destroyed your empire. Powers that will destroy other things if we do not help the Great Khan to victory! «

"Why are you only telling us this now?" Juncker asked. "Recke and I have been in Gom-pa long enough to find out about it."

"Isn't it easier to bring things up all at once? We don't have ours

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far-reaching possibilities united your two groups? And haven't I said before that time shouldn't be pressed? ”

"You were looking for spirit and became spirit yourself," replied Juncker, alluding to the abbot's rank with a Tibetan formula. »Your eye is deep and also sees through us. It will tell you that your empire is not and cannot become our empire. What are you going to do if we ask for discharge after the base we came from? ”

"You can't go back there!" "Why not, oh Abbot?" Asked Gutmann.

»Because item 103 was resolved and everything was done to make hoarded material untraceable!«

"That can not be! ... «Juncker and Gutmann jumped up excitedly. "How do you know that, Padma Dab-yang?"

"Don't we always know everything?" The Ngön-kyi leaned back a little and smiled. As an expression to explain it, it looked like a grimace.

"And where did our men get to?" Juncker slowly sat down as he asked. Gutmann also sat down again.

"They are everywhere and nowhere," said the Ngön-kyi calmly. "It may be that your individual meets somewhere or not. They all have an order that you cannot know and that could no longer be sent to you. But be calm; You have clever men who took care of everything. ”

There was a pause for thoughtful silence. The officers tried to hide the shock that the Ngön-kyi had given them. If this message was true - and they had no doubt about it - they were now without any backing. If, until now, they were still somewhat superior and with a hint of optimism about all events, they strengthened the knowledge of a task, a duty. Last but not least, it was also the connection to a community that had to endure a great ordeal by hard fate and search

for new ways. A community that they were suddenly released from and that seemed to have forgotten. Though they could not have known more details, their secretly burgeoning allegations found no reasonable ground, but their insides were overflowing with bitterness and disappointment in a development that wanted to deprive them of any belief or goal.

The Ngön-kyi read the thoughts of the men sitting opposite him. »Tön kun doub pa - He who has accomplished all things - knows about the task of man in the time of a life and there is no stone without meaning on the way to be followed. Now go and look for the light that is able to illuminate your way. Go for today, white officers of a great people and report to those who came with you. Well ya yin - goodbye for today! «

The men rose slightly dazed. They thanked the Ngön-kyi for the kind greeting,

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bowed and left the abbot's room with somewhat clumsy steps to go to her room. They looked at each other in silence, guessing their most secret thoughts as to whether or not to convey the serious news to the companions. It was Juncker who, standing in front of their rooms, nodded his head in the affirmative. They pushed open the door, from which Reimer's bright voice came.

The entrants found their companions in a superficial conversation that stopped immediately. Somehow the faces of those who had returned seemed to betray the seriousness of a message, because after the conversation had been terminated, Recke immediately moved sideways from the bed surface used as a seat to make room.

Juncker reported. He spoke calmly, without being interrupted by the audience. He described the situation and did not hide the seriousness they were now to face. The loss of their support and the lack of any connection to the new circumstances forced them to plan completely

independently, which gave them many options to consider.

Gutmann, the only one who interrupted the conversation after a while, expressed the opinion that a remaining command could still be hidden, but he himself doubted whether it would be possible to establish a connection with it. He also based his assumption on the fact that a resistance and observation group

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should have remained against the advance of those groups from the Zion realm that could not be too weak. But he admitted that further considerations would be idle and that for the time being one would be completely in the dark.

The girl remained the calmest. She didn't know most things and was less touched by it. Their domination created a generally calming atmosphere and forced the men to look together for factual considerations first, rather than swear and scold soldierily. They all agreed to refuse any service in this secret domain. It was unanimously clear to them that this would create new difficulties in the long run and could challenge measures that would later hinder all escape options. So they could make no other decision than to gain time to prepare an escape with the prospect of success. Until then, all diplomatic arts would have to avoid the demands of this Tibetan-Mongolian power. It was also unanimously clear to them that one had to act with extreme caution, because their last experiences on the excursion indicated not only a psychoanalysis on the part of the Ngön-kyi, but also the mysterious abilities of the Gyud-Lamas, to whom the experienced Padma Dab-yang with his other ranks as Abbot and Dordsche-Lama counted. It was known to men that the magic llamas had the most unlikely arts.

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After this basic agreement, Gutmann ordered an end of the conversation for that day. He based his proposal on the fact that any further discussion would only lead to a confusion in the mind, which could deviate from the practical findings and results and could endanger them. An objection that nobody could ignore.

Tibetan life was timeless, almost dull. This particularly affected the daily routine in Gom-pa. Days and weeks trickled away; Sun and moon, day and night, were the visible signs of a migration through time, which were hardly felt, hardly noticed. For the Tibetan monks, everything was a test according to the laws of Buddha, a step-ladder in order to be able to get out of the cycle and get into Nirvana. This monastic, timeless mood also rubbed off a little on the small Mongolian group, which at least externally submitted to the monotonous daily routine with impenetrable expressions.

For the European people, after a short settling into the conditions imposed on them, the whole thing meant a strange mixture of nervous calm and restlessness at the same time. These alternating opposites brought about a switch to an increasingly impending deliberation, which was calm on the outside, but which stimulated thinking and reflection all the more sharply.

In this state, the officers kidnapped from the Czech region and the girl were ahead of their companions. Nevertheless, all of them made no difference in the logical implications of a knowledge that was not only confirmed in the explanations of the Ngön-kyi , but also further references. The great secret empire of Asia, enlivened by an old promise and harboring dangers for future developments, now showed forces that had previously been largely

overlooked and it was precisely those who had decisively worked against their own great game. The ongoing shifts on the back stage of world events, the changing fronts of the supranational forces behind the scenes in the race for the primacy of the power positions, their alternating interplay or trumps, all of this required the use of many forces from the varied game of human societies and peoples.

The white men in Gompa to the Seven Lotus Blossoms were also clear about this. After the sober dismantling of all illusions, they had the naked statement that their own platform currently had no potency and that they were only intended to be objects of wear and tear serving foreign interests at the moment. And there was no need for an argument to unanimously draw the only conclusion: escape from the area of the secret empire.

This decision was always there. New against it

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were the prerequisites that enabled them to become fully independent and, on the other hand, lack a set goal. Juncker and Gutmann therefore gave in to the urge of the other companions to return to their home country regardless of the internal circumstances. The previous support bases, which were touched by the Gutmann group, could not help finding a connection to the base parts of 103 either. It did not seem advisable to all of them to go into the dependency of other positions.

So it happened that in the course of a few days and with extreme care, an escape plan was drawn up. The Ngön-kyi has been cautious since its opening and it seemed that nothing was going to happen until the Mongolian De-pön could not return.

At the same time, Reimer met a Gyud lama in Gom-pa. This magical llama lived very secluded



and was rarely seen. He was ancient and very different in appearance from the other Black Cow monks. When Reimer spoke to him, the llama had only looked at the officer closely and had gone on without a word.

Two days later, however, it was he who visited Reimer in his room and found him alone. "Tschag peb tsu nan," said the llama. and took a seat on the seat cushion laid down by the officer. »Ne Idan-la dug! ... «

"I don't understand Tibetan," Reimer said.

"Sit by my side," said the llama suddenly

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in good English, repeating his Tibetan request.

The Linz man followed the guest's gesture.

The llama passed a few minutes before speaking again. "You white men come from far away."

"So it is," the Linz man nodded.

The Gyud Lama smiled. "The light on the highest throne is not hidden. Your hearts are not with us. «

Reimer nodded again. He looked at the lama more closely and found that he himself looked different from the other monks of this gom-pa. A bit hesitating, he also asked: "You are not from here yourself, oh lama?"

The monk chuckled cautiously. "I'm from the country of Hind and I'm not a Mongol." He waved a hand. "The Mongols are still the steppe wolves. They and the ruch of the earth are still too one to find themselves out of the cycle for higher ordination and thus for salvation. But I belong to a caste that cultivates age-old cultural traditions. That is why I am sympathetic to you white Sahibs. "His wrinkled mouth stretched slightly, the lines in his eyes deepened. "Do you have a wish?"

Reimer thought quickly. Should he dare to hint at the old man about the plans and ask for his help? - Couldn't the visit also be a trap?

"You are careful, my son," grunted the llama. As

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when he had read all thoughts, he continued: »I am not an envoy to Ngön-kyi. And I have no part in the threads spun by this monastery on one side with the Dalai Lama and on the other side to the Hutukhtu in Urga. I also have no part in the plans for a great secular empire, since everything in the being of non-being is transient. The whole world is non-being, deception and illusion. Body and mind, all forms of appearance and images are Maya, non-being and everything felt comes from Avidja, ignorance. Whoever does not recognize the Maya will never find the eternal Atman Brâhman. " The Gyud-Lama moved his eyes as if they were following invisible thoughts that were floating in space. "Your world, white sahibs, is a different world than the one in Buddha's rest. But you are also looking for Devyâna, the way of the gods; your light comes from the Midnight Mountain, where you come from and where you have to go again. And because that is your destiny, you cannot be part of Buddha's peace and Asia's steppe storms. «

"So it is," Reimer said softly.

"And no different," said the Gyud Lama. »I am well disposed to you, Sahib! - You and your companions. Didn't you have the help of Brahmins in the country of Hind and in the north, in Punjab? "

"You know that, Lama?"

The Gyud Lama grunted again . "There are few things in Gom-pa that are hidden from me!"

"And -?" Reimer looked at the old man intently.

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"For the sake of the Brahmins, I want to help you. You are my brothers beyond the Himalayas.

And I know your thoughts as well as the Ngön-kyi knows them! «

"The Ngön-kyi?" Reimer couldn't hide his dismay.

"The Ngön-kyi Padma Dab-yang thinks you are safe here. In addition, the deponer will come back in the next few days and you will probably be taken away with it. «

"Then it will be too late if we wait to escape!"

»Ma - no! On the contrary: you will be closer to freedom! «

"Once we are under the control of the De-pön , we have armed Mongols around us, against whom we are defenseless and who will take care of us like lynxes!"

A cunning expression appeared on the wrinkled face of the Gyud-Lama. »And yet this is your only chance! You won't get far from here without a guide. It is a rough and wild country all around, accessible only by a few paths and a few passes. You are lost and handed over here alone. "The Adam's apple, which jumped out of the old man's skinny neck, hopped up and down, his narrow mouth twisted wide. It was an almost silent laugh that gave the llama a grotesque grimace. "Before I leave, I will give you a means that will help you escape. I'm not

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a gyud lama hehe? ... «

"Can you let us fly through the air, oh lama?"

"No, Sahib. But I will find out which paths you will go. And then you will find a sign from where you must take action. With my means! - hehehe..." He chuckled and grunted again.

'And the Ngön-kyi? He will see through us, read our thoughts! «

The Gyud Lama held up a thin hand. "Be calm, white men and the white girl with you. You can speak undisturbed in your room. As of today, I

will create a barrier around your small area that the Ngön-kyi and his confidants cannot break. «

"How can you do that?" Asked Reimer, more than astonished.

The Gyud Lama became almost angry. 'Didn't I say I'm a magic llama? You should know that even the Ngön-kyi fear me. Did I usually live my own life here so independently? Wait, Sahib, and you will see!' The llama remained silent and introspective for a few minutes. The Linz dare not disturb the old man. The lama's self-assurance confused him somewhat.

Suddenly the llama struggled up. Reimer jumped up to help him, which he acknowledged with a thankful smile. "Ka-le phe!" Greeted the old man with a hint of bow.

Reimer made a deep bow. The Gyud

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Lama put his thin, right bone hand on the head of the Linzer. "May you be closer to your fulfillment than the Shambala of the Gobi. Reflect on yourself and your power pole, which lies somewhere in the dark north. Again Ka-le phe! "

When Gutmann entered the room with Juncker a while later, they found Reimer sitting on the bed thoughtfully.

"Hey, captive freak?" Asked Gutmann.

The Linz man shook his head. With a serious expression, he told of the visit of the lama and his promise of help. The return of the Mongolian officer, which was soon to be expected, also gave them the certainty that the monotony of the day would bring changes. So the three men immediately agreed that they had no choice but to thrive and ruin the promise of help of the Gyud-Lama ,

Juncker, who had been living in Gom-pa for some time and had studied something about the Tibetan mentality, saw the visit to the Gyud-Lama as confirmation that opinions clashed here as everywhere else. If they could now make a profit from contradictions in the

monastery, this was indeed their great and at the same time only hope.

When the Council meeting took place on the same evening, trusting the Gyud-Lama's promise to protect her from the spying of the Ngön-kyi in a way that seemed unlikely , the previous decisions were changed to it depends on the help and advice of the lama

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allow. Until then, they wanted to try to keep all of their marching baggage in order. Reimer also wanted to outwit Boroldai, where they could find at least part of their pistol ammunition. But the companions were very skeptical.

During the night, the moon ball hung huge in the sky, horse hooves clattered over the stony path that led to Gom-pa . Frêne was the quickest to open the window, from where the serpentines were clearly visible. He couldn't suppress a half-loud exclamation: "Milles tonneres, les mongoles! ... «

The riders had already reached the gate, the rattling of the mounts gave way to a paw, a horse whinnied impatiently, scenting the stable and feed. In the bright night, the area in front of the gate was enveloped in a magical white light, the tall figure of the depon who rode at the head of the train was easy to see. After a few short calls, the big gate opened with an ugly screeching of the hinges, the riders, about a dozen in number, dismounted and disappeared with the animals by the reins into the interior of the large monastery building.

"Now we got the colonel and his crew to our necks faster than we expected," Reimer said to his two companions. "The guys seem to be in a hurry to come dancing in the middle of the night."

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Frêne returned to his bed. "Now the magic lama has very quickly fulfilled his prophecy of the return of the deponer ." Frêne's tone was slightly mocking. "Now I would be really curious to see what the next few days bring. If you take us away from this gom-pa now , the old night owl is right about fortune telling. But it may as well be that one has other thoughts than to deal with us. «

"It will turn out tomorrow," replied Gutmann dryly. "For my part, I tend to believe the words of the Lama."

The Linz man went to the window and looked out into the bright night. He looked at the moonlit square, where the protruding shadows of the Gom-pa formed dark, blue-violet areas with hard contours of the roof edges. Two shadow figures wandered along these contours, looking like dwarf poplars. Two monks from Gom-pa who took night walks on the roof. Or should the Ngön-kyi and the De-pön become addicted to the moon? Reimer smiled quietly to himself. Ernst mated with humor.

The nightly surprise had robbed the men of their sleep. Juncker and Recke also came half an hour to discuss the event. That night bore secrets that were still hidden from them.

It was understandable that the men felt slightly overwrought and tired in the morning. Breakfast was pretty quiet. It almost seemed as if they felt

that there were more surprises ahead.

It was just this day that the men were driven to go for a morning walk with the girl. A short walk through the nearby landscape should help them get rid of the somewhat oppressive feelings of the past night. If the Ngön-kyi already had wishes to speak to them early this time, they would find out soon enough.

They left their rooms as a closed group and climbed down the creaking stairs. Some of the lamas they met greeted in silence, without paying attention. Gutmann and Juncker were the first to

step into the wide corridor and walk towards the gate opening. The unobstructed view was disturbed by the presence of two Mongols who were dangling from the gate pillars with submachine guns dangling from their chests. As the whites approached the exit, the gunmen tightened and held a gesture of stopping at night.

"Ksüi!"

"What does the guy sing?" Asked Reimer angrily from the background.

"As far as I've gotten from this gibberish, that means 'Halt!'" Juncker said. "No doubt this post was raised here in our honor!"

"So there is thick air now," Gutmann said grumpily. "Then back up to the room. You can't blow against the wind ... «

The Mongols grinned slightly and chattered incomprehensibly. Her expressions were good-natured and

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almost regretted to have to hinder the whites in their wishes.

Frêne made no secret of his anger. »I suggest, mes camarades, we grab the bull by the horns! That's the saying in Germany, isn't it? If comrades Juncker and Gutmann immediately went to Ngön-kyi as spokesmen for us , then we would have just the right mood to be able to express our sudden restriction of the previously granted, limited freedoms with emphatic protest. Allons nous? »

"Right!" Reimer agreed with the Carcassner. "Go to the cowl pope and make him hot!"

After a few words, the men agreed to follow Frêne's suggestion. A personal interview with the Ngön-kyi offered them advantages in terms of negotiation. It was better to surprise him than to be fetched to take instructions.

"If a hell is to be made hot, then we should be the ones to suffer first," Recke grumbled his opinion of Reimer. "Let's not forget that we're

completely in our hands here. No rooster crows after our disappearance. «

Leaving the Mongols denying the exit, Juncker and Gutmann now went to Ngön-kyi. The rest went back to their rooms, waiting to see what happened.

"Ksüi!" - Another stop command blocked access

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to Ngön-kyi. A Mongol, this time without a visible weapon and a lower-ranking llama, were posted in front of the abbot's room and prevented access to the uninited. It was the first time that Juncker, who lived here months before Gutmann, found such a situation. So far, the Gom-pa had been a monastic site of peace, in which an abbot mixed up his political cards as anywhere else in the Tibetan monasteries. Beyond that, however, there were no military demonstrations and even the Mongols, who had been here for a long time, had behaved inconspicuously and respected the site of Buddhist edification through restraint.

Juncker turned to the monk: "Report us, oh Lama, we want to speak to Abbot Dab-yang !"

The black cow monk understood and nodded. After a brief sign of communication with the Mongolian, he shuffled away to convey the white man's request to Ngön-kyi .

"Is there someone at the abbot?" Juncker asked the Mongolian. He was certain that at least the deponer was with Padma Dab-yang .

"Bi medekse-güi," said the Mongol. He made a gesture of total ignorance.

"What did the man say?" Asked Gutmann.

"He doesn't know anything," repeated Juncker. »I already know this stereotypical Mongolian sentence because I have always received the same answer to many previous questions. These people are all in command, none

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To provide information. Reimer's friend Boroldai seems to be a little exception. «

The Mongolian guard could not hide a gesture of attention when he took the name Boroldai out of the incomprehensible sentences of a European language. Juncker noticed this too and bit his lip angrily. He said to Gutmann: "The guys take care like lynxes!"

Now the llama came, back again and bowed to the two officers. "His Holiness the Ngön-kyi awaits his guests!"

He went submissively to the door of Padma Dab-yang's lounge, where another lama was already waiting and with an inviting gesture cleared the way into the interior of the room.

Juncker and Gutmann entered. Her first glance fell on the abbot, who was sitting on his lower seat with his legs crossed and this time solemnly wearing his high cap and the signs of his rank. As expected, the De-pön sat on his left, to his right a small, stocky Mongol, also in a uniform skirt like the De-pön and wearing the same horse on the collar, but in silver. Next to the De-pön was a sound llama that had previously been little seen. This tonal lama was not very popular in Gom-pa because of its austerity and the monks were happy to avoid it. As a Ton Lama, he was considered a spiritual guide and master, who, like a Gyud Lama, had magical abilities. He was one of the closest confidants of the Ngön-kyi.

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The Asian sat with their inscrutability, their eyes on the entrants. It almost looked as if the assembly had met for the reception of the two white officers, because two seat cushions had already been prepared opposite the Ngön-kyi. The inevitable bowls of butter tea stood on the low table in the middle of the seating area.

A hand movement of the Ngön-kyi invited to sit. The Ton Lama and the two Mongol leaders greeted cautiously in silence. The atmosphere of the room was oppressive. Fine swaths of a volatilizing, fragrant resin slowly warped.

"Our desires meet," Padma Dah-yang began the conversation after a few minutes of contemplation. "Your stay in Gom-pa at the Seven Lotus Blossoms opened up Chenrezi's grace to be able to send your thoughts on trips ..." He paused for a moment, smiling at the same time as the Ton Lama . A slight twitch in the corner of his mouth suggested a trace of irony. "So our thoughts came as messengers and crossed. You would become good chelas of a master lama if you wanted to enter the Sotapama, the stream of great search. "

Juncker and Gutmann were silent. The Ngön-kyi was a fox and cleverly defused the accused allegations. With his tactics, he took the strings of the conversation and forced the two officers to change their attitudes.

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"It is not unknown to you that De-pön Tayang Noyon returned last night," continued the Ngön-kyi . "He brought news that affects you too." The abbot's eyes searched intensely for the emotions of those addressed.

"This makes happy. us, "Juncker parried with mock equanimity. "We sincerely hope that the hospitality of this gom-pa wo n't have to be taken forever."

"Dzá, dzá!" The foreign Mongol officer barked in between. He shrugged a little as he caught a sullen, almost referring look from the deponer .

The Ngön-kyi himself nodded. »Buddha is great goodness and we all live in Buddha. So our Gom-pa is a resting place on the long way, which should lead us to Chenrezi's grace. Doesn't it suit us to please everyone who lives in the realm of this peace? «

"Do you call peace, oh holiness, when the entrance and exit of Chenrezi's construction site are blocked with weapons?" Junker's voice was hard. »Is Ksüi! the word Chenrezi uses to obscure people's thinking in a gom-pa ? "

The faces of the Asians were like masks. The Ngönkiyi ran his fingers playfully over the Dordje lying on his lap, the finely crafted Thunderbolt scepter. »Some unsearchable things move and

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drives us. Isn't there reason that allows us to recognize everything that has happened as fate, which we have to consider as a test for later salvation? Have you forgotten that worse enemies have been snatched from your hands and do you now see the hands of the rescuers as a threat? Didn't I already say that you were chosen to serve the coming great empire and that you can help fight our common enemies? »

»How can we assess where there are common interests? Have we not been denied access to the apocryphal scriptures in the Potala before? You hide things that no white person from the West can know. How can we lend our hand if an impact is aimed at ourselves? «

The abbot leaned forward: "You see neither light nor shadow? Don't you know what the Urusuki, the Russians, did to your country? How your country was tortured, desecrated and pounded in the East? You don't know it yet or not enough. Do you want to wait until the dark Georgian has his claws everywhere? »

"Ah, you're afraid of the Soviets now," Juncker said coolly. "It is too late now to take away the power that has been blindly given to them in recent years."

"You're wrong," the Ngön-kyi said . "Didn't we prove to you that we got you out of the animal's throat? Aren't there peoples from the east among the soldiers of the great country Urusu and thus a danger to it itself? Don't sit the secret

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Leader of the Khazars around the dark Georgian Dugaschvili, jealous of their own, subtle goals? Didn't the Urusuki build a termite state that they gnaw on themselves? See, the animal with the many claws will soon reach Böd-yul, Tibet, and will try to subdue the remaining, still free Mongolia. The Khazars also know about our prophecies and want to rule Shambala with the Gobi. It almost seems that the great king of fear and terror is already sitting in the Kremlin anyway! «

"It almost looks like this," Gutmann murmured sarcastically. "So what should we do now?"

The Ngön-kyi breathed deeply. "The great Khan will receive you and give you instructions. You will leave with the Mongols tomorrow and be taken to the Black Yurt Valley. I can't tell you more here. Everything else is up to the Great Khan! «

"So it is!" The deponer nodded.

"And do you really think you can run against the animal in the Kremlin?" Juncker asked.

Now it was the Ton Lama, who said with a half-distant look but a sluggish tone: "Some water will gush from the spring caves of our mountains, wind through the narrow gorges and valleys, come to the great ocean waters and marry with them before change will happen. The black Georgian will die a mysterious death and this death will

entrain many people from his surroundings. At this point, our country will briefly become foreign, and Gyana, which is China, will suffer from the red color and send its soldiers to us, but the Gyami, the Chinese, will slowly lose ground again. The red ruler will hit a silk pillow with a flat hand and stab himself without finding the needles. Our magical weapons will paralyze and hinder the intruders' thinking and resolutions, slowly forcing them to give in.

That will make the big building with the onion domes think. The Kremlin will also have to be ready for a major test of power with Western power, which limits the pressure for great rule. And while the two great forces balance each other on the world stage, our empire grows and becomes ready for the coming hour, for the hour of the Great Khan, as it says in the promises and writings of the Potala! «

"Who we don't know," Juncker repeated the objection raised earlier. "Do we have a choice?"

"What do you mean?" The Ngön-kyi raised his eyebrows and winked.

"Do we have a choice between the path to the Great Khan and the path that leads to our homeland?"

The two Mongols slid somewhat impatiently in their seats. Padma Dab-yang hesitated briefly, then said, "Yes, you have a choice: you can go with them tomorrow

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Mongols ride to the Great Khan or we transfer you to the Russian border. Then when you get home ... «

The two officers pressed their lips together. With deliberate arrogance, sitting upright as a candle, Juncker gave his position: "Don't think, O Ngönkiyi, that you could frighten us if you take us to the Soviet-Urusu border. We were soldiers for almost five years, don't forget that! Nevertheless, I ask you to take a leave of absence now so that we can speak to our companions. We'll let you know in two hours!" Juncker straightened up with a somewhat angular movement, Gutmann following his example. "Buddha's blessings rest on your Gompa, oh Abbot, which may always remain a place of hospitality and freedom, as Boddhisattva Amithaba commanded people for the low time of their life according to your belief!" slinky. He bowed slightly and stuck his tongue out

according to Tibetan custom. The Asians remained with stunned faces when the officers left the room taut.

Juncker and Gutmann reported to their small community.

"We can be as smart as the yellow ones," Frêne said firmly. "We have no choice but to bow to the invitation to the Great Khan, as that secret prince or Trabant is called. And

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it is just the only possibility that our Gyud Lama spoke of. «

"Where can you find this Gyud-Lama in this Gom-pa ?" Asked Gutmann.

"It will be difficult to find," said Recke. »There are a number of monastery cells that are located in parts of the building that we do not know. And a survey afterwards is definitely not advisable! «

"I think so too," Juncker said. "So what to do?"

Reimer scratched his head. "Wait," said Recke.

"If this magic llama

in fact that's what he seems to be, then he'll be floating in like a ghost at the right time. "

The men had no choice but to leave the rest to chance and to trust the weak hope that was emerging. This time it was the girl who calmly looked forward to the things to come and fit in bravely. Recke took it, the only possible resolution to be ready for the next day to deliver the Ngön-kyi .

The small group broke apart and spread out over the rooms assigned to them. Now alone with Gutmann and Frêne, the Linz man used the calm that had come to collect his thoughts.

It was slowly getting dark outside. In the clear and pure air of the highlands, the sky seemed to hang lower and the still pale stars slowly recognized the series of images of the northern astronomy.

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The Linz man stepped into the hall in front of the room and clapped his hands to call a servant Trapa. A stubborn monk came up a little grumpy. 'La-yö - yes, sir? ... «

"I want the Mongols Boroldai," said Reimer.

"No english," said the Trapa. »Kake rik-pa - nothing understand ..."

"Boroldai!" Repeated Reimer insistentlly. The Trapa stared stupidly.

Reimer figuratively tried to explain to the man with a myriad of explanatory gestures that he meant a Mongolian. Again he urged the name Boroldai. The Trapa shrugged indefinitely and left. Reimer didn't know whether he had been understood or not. In fact, after half an hour, Boroldai came to Reimer's room. "You made me call!"

"Yes," said Reimer. "I have to talk to you!" The Mongol looked at the officer questioningly.

'I have a present for you, Boroldai! Do you want my beautiful compass? "

Boroldai looked at the Linz man suspiciously. "Why do you want to do this?"

'You have been kind to us. I want to give you a souvenir, because tomorrow we'll all be riding the De-pön to the Great Khan. "

Boroldai ducked his head when he heard the Great Khan called. In defense, he held out his hands. »I cannot and will not accept a gift! I ask you

but again: why do you want to separate yourself from a necessary or beautiful object that means more to you than me. What should I do with a compass? Don't we have the sun by day and the stars by night? Our peoples have always found their way with certainty! «

The Linz man made an unfortunate movement. 'I'm sorry, Boroldai. I would have liked to give

you pleasure so that I could make a wish myself.

«

"What do you want?"

If Reimer had thought that his hesitation would make the Mongolians curious, he had been wrong. Boroldai stood there waiting calmly until Reimer decided to continue talking. 'It's hard for me to tell you, Boroldai! I told you we were going to ride tomorrow. I had been dreaming for days that a trip was imminent that could also bring me bad luck. Again and again I experience a giant wolf that attacks me and wants to tear it up. I always see myself facing this animal empty-handed and I almost believe in the fulfillment of this excruciating dream image. «

The Mongol nodded very seriously. »Dreams are good warners. You have to take care!"

Reimer pushed around. »Your advice is simple. He's not helping! «

"What should I do about it?"

'You can do a lot, Boroldai! - Very much! ... «» Speak! «

'Boroldai! Get me the ammunition secretly

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my pistol! «

The Mongol froze. Almost in a whisper, he said: "I can't do that! Do you know what you're asking?"

»

"Is it that bad? I can't do anything against you. I just want to be able to protect myself. My dream ..."

"I don't know ..." The Mongol hesitated, swayed. "Don't you want the compass?"

"No!"

"Do you have another wish?"

Reluctance again. The Mongol thought, undecided. 'If you want to give me a keepsake - give me one of your beautiful coins. One with a mighty eagle on it. These coins are beautiful and the strong bird will always remind me of your brave people. «

The Linz man took his purse out of his pocket and took an already invalid five-mark coin from



it. He gave it to the Mongolian who took the coin and examined it closely. With a big smile, he put it in a hidden pocket inside the skirt. Quickly getting serious again, he then said, "I don't want to promise you anything, Sahib. Let me think if I can do that. You still hear from me ... «

When the door closed behind the man, Gutmann and Frêne did not hide their skepticism. They approved of Reimer's attempt to do what was possible for their situation, but at the same time expressed their fear that it could not be excluded

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can alarm the Mongols through this wish. If Boroldai had a strong sense of duty, he would have to be at the depo to report it.

There was another surprise this evening. It was now very dark and the three men had refrained from lighting the small lamp. The full moon rounded up again and lent its light to the rooms facing it. A slightly elegiac mood was interrupted by a fine pounding, which was almost like scratching.

Frêne, who was closest to the door, opened. He saw a dark figure in front of him, which grunted and tried to squeeze past him. It was the old Gyud Lama who came to visit Reimer. The Carcassonner and Gutmann had grasped this immediately and kept a little in the background.

The monk tripped to the middle of the room and refused to sit. With his skinny right hand he made a vague greeting. His little mouse eyes scanned the three men, then he smiled at Linz with his almost toothless mouth. His face looked like a perch mask in the bluish pale moon.

Reimer could hardly curb his curiosity. His face was also fully turned to the moonlight and an open book for the Gyud Lama .

"Re zig sdod - wait a little ..." The magic llama fiddled a little awkwardly from under the cowl, weighing it carefully in his upward

swept palm and then suddenly gave it to Linz. "Tuwa dug - smoke poison," he whispered, grinning. "Take! Hide it well. It can help you." His hand trembled slightly as he dropped the package into Reimer's hand.

Gutmann and the Carcassonner also came closer. The old man turned to the door. "At night," he said a little, "when everyone is asleep ... you have to throw the sack into the night fire without the guard noticing. Hehe, pay attention! Search for your sleeping places so that the wind drives the smoke away from you. And make sure you have wet cloths under your nose. Away from the fire." The llama paused to listen to whether everything was quiet in the hallway. Then he went on: "If the guard struggles with tiredness or if he falls, you will know what to do. You're men, aren't you? Hehehe. Then you have to go to Gyakar, - to India - as soon as possible, but be very careful on the way. Be careful! ... «

Another short pause. "So," he nodded contentedly, "may the Great Light illuminate your path and pour grace upon you! I know that you were torn from my brothers' hands. If I help you now, I will do it for your sake. Here I am closer to the purity of the lotus, but sometimes my soul still travels back to where the sun gives the country abundant fertility. - Ga-le, farewell! - «

He left the room very quickly. As quickly, as mysteriously as he came, he disappeared again.

If Reimer hadn't felt the little package in the palm of his hand, his companions wouldn't have it in front of their eyes, they would all have been tempted to deceive.

"Eh bien," Frêne said first. "Maybe there really is something about this magic tool. Keep it safe, Reimer, as the old man advised. The instructions for use are pretty simple and you don't need a printed novel to do so... «

"Wind, water, and careless items by the fire ... that's a lot of things that have to come together ..." growled Gutmann. "Usually such expectations are not fulfilled."

"Are you kinking again?" Reimer was openly angry. "No," Gutmann said. 'But I want it to think about whether you should only bet all your chances on a card that doesn't necessarily have to be a trump card! "He rubbed his forehead as if he could use it to dispel excruciating headaches. 'So - and let's use this last night in this Gom-pa with the Seven Lotus Blossoms for a good night's rest. Unless there are other surprises. Good night, comrades! ... «

After midnight Reimer also went to bed. Boroldai hadn't shown up.

## THE WAY LEADS ANYWHERE

In order to protect yourself from  
mistakes that body, word and  
spirit can commit, vigilance  
must not diminish. (Tibetan  
saying by Tagpo Lhadje)

A cold wind started the morning. The white people hadn't rested for long. The Trapa came at the same time as usual that morning to bring the Tsalma breakfast . He already met the men and the girl ready to travel.

"We've become real gypsies," Reimer whined as he sipped the tsalma. »It is a steady leap on - march - march! And the parade ground is the

whole globe. If we run into fine-bodied geishas, pointed-toothed islanders from the South Pacific and any Indians adorned with parrot feathers, we have slipped all over the world. «

"Then you can get ready for the next stage," joked Recke.

"Where else?" "To Mars!"

"For..." Reimer swallowed and looked meaningfully at it. Ortrun Weser pretended not to understand anything, the others smiled.

The men and the girl sat for an hour

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after the morning snack together in one room. They expected to be woken up very early to have a full day of travel ahead of them. This division was inevitably a consequence of the large, deserted Tibetan area and the great distances between the monasteries and small settlements. When a trapa came and politely invited the guests to the Ngön-kyi , things seemed to be flowing .

"So leave your luggage here," Juncker decided. "I would suggest that Ortrun and Reimer be left behind. We have to be very careful now! "

"That's right!" Gutmann immediately agreed. "When the Ngön-kyi asks -?"

"We'll make a difference," Recke decided.

The four men who were to visit the abbot immediately went to the Ngön-kyi . They found Padma Dab-yang and the Mongolian Noyon alone. The Mongolian officer with the silver horse on the collar patch and the tonal llama were missing. Accordingly, all decisions had already been made and the visit was only a formal farewell. The Ngön-kyi sat there as usual in his simple black cowl, without the insignia of dignity he had displayed the previous day.

"It was your wish, O Dordsche-Lama and Ngönkyi, to see us again!" Said Juncker, speaking at the same time for his companions.

Instead of the thunderbolt scepter, the abbot again had the rosary in his hands. The carved

rattled softly. "Isn't it my duty to offer the guests of St. Gom-pa the greeting of divorce?"

»We thank you, O Ngön-kyi, for your care and hospitality. Chenrezi, Ahamstehed mykempa, the omniscient, will credit the good deeds in the book of the great court to those who have fulfilled his laws, «Juncker replied.

Padma Dab-Yang smiled in satisfaction. »You know the thousand names of eternal light! Chang choub semspas

- as we call the Boddhisatva, will follow your ways with pleasure. Didn't he enlighten you yesterday and that. pointed the right way? «

"The steering of the Amithaba is unsearchable," Juncker said. "We're supposed to travel today? Does it stay that way? «

"We're riding for lunch," said De-pön Tayang Noyon. »The first day of our trip shouldn't be too exhausting. Besides, don't you want to leave the girl in the care of the Gom-pa ? «

"No," Juncker said with certainty. "The girl has to stay with us!"

"We have to ride far because we can't get a plane this time. The surrounding area is also very unfavorable. It is actually impossible to find a landing site. The short approach routes also have their pitfalls. Hole holes, stones and what else is there. "Well, as you like," he concluded indifferently.

"Your plane did a marvelous job in the sand of the Panjnad," Gutmann said. "It

lands and takes off almost like the Fieseler storks. «

The depon didn't answer. The Ngön-kyi continued in his stead : "Yesterday evening the Ton- Lama asked the oracle to find out about the

near future. A stronger power has prevented him from seeing. The llama is very sick and exhausted today. I assume that fate holds the veil because it has meaning. So I can't give you any advice, just good wishes! «

“Thanks again, o Padma Dab-yang! Blessings to you and Gom-pa! «

The men turned to go when she paused for a cry from the deponer . "I brought something for the Sahib Reimer!" He reached into the breast pocket of his uniform skirt and took out a small silk packet. »There - take it! Greetings ... «

Juncker received the package. It was small, not particularly heavy and had a little space in the fist. He looked at the De-pön , but Tayang Noyon looked past him indifferently and spoke softly Mongolian to the abbot. The men had no choice but to go.

On the way to the living quarters, Gutmann pushed to Juncker. “When we came here recently, we had a much better reception than this farewell. Even in the smaller branch monasteries of this Gom-pa , the farewell was as solemn as the welcome. Is that a falling barometer of an attitude against us? ”

"I don't know how to take it myself,"

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known Juncker. »Despite my long stay, I never get out of surprises. The traditional traditions don't always last. Old fuss and sobriety overlap in the behavior of the leaders. «

Reimer and the girl had already expected their companions. The Linz man stood in the open door frame and stared curiously at them.

"Greetings from De-pön for you, Reimer!" Juncker stepped into the room and handed the small silk packet as he entered. "Was there anything during our absence?"

"Not really. Three Mongols came up the stairs shortly after you left, one peeked in at the ajar door and then they went on without saying a

word. "While Reimer was still answering, he broke apart the little silk packet. With a cry of surprise, he presented the contents: in the middle of the little silk patch was the coin Boroldai had received the previous evening. Next to it a single cartridge. A clumsy hand had painted a wolf with ink on the silk itself.

"Is that cute!" Mocked Recke. "What's that?"

Reimer told the comrades who hadn't been present when Boroldai visited, what the picture of the wolf and the objects sent were all about. "It is a little strange," he concluded, "that he sends the coin that gives him so much pleasure for the time being  
had, plus a, haha, a single cartridge «

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"You really have to catch the dream wolf with that, otherwise it'll plague you all night," Recke joked. "So Boroldai reported it and asked the deponer to be allowed to deliver a cartridge to arm against the terrible lupus in fabula and the market piece, um, that seemed to him to be overpaid for a single cartridge. So there are fair chicks here too. «

Frêne had been listening in with a little frown. "I don't like this story," he said finally. "I have the feeling that there is a devil behind it."

"Pah," the Linzer dismissed the objection easily. "Boroldai pulled himself out of the loop by compromise. He was afraid of subordination and would have me helped against the bad wolf. "

"Hm -" the Carcasson only said . His expression remained doubtful. "The bad wolf thing is nonsense. I don't trust a Mongolian Noyon and De-pön to have that much humor . The thing smells rotten ... «

There was an embarrassed silence. The time until noon dragged on somewhat. With the Trapa, which brought an extensive lunch, the De-pön himself came in for the first time and asked in a very polite manner that he would be

ready to leave in an hour. If there was a lack of clothing, he would like to try to help out with existing items from existing monasteries. He recommended wearing long, Tibetan coats

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to be given, which would offer excellent protection against the dreaded storms and cold winds. The previous equipment was insufficient, he added.

Juncker accepted with thanks and the deponer promised to have six coats of the appropriate sizes sent up immediately. Horses were already saddled in the yard at the appointed time.

"Now the famous technology of our great age is vinegar," growled Reimer. "At some point, there was a mounted mountain navy, which meant a unit that had to be involved everywhere outside of its area of responsibility and training. Landing from the pulpit of a flying spinning top on a shaggy horseback is a sudden fall in the use of all possibilities. «

Frêne disagreed. "This argument, mon camarade, is not entirely correct. Nature still prescribes the limits of technical use, and besides, you can find the changed situation sporty and interesting. «

"Interesting?" Reimer's counter-question sounded doubtful, "The whole thing is enough for me ..."

"Point now!" Gutmann stopped. »Get ready for departure! Luggage okay, yes? "Turning to Ortrun Weser, he said:" Dear child, you keep hand luggage, we will take the other from you. Are you all right? «

"All right!" Repeated the girl. Her decisive tone and the naturalness of her willingness to adapt to the military discipline,

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pleased the men. Juncker and Recke, whom they had known for a long time, smiled.

When they entered the Gom-pa yard shortly afterwards , eight Mongols were already standing by their horses. They all wore uniform blouses, two of them submachine guns over their chests, the other riders had carabiners hanging over their backs. They had provided four pack horses. The Mongolian officers were still missing. Boroldai was not with the team and was not seen in any other way. A number of the Trapas and Lamas stood around in the courtyard and talked to the Mongols.

A short call from a Mongolian interrupted the noise. The deponer and the second officer came from inside the house accompanied by the Ngönkyi. The abbot this time with all the signs of his dignity. He looked taller and stricter with the high llama hat, with the scepter he demonstrated power and prestige. Some higher lamas followed behind him. The Ton Lama and the old Gyud Lama from India were missing.

At a short command from the second officer, the Mongols rose. The whites also climbed onto the small mounts in the best possible posture, but they betrayed a stocky strength. The girl was sitting the same way as the men.

The trapas and lamas in the courtyard immediately formed an alley to allow the train to ride freely. The Ngön-kyi raised the Dordsche sign to the blessing greeting and murmured a litany to it, in the pawing of the hooves and

the murmur of the assembled people was hardly understandable. At the same time as the cavalcade arrived, the officers of the Mongols with four other horsemen at the head and the remaining four at the end of the train, the muffled greeting of the great ragdong instrument sounded again. The horses whinnied, the mount

of the depon at the top rose, but was tamed by the rider with a strong hand.

"Da-lons!" - The Mongolian order forwards drove the riders to win the free faster. The lamas with their grand abbot remained behind. One half-wing of the outer gate closed behind the last Mongol riders with a groaning creak.

The ragdong indicated the ride once more with a long tone that echoes far through the valley.

When the riders passed the first bend, there was a high pole on the side of the path. A human head was pale at the top. It was the head of Boroldai ...

Juncker rode to the deponer without being hindered . He was serious and asked the Mongolian leader emphatically about the meaning of this gruesome sign.

Tayang Noyon smiled thinly. "That's how we punish traitors according to old laws!"

"Boroldai - a traitor?" Juncker was surprised. The deponer looked at Juncker in full. »What happens in the

western countries when a soldier steals ammunition? ... «Juncker said nothing more and held his horse until his companions were at the same height. He would have nothing

knew more to say. Asian customs were stricter, tougher. He reported to the companions in a low voice, although none of the Mongols understood German. But they could not master their feelings, which moved them for the dead. Somehow they felt guilty about its fate.

Reimer's face had turned chalk white. He had no idea that his request the day before could have such consequences. It would no longer be possible to explain how this tragedy came about. His allegations of self-reproach were alleviated somewhat by the companions who tried to make it clear to him that his efforts had only resulted from a duty to help himself. The general

assumption was that Boroldai must have attempted to actually fulfill Reimer's wish and that he had been caught doing so. Under pressure, he must have given up on the whole thing before the harsh judgment came to him. This was the only way that the deponer could hand back a cartridge with a painted dream wolf and the souvenir. The Mongols had acted psychologically wrong. If you had a little understanding for your efforts so far and did not consider the previous atmosphere to be hostile, then a fundamental change suddenly occurred.

While the white-faced girl swallowed bravely, the men quickly agreed that they would now offer themselves to any of the guards

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Opportunity to show no more considerations. They now had a free hand to act in any way that offered them the prospect of escape.

The quietly riding Mongols took no notice of the whites' expressions. The words exchanged in German did not arouse any curiosity in them; at least they knew how to hide such a masterly one. They felt like masters of the situation.

The further the column went from Gom-pa , the more desolate the area became. The lovely green of the long valley gradually came closer together, the plants grew thinner and dwarf. The bare rock, rugged and tangled ascending from scree slopes, almost completely dominated the scenery after two riding hours.

Two primitive choirs were the only man-made marks that suggested a path. A narrow fitting sole dictated the natural way. There was nothing to indicate that he would be committed a lot. The slopes of the curved route in front of it had long blocked the view of the riders from the monastery of the Seven Lotus Blossoms. Every now and then a stone rolled and bumped under

the hooves of the stocky horses. The wind sang between the dark rock walls.

The column climbed over the top of the pass and the animals clattered a little less laboriously into a huge stone depression. The valley

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was not particularly deep and white-gray wispy clouds seemed to be grasping high above the heads of the slowly walking away.

At the end of the valley, a mountain nose exposed another curvature that led into a valley that was a little lower down. Dirty white patches of snow stuck to the steep heaps like mottled spots. Drought lichens showed a trace of plant growth. Crippled small tree species grew in the distance, indicating the deepening of the landscape.

The depon constantly held the head of the train. He must have ridden this route several times since he never stopped to orientate himself. He was a proud and silent man who showed little affection. His people didn't chat either. Only now and then did you hear a few half-loud sentences between men riding side by side. The silence among the whites also continued.

It was getting cloudy. The de-pön was now driving his animal a little and led the small caravan sideways into a small gorge that ended like a dead end after almost a hundred meters. A steep gully then went up, which the horses could no longer climb. A large block of rock projecting from the roof protected from above and seemed suitable as a storage place.

In fact, the deponer had chosen this place, which he already knew, as a night storage. The Mongols dismounted and motioned for the whites to follow their example. Two men took care of that

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Horses and feeding them, while the rest of the preparations were made to prepare the camp and eat a modest meal. The second Mongolian officer approached the whites and handed them the canned goods they had brought with them. Despite recent experiences, this indicated that preferential treatment was still ongoing.

Ortrun was assigned a specially protected corner by the comrades, who encircled them in a semicircle. They were all very happy to have seen the warm cloaks in the monastery, which were now doing their best besides the blankets. The place was windless, but the very cold mountain air made it difficult for them.

The Mongols hired a man to take his place at the mouth of the gorge. In this way he had the horses under control at the same time. The other men of the De-pön encircled the whites in the outer semicircle, so that any attempt to remove them themselves would be noticed immediately.

"There's nothing to be wanted now," growled Recke, annoyed when he had overlooked the preparations for the night camp. »These steppe weasels are well drilled and smart like professional pirates ...«

"Not everyone is as stupid as we are to get stuck," growled Reimer. »The guys caught us quite a bit and of course won't play the fuss afterwards.«

"Wait and see!" Said Recke tightly.

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It was a very uncomfortable night. The night cold crept through the blankets, coats and clothes and made those who were half asleep curl up like hedgehogs. In a crouched lying position, they restlessly doze towards the morning. Lack of fuel prevented the Mongols from maintaining a night fire.

The next day of travel was almost unpleasant due to an inhospitable area. The weather was bad, strong gusts of wind hampered progress. Only the day after next cleared up a little and led

into a lower-lying landscape that showed more green again. Even a tiny lake was circled in a semicircle. Not far from the shore, some Tibetan farmers and shepherds lived in very primitive dwellings. The somewhat shy people peered curiously at the passing rider train without making an attempt to approach. De-pön , who always rode at the top , paid no attention to them and the other Mongols maintained their stoic attitude.

The Europeans were left to their own devices throughout the entire journey . The Mongols treated their guest prisoners courteously and, where possible, made camp easier and served meals. The deponer had asked for small wishes several times, but avoided any further conversation.

"A strange guy," Juncker had said when, after a few exchanged words, the depon was again in a hurry to get away from the whites. "One knows

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never really look out with this golden horse colonel . Is he just a higher commander or a knower? According to the princely Noyon title , the latter should actually apply! But he deliberately avoids being recognized as such. «

"He'll have instructions or reasons for that," Recke had said simply. »However he behaves, his and our desires do not meet ...«

The other companions had only nodded. They had all become very taciturn in the last few days of their trip. Despite the sharp mountain air and the short but strong sunshine, the girl was always pale. Still, she showed no signs of weakness, which forced the men to show great respect.

If the men had now thought that they would have to continue this arduous journey in the same direction for some time, they had underestimated the will and stubbornness of one of their companions. The youngest of them, the Linzer, had mostly been dark and self-ridden alongside Frêne since De-pön's cruelty towards Boroldai, who was probably a keen observer but not a mind reader. And Reimer kept brooding or

researching ways to escape the violence of the Mongols. A seemingly hopeless beginning.

On the third evening, the group reached a broad bottom, in which a purple dwarf rhododendron species grew. A somewhat thinner coniferous forest, low, but

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Showing sturdy trees had a dazzling effect on the whites. The depon ordered his people to set up camp here.

While the horses were being harnessed, two Mongolians in the immediate vicinity started collecting small wood for a fire. Reimer, who together with Recke also started to look for dry branches in the area, was called back by the deponer . Tayang Noyon indicated to the two men that this work was not appropriate for them. Instead, he sent another man out.

The recalled could not tell whether this was politeness or excessive caution on the part of the deponer. The Mongol prince's smile and firm hand gesture meant little. Whatever it was meant to be, Reimer's resentment continued to grow.

The little horses plucked turf, a Mongol stayed near the pack, securing one exit of the valley at the same time. A second Mongol was also on guard, while the rest of the crowd gathered around the fire. They kept a little distance from the two Mongolian officers. These camped a little way away from the fire.

The wood brought in on the instructions of De-pön was sufficient to maintain a small fire of its own for the whites too. It burned only a few meters from the larger burst of fire. Frêne had taken over the care of the little flames without saying a word and, with a serious expression, gradually pushed it over

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knotty and crackling branches towards the tongues of fire.

It quickly darkened. The mountain ranges receded into the nightshades, the conifer groups with their somewhat bizarre branches stood out against the sky. The two fires of the camp groups threw red lights around and painted the people and their background with their dancing flames.

While all the Mongols, with the exception of the two guards, were still sitting around the fire and chatting quietly at times, the girl was the first to set up the night's bed and curled up in the warm coat and blankets. Juncker, Gutmann and Recke followed their example. Satisfied and grateful, they nodded to Frêne, who continued to feed the fire calmly and calmly, while Reimer pondered next to him. Both men remained silent.

Little by little, the Mongols rolled into their long coats, using the saddles and packs as head cushions. Somehow, just a little more fancy, the Great Khan's advance crew must have been stored several centuries ago. Tough, sparingly simple, undemanding and obeying unconditionally. And these men, now as spartan as they had ever been in their simple open-air camp, were in no way different from their ancestors conquering half the world. Her knowledge may have increased, her gaze widened, western civilization gave away some of the blessing and curse on her

have, but their nature and spirit remained.

The fires grew smaller, the sleepers all around looked like bulky clumps. A change of guard had already taken place and the Mongolian transfer men crouched with their backs against trees. The pack of horses stood in the background.

Suddenly it seemed to Reimer that the flame of his own little fire was growing, the glow was getting brighter. Around his forehead he got the feeling that an iron clamp pressed around his head and exerted a force on his thinking by someone else. He struggled to turn his head and



saw Frêne grabbing his forehead with a wooden, agile movement.

The Linz man tried to grab the Frenchman's arm, but he managed only to lift it briefly and his fingers trembled. His companion suddenly stared at the flickering flames and did not seem to have noticed his companion's attempt to reach for him.

Reimer struggled in vain to organize his thoughts. Some force forced him to turn his head in the same direction Frêne was staring at. And what his eyes saw made him finally doubt his mind.

Behind the small fire stood the figure of an old llama, the features of which were very similar to those of the old Gyud-lama of the Gom-pa to the seven lotus flowers . And it was a very strange figure. It was there and yet indescribably strange. The shape of this

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Mönches raised his right hand and the wrinkled face radiated reassurance with a sudden thin smile.

With all the strength of his will, which was hardly left, the Linz man turned his head and his eyes searched for the guards. These did not move. The guard, who was with the horses, turned his back on the camp and the second seemed to doze under his tree. But Reimer didn't find it a little strange. The power that held him in a spell forced his almost mindless eyes to turn back to the strange lama who had not yet moved from his place.

The monk's previously raised hand now slid forward and gestured to Reimer. An outstretched index finger pointed in the approximate middle of the body, but the Linzer did not understand the meaning of this reference. But the pressure on his hardly functioning thinking increased. He thought he heard an urgent voice, but he couldn't grasp the meaning. Frêne seemed to be in a

similar situation, only the gesture of the lama was not for him.

Now the monk's small black eyes, lying in the sockets, became more compelling, the slits narrowed. The hand that had been stretched out so far ran under the cowl and, after a short push, brought out a small packet shape. The hand of the handle pointed again to Reimer's body.

A flash of lightning could not have struck a decaying tree like a sudden realization

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in Reimer's brain. Suddenly and suddenly he knew what this messenger meant. Of course, it had to be a messenger who got his job done in the way the lamas did. After all, one had to get used to the often strange seeming behavior of these people. The gestures and clues meant nothing more than an invitation to express the package in the form intended, that of the old Gyud-Lama

- wasn't it himself anyway? - had given in the Gom-pa as strange attention. As Reimer tried to look more closely, his security diminished again, to find a complete equality between the Gyud-Lama and the monk standing behind the fire.

Almost as if under an order, he took out the package with the Tuwa-dug, the smoke poison, that was hidden in his coat pocket. He tried to tinker with the strings, but a very energetic gesture from the strange guest forced him to stand up and then toss the package over to the Mongol fire with a sudden movement. He had aimed well. The throwing piece reached the somewhat collapsed fire that was slowly running out of wood food.

At first nothing happened. The flames ate the wrapper; first licking slowly, then a bluish green tongue danced up. At the same time, a brown swath of vengeance slowly became a thicker swath, which was unable to rise like a weighty cloud, to break out on various sides in an air breeze that suddenly appeared

tried, but always seemed tied to her stove. Like a fallen cloud, the swaths of swath crept out, dissolving into several, on the ground, stroking the sleepers lying around the fire. A sharp, almost pungent smell of heavy sweetness spread to the second fire.

Reimer now walked slowly towards the llama, who avoided a closer encounter. The Linz man moved his lips as if to speak to the monk, but then he put a finger to his lips with a warning gesture. And when Reimer took two steps forward, he reached into the void. The messenger's shape became fog and quickly and hauntingly disappeared. As if swallowed up by the increasing swaths.

Frêne was now standing next to Reimer. Both men, wide awake, watched some of the Mongols move restlessly. One of the sleepers by the smoking fire sighed audibly and deeply. Even the heavily masked figure of the De-pön showed a restless movement. The eyes of the observers continued to wander to the guards. These too, although from the area of smoke smoke, showed no further movement. Her attention was directed outwards.

Without speaking, Reimer and Frêne had agreed. While the former was keeping an eye on the sentries and occasionally glancing at the restlessly sleeping Mongols, the Carcasson had slowly let himself down and

crawled from one companion to another to wake them all up carefully and without a fuss. It took them a while before they understood the awkward signs of the awakening, not to be loud and to roll away a little further. Frêne made sure that none of the companions who had barely

awakened remained in the area of smoke from the other fire. The heavy smell was clearly noticeable and alarmed.

Reimer had now brought out a handkerchief, then picked up his nearby canteen and soaked the cloth with the clear water of the mountain stream, which he had only filled in the previous day. Then he held the wet cloth in front of his mouth and nose according to the tried-and-tested smoke protection method and sneaked over to the Mongols, removing the next best one from a rifle lying next to it. With this prey in his hands, he hurried out of the area of the now slowly thinning swaths.

The smoke poison had to be highly effective. Reimer's eyes watered heavily and the smell stuck to his clothes despite the sudden visit. And nobody had moved.

When the Linz man was standing in front of the smaller fire that was now going out, the other companions had gathered in the background and watched the comrade's actions with great excitement. They remained in the waiting position after the Linz man had given the rifle to the Carcassonner and with his head in

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the direction one guard had pointed out. Frêne understood and scurried on silent soles, he went to the post dozing on the tree. The man was asleep.

Frêne nudged the gun barrel. The driver jumped up and stared around him, eyes wide with surprise. The Carcassonner had pushed the weapon next to him with his foot. He slowly raised his hands.

"Allons!" Frêne ordered and pointed to the camp. The Mongolian did not understand French, but was immediately aware of the unmistakable request. He began to move obediently.

Stepping towards the two fires, Frêne and his prisoner heard the surprise call "A-kha-kha" from the opposite side of the camp. Immediately a laugh and an angry call from Reimer. Slowly two

figures emerged from the distant darkness, which were also approaching.

The second guard went behind the Linz man and had fired the rifle against him. Reimer himself had his pistol hanging down in his hand. He walked on almost mechanically, while the guard stopped halfway when he saw his companion coming up from the other side with his hands up and behind him the great French man who was now armed. Not enough, he noticed the rest of the white men who stood upright, also pointing guns at him.

The Mongol hesitated. Recke called Reimer

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to: »What's wrong with you? Was the yellow wax faster than you? »

Reimer said no. "I'm not that stupid, you poison tooth! But when I pointed my gun at him, the guy grinned cheekily in my face. White sahib can throw the little thing into the horse manure, he said. He has no ammunition inside. And he laughed so that you could see his back, stunted wisdom teeth. "

"Well, the laugh passed quickly enough," Recke said dryly. The Linz man had now reached his friend and turned to face his adversary. The Mongol was still pinned to the place where he had heard the white man's call. His eyes scanned the lumps of the lying companions who didn't move, although they must have woken up by the loud speaking of the white men.

Only now did the tall figure of the De-pön move. A little laboriously, he straightened up on both hands and saw his prisoners in possession of weapons. A hoarse sound came from his throat.

Juncker walked up to the Mongolian officer. 'Let your hand rest, colonel! If you reach for a gun, I have to shoot. I would be very sorry. "He had previously picked up a submachine gun, which he waved menacingly.

The depon tried to get up, but fell back, dazed.  
"Noksoi!" He swore in Mongolian.

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"Dog! ... «

Suddenly, Juncker also wavered. Gutmann, who was closely watching the whole scene with the other companions, noticed the staggering and jumped after Juncker, pulling him out of the area of the still active swaths. A shot was fired at that moment.

Frêne had shot.

The Carcasson had noticed how the deponer used the intermezzo to clear his pistol. The Mongol's determined expression forced him to fire a warning shot over his head. Tayang Noyon dropped the half-drawn weapon. He cursed grimly. He had to have a horse nature that made him far more resistant to the polluted air than his countrymen were.

The blast of the shot had also encouraged some of the stunned sleepers. The second Mongolian officer, who was close to the De-pön , was even wide awake , but just as powerless to the new situation as his higher-ranking companion. Some of the Mongols lying around the fire straightened up, but mostly fell back with a groan. Two of the men vomited.

"It is good that we took our weapons in a handshake," Gutmann said to the companions. »The effect did not last long or was only partially successful. Go back even further, I'm getting sick of myself! «

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Reimer put the handkerchief over his mouth and nose again and hurried to the deponer, taking the pistol from him. At the same

time, he disarmed the second officer. He dangled his submachine gun, then collected four more firearms from the moaning and half-awake Mongols. Only now were they completely without weapons and no longer able to defend themselves. He also stumbled the last few steps away from the glowing fire.

"Put your gun down!" Recke ordered the still standing second guard who had come back with Reimer. But this did not understand.

Recke gathered his sparse knowledge of Tibetan. "Tschön-tscha - weapon!" A dismissive gesture underlined the word. The Mongol shook his head. He must have understood, because all these men also spoke the local language. Still, he pretended to be ignorant.

Completely unexpected for everyone, the girl approached the man fearlessly. "Give me the gun," she said to him.

The Mongolian said no. When the girl reached for his gun, he pressed it to his chest. At the same time, he took a step back.

From the place of De-pön came an encouraging »Dzá, dzá! The Mongol quickly called back a few sentences, then jumped back suddenly, exactly in the direction the girl was backing. The nearby trees took him under their protection before the men threatening him their location

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could switch to have clear shot. But Gutmann had waved away. 'Let him go! We have got rid of him for the next twenty minutes and by then we have to be away from here anyway! «

Some Mongols were now crouching and staring. A third started to vomit. The smoke had certainly not had its full effect, but it had been enough to spread a devastating nausea. The Mongols were all more or less awake now, but very dazed. Only the De-pön was already on his feet, still cursing all the time. He had had to realize that his orders could not be followed.

The guard brought in by Frêne, now also unarmed, joined Tayang Noyon to support him.

This drooled on: "Tschono saing noksoido barigdana! - Do you white men know what that means? - Wolves are caught by good dogs! «

Juncker turned to him: "Every proverb is truth, Tayang Noyon! Hadn't you called us dogs before? Well, then you are the captured wolves ... «

The de-pon clenched his fists but did not answer. The white officer's quick wit had confused him.

"Get ready!" Juncker's sharp command tone now set things in motion, "We don't have time for long deliberations, but an opportunity to use them. Pick up luggage and go to the horses! «

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As a precaution, Reimer kept the Mongols at bay with a submachine gun, while the other companions and the girl immediately followed Juncker's request. With a little effort they looked for the horses they were already used to saddling up from the small herd, the pack animals were not particularly cleverly loaded with the luggage, the rest of the animals were connected with a pull rope. The careful Frêne, who, thanks to his observations, was already familiar with the catering baggage, brought in a bag of canned goods, followed by angry looks from the Mongols.

When the caravan started, Reimer was still in place to give the riders a small lead and to avoid further incidents with rushing Mongols, especially the ready -to- fight De-pön . Frêne also remained in the background, already mounted, and kept the Linz horse riding on the reins ready to ride.

When the clatter of the caravan was barely audible in the distance, Frêne called the companion back. With quick sentences, Reimer hurried to his animal, swung himself awkwardly, and both men hurried after the already vanished. As a farewell, a shot pounded after them, but it did not hit. It was undoubtedly the second item that must have lurked nearby and was already in action.



A few angry shouts were the last thing the two riders heard. They trotted into the night to connect with the companions again. In ten

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They had reached them for minutes, and together they went out of the long valley at a somewhat brisk pace.

Gradually, the low groups of trees stepped back from the path and made way for a very sparse meadow. The night lay brightly over the surface and the riders could even easily remove their facial features. They had quickly agreed to ride all the rest of the night to get the greatest possible distance between themselves and the Mongols.

Gutmann and Juncker stopped briefly from the front during the ride and expected Reimer and Frêne, who were the rearguard. Recke, who kept the free paddock on a leash, rode on, followed steadfastly by the girl.

"How was the whole thing actually?" Juncker asked the rear guard riders. "Frêne woke us up and then everything else came extremely quickly."

"If I say so, you're sure to give me an order to go to the next mad doctor," the Linz man grumbled. "I haven't really digested it myself ..."

"We have already digested some strange things," Juncker said reassuringly. »What we already have behind us ...«

"... is plentiful enough," Reimer snapped. But he immediately gave in again and added: "No offense, comrades, but my nerves are just not thicker than ropes. And if you have hallucinations then it will

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slowly questionable. «

"I have to say it was really a very strange thing, vraiment!" Frêne said. "I saw what Reimer had to tell because I was sitting next to him."

"You're still talking around the pulp," Juncker urged. "Of course, you first used the stunning powder, which was unbelievable. Well, we're wrong now! «

"No, it wasn't just that," said the man from Linz. "I might not have taken the powder chance that evening. It was just that suddenly there was a llama in front of me and Frêne - yes, a llama! - and this guy stared at us both so strangely that we almost forgot about our own thoughts. We couldn't understand him, but his gestures were clear enough. He must have said: Hey, you lamb tails, what are you doing around here? With the big-bellied Buddha, finally do something! - Then he suddenly had a packet shape in his hand and made us understand that we were throwing the thing we owned into the fire of the Mongols. I felt like I had to do it whether I wanted to or not. And afterwards I went to the old llama, stretched out my hand, but reached for nothing. He just wasn't there anymore! "- He paused briefly, then shouted exasperatedly:" Hey, - laughs at me! - Laughs! «

"Quiet, Reimer!" Juncker said. "There really is

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nothing to laugh about. I even like to certify that you must have experienced it the way you describe it. And what was afterwards? ”

"Later? Yes, that was quick. But why tell? You went through everything else yourself and watched it! «

The companions nodded. After a brief pause for thought, Juncker said, "I have seen or experienced all kinds of oddities about the Seven Lotus Blossoms in the Gom-pa, which has been there for a long time . So I'm not surprised by what I just heard. It's believable. ”

"Then you believe it more than I do myself," Reimer said with surprise.

"Listen," Juncker said. "I was almost tempted to assume that it was a Trongjug. These Trongjug are an image of people whose bodies are possessed by others mentally and spiritually. According to the Phowa texts of the Tibetan secret teachings, the magic llamas dealing with yoga and magic can leave their own bodies and seize them from someone else's possession. "The speaker made a short gesture when he noticed astonishment at Frêne and Reimer. »It is an extremely dangerous beginning to lead a consciousness into a subtle, astral body. If the magnetic connection between two bodies is broken or broken by any event or shock, the lama in question can

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no longer in his own empty, material body. Then madness or death is the result. According to Tibetan teachings and experiences, there is also the danger that another human or non-human being will take possession of the empty body. I learned that there are llamas that can even enter the bodies of those who have just died and can awaken them when they are taken over. But against the assumption that the appearance of the old llama could be a Trongjug, the described dissolution of the body itself speaks. «

"And if it had been a Trongjug anyway, what was the purpose of the consciousness transfer experiment?" Asked Frêne.

"Oh, that's easy to explain," Juncker said. "The old Gyud Lama from Gom-pa was unable to come with us, and even less to catch up with us. By transferring consciousness into a distant body, that is, into a body that is close to us, he would have created the recipient of his wishes, or used the foreign body for his actions. «

"And since it wasn't a Trongjug -?" Reimer's question betrayed the highest tension.

"So it can be assumed that these secret arts are even more difficult to see. It would then have to be the migration of one's own astral body, which

can be materialized at any distance at certain points in order to

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Fulfillment of the tasks undertaken to become material again and to return to the solid body. «

"That is, yes, witchcraft!" Said Reimer. "According to European terms - yes!" "Hence the resemblance ..." "What do you mean?" Asked Juncker.

"The warlock wore the Gyud-Lama!" "Then the second assumption will be correct."

Juncker continued after a brief sensation: »With us in Europe, charlatans look in crystal balls and tell fairy tales in a conjuring tone that they believe they see clairvoyantly. A Tibetan Gyud Lama would only smile indulgently. This old man from Gom-pa must have had a second look to find out when to appear, to show his goodwill for a promised help. I myself also experienced it in the Gom-pa that the Ton-Lama, the confidante of the Ngön-kyi, sent his consciousness on journeys and thus pre-trained us on the art of retrospective knowledge. I think we have a lot to thank the old Gyud Lama for! «

The Linz man breathed an audible sigh of relief. "So it wasn't a hallucination ..."

"Oh yes - a very real one!" It was Gutmann who laughed softly at his words. »Because it was just an appearance!«

Frêne made a serious objection: "If this

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If friends of us have such abilities or powers, we also have to fear our enemies! «

"That is certain," Juncker admitted. "I can't say how we can use psychic powers against us, but I

still think I can assume that such dangers will decrease as you move away from the spots. In addition, we can hope that counter-forces of our benevolent helper, at least from the Gom-pa to the Seven Lotus Blossoms, will disrupt or block such plans. «

"That would mean that the Gyud-Lama would be more powerful than the Ton-Lama and confidante of the Ngön-kyi?" Said Frêne.

"Why not? The Ton Lama may have been the more skilled in the monastery intrigues and thus secured the place next to the Grand Abbot. The greater master of Tibetan practices is still able to be the Gyud Lama . And it will surely be a pleasure for him to be able to cover his rival with his arts. «

"Perhaps the Gyud-Lama only intervened for us at all to be able to prank the Ton-Lama out of competitive envy or out of a desire to play a game," said Frêne.

"Whether out of sympathy for us or whether we were just a welcome object for secret arts - it was for our benefit," Gutmann replied.

Reimers Gaul stumbled. "Heda, you mane!" He started

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the reins and continued to growl: "I wish we could take our thoughts for a walk too. Then we could at least get hold of a phenomenal flying disc with which our dear Juncker got us out of the Eskimo magic at the time ... «

"Yes, if -" Juncker said stretched. "If we had such a machine here now, we would be free of all worries. Then all the rulers of the secret empires of this continent could scratch our backs «

"You could do us more than that," continued Reimer, suggestively .

The riders had now reached the valley exit and saw a larger area in front of them. Poured by the mild light of the moon, dark streaks of shadow wandered over them, coming from the banks of clouds passing in front of the silver ball. The caravan stopped.

The whole group advised. Everyone was aware that this was the first point to make persecution more difficult. Three main directions were open in front of them with good night vision.

After quick deliberations, the men agreed on Recke's suggestion to keep the least presumed north direction, because this contradicted any logical reasoning because of the large area. On both sides of this direction mountain slopes pushed in again, covering and promising protection. One would therefore look for these two sides first.

The horses moved almost silently over the grassy one

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Steppe further. The train had pulled apart a little so as not to leave a track that was too wide.

When it slowly turned pale and the silvery sheen gave way to a dull gray, the train had crossed the surface and reached the broad foothills of a new mountain range. Because the horses who had come to rest at night already had their heads hung and the riders also felt the long sitting in the saddle, they stopped. A wide belt of mid-height undergrowth was enough to hide the people passing by in its thicket.

"The first night in freedom since the end of the war," Recke murmured as he curled up in the long Tibetan coat. "And yet: the Mongolian interlude was more bearable than if we had remained in the hands of the Soviets ..."

"It was much more bearable, but also very strange," confirmed Juncker, who was sitting next to him, who had voluntarily taken over the first watch. "We even have to be grateful to the Mongols and, despite the constraints of the circumstances, are almost ungrateful. When I think of our problem child Ortrun, what fate she was spared, the llama in the Bohemian Forest, the yellow officers ... «

Recke leaned on his elbows. "Well, the llama back then - that was such a strange thing. Just like a few hours ago! - Hm. "He dropped

backwards and closed his eyes. Becoming quieter, he said: 'There are so many strange things. All life ... The whirlpool

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has a deep pull and whoever has caught it has plenty to do so as not to be dragged down. Duty and goal is the name of the little ship that just misses the vortex or lets men die. Here - the already dull shimmering stars above us, over this Asian expanse, these are the many small dots of unattainable hopes, the end points of unquenchable longings, enticing and pulling away despite seemingly standing still in infinite space. One should ..."

"You should sleep," Juncker said softly. "It is dangerous to dream with your eyes open. Just as the stars move, a path leads us somewhere... «

"You're right." Recke rolled sideways and hid his head in the crook of his arm. »You can't say good night anymore - it's getting gray...«

Restlessness and cold soon encouraged the sleepers again after a few hours of rest. After a short consultation, the men decided to stick mainly to the west in order to reach either the Indus Valley or Kashmir in a sweeping arc. Once out of the immediate danger zone, the rest would be found. The superfluous horses should be exchanged for food on the way and any contact with locals avoided in the next few days.

The horses were getting ready, the men and the girl were sitting on the caravan, followed a short distance behind Juncker and Gutmann's leadership

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Pulling along the edge of the undergrowth, the northwest direction.

When after a while a small monastery became visible on the slope behind the undergrowth, the riders dismounted and pulled the horses behind them so that they could not be seen from above. Despite the inhospitability and the lack of people in this part of the country, caution was required. Pilgrims or nomads could also appear anywhere.

The weather was good that day. The terrain was not overly difficult and so the small group managed a satisfactory stretch of the way that day.

The next day they again rode around a small lake, the water level of which was little moved. Two nomadic families stopped here with a few yaks on the poor pasture. A wandering llama was also among them. Quite close, but without touching the group of riders passed with their pack horses. If the llama soon left in the opposite direction, the Mongols could already be aware of the refugee migration direction in a few days. Juncker therefore continued the train to the south-west to later turn north-west again.

Over the next few days, it turned out that the wild character of the landscape changed little, but showed more signs of human settlements. Every now and then small monasteries appeared, in between chortens stood as signs and prayer stations, some-

sometimes colorful rag pennants fluttered lazily in the draft of the valleys on gnarled poles. A bunch of nomads and some roaming llamas were the only people the riders met.

They had been on the road for a week when they heard a slowly swelling hum from the air towards evening. The riders jumped off in a flash and drove the horses into a nearby bush group. Looking out, they noticed a plane flying a little to the south, which was holding quite low and even circling at one point. The strange Karbau horns on the pulpit could be removed from the angled hairpin . So it was a



Mongolian plane that was already used for a search flight.

"But they got alarmed relatively quickly," said Frêne.

"Feat," Juncker said. "The Mongols, or at least part of them, reasonably returned to the Gom-pa to the Seven Lotus Blossoms and sent a radio message to a nearby command center."

"From the Gom-pa ?" Reimer asked a little surprised. "Naturally! The Ngön-kyi has a reception and transmitting station? «

"Hm - then I'm not surprised if they often seem better informed here today than some Europeans through their newspapers ..."

After a few minutes the plane was gone. Nevertheless, the men decided to go on the spot and

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Stay where the possibility was open that the machine could come back the same route, this time closer to the north, and discover the riders. The break should be compensated for by early departure at dawn.

During the evening meal, the men continued their advice and decided not only to always start very early, but to store them in natural shelters during the day in the late morning hours and not to move on until dawn. Depending on the terrain and the night weather, an after-step should be held. This precaution should be applied for the next three or four days, without prejudice to the fact that it has significantly slowed the pace of progress.

The next day it turned out that this measure was correct. This time, a Mongolian plane appeared in the sky at noon, which was flying very close and again very low. However, she did not return the same route that day.

"It is strange," said Reimer after leaving in the evening twilight, "that flying machines are now

being used to search for us, but that no one was being sent to pick us up."

"There will be reasons we can't figure out," Juncker said. "Besides, we don't even know if one isn't already on the way anyway

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Prepared the receiving station. It might just as well have happened that some Mongols came to such a pick-up point instead of the Gom-pa and raised the alarm from there. "

"Isn't it now superfluous to make such considerations?" Said Recke. "Our only concern should be that the air hornets don't track us down and we come safely from this witcher country!"

"Who shouldn't have that worry," Reimer admitted frankly.

"Well!" Recke snapped his fingers at head level as if saluting a casual imaginary. Hat peak.

After another three days, no aircraft had appeared. Against all calculations, the riders and their animals had come a considerable way forward. But none of them, not even the girl, could suppress an expression of suffering when they got off or on the horses.

With some caution, the little caravan continued to move fairly quickly during the day. Small encounters brought nothing new. In a small town that was slowly being ridden through, a mayor planted himself in the way and politely asked for proof of paper. However, the communication was very poor and deliberately misunderstood, leaving the riders behind the somewhat confused Tibetan.

"A-tsi! - Tschiling-ki ... "they heard him riding away

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Man, and with him a number of the villagers who came in, coughing behind him. »Ho - Europeans! ... «

"I wouldn't be surprised if you soon know in the wider area that white men have ridden through here," said Gutmann, somewhat annoyed. "A detour - and if it had lasted half a day - would almost have been better!"

"To come across another village or nomad for this," Juncker dismissed Gutmann's objection. "Now we should be more concerned with speed than anything else!"

»What does speed mean? Whether fast or slow, as long as we are on Tibetan territory, the Mongols have us either way if they take us out of the airspace they control. Our bad luck would not have to be extraordinary if one of the encounters with locals contributed to our finding. "Gutmann's voice was calm but serious.

Another day later, the riders came across the primitive dwelling of a Dubtób, a saint, on the slopes of a small valley. A large stone pyramid was piled up not far from his seemingly dilapidated hut, and a gnarled pole carried some faded and worn pennants. Another one of the many choirs that give the country its character ...

The noise of the riders lured the residents of the house to the door opening. It was a medium-sized man, extremely poorly dressed, but, as you could tell when approaching, with very clever eyes and

internalized trains. Nothing about him revealed any trace of surprise, everything was calm and equanimity.

Juncker signaled the descendants to stop, then dismounted and walked a few steps toward the old man, greeting him in the customary manner.

"Ons-pa legso!" Offered the Dubtób the welcome home. He had his arms crossed over his chest and waited for the stranger to stop. »Dél-wa dji yod? - What do you want?"

Juncker tried his sparse language skills and explained to the saint that they were on a hurry trip. He asked about the nearest water point and the nature of the surroundings. He also asked for clarification of the newly emerging, huge mountain ranges.

»K'yod su yin - who are you? - Are you a stranger? ... «His eyes searched.

"You see correctly," Juncker said without ridicule. »And we hardly speak the language of this country. I cannot express myself clearly and in detail. But again: where is the next water and where do the paths lead to everywhere? «

The Dubtób indicated a nearby cut in the ground, which was about a hundred meters from the hut. "Thungyaki tschu - drinking water?" He waited for Juncker to translate and suddenly an astonished expression came on his face. "You don't speak English?"

"How do you know that?" Was Juncker's counter-question.

"I speak english," came the mouth of the saint

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back. He spoke with a nasal, singing tone and repeated the same question about nationality in the same language.

"Germans - Germans!"

The Dubtób's eyes widened. The eyebrows rose and his expression almost resembled that of an astonished child. Even his narrow-lipped mouth was half open. He slowly repeated: "Germans?"

"Yes, Germans," Juncker patiently confirmed. "I have nothing I can offer you," the Dubtób said sheepishly. "I am poor. But if you're hungry are some sour yak milk and cheese ... «

"You are very hospitable," Juncker smiled. "Has that got to do with being Germans?"

»Chenrezi - Buddha Amithaba is love and the great light of brotherhood among people! It is his commandments to live hospitably and with kindness with everything that lives and breathes into the world of this apparent being. And it is

doubly easy for me to be able to obey his commandments for people who belong to a large and brave people. I have heard that the Germans have fought with the Japanese against the whole world for a few years now. Even if the world does not live according to Chenrezi's laws, I cannot avoid respecting a people like that of the Germans. Buddha Avalokitesvara, the lord of the world and the one who looks down everywhere, must be very kind to you that after the great persecution in the world of the

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dark spirit can be on the way of a great search! «

"The enlightenment of peace speaks from you," Juncker said politely and gratefully for the friendly welcome. "If you allow us, we will rest at the waterhole and get the precious water we have here."

"It is not my country," said the saint. "The nearby source is also a tiny part of the big picture that we call our world. Everything we see around us as nature is a tiny, a very small part of the big illusory world, into which we are born again and again until we ourselves have matured and internalized to enter the eternal light. So do what you want! «

While Gutmann came to Juncker, the rest of the horses led the horses to the nearby depression, where a small spring bubbled through a narrow bed and flowed crystal clear over the small rubble stones. Recke and Reimer unsaddled the animals, let them graze freely after the drinking trough and joined Ortrun and Frêne, who had prepared a suitable resting place under the protective canopy of some low trees.

In the meantime, the saint had given the two men who remained behind two seat stones in front of his house and took himself in such a place.

"You asked earlier where the roads lead from here," he continued. »See these two high chains, which limit the horizons by far! - There are

the chains of the Karakorum parade and the Kwen-Lungberge, which open the way to the northwest within their pliers. If you stay southwest, you can reach Kashmir. But it's a tedious route because you have to cross passports. And you came from the east? 'His eyes shone in silent question.

"You saw that right, too," Juncker admitted. "And we don't want to go back, because you don't find as much hospitality everywhere as you do, O Dubtób!" The saint nodded deeply and was silent for a while. Nothing revealed what was going on behind his forehead. Then he said abruptly: "You did not come to this country voluntarily and you are anxious to leave it quickly. I know what powers overlap on the roof of the world and "the Dubtób showed a knowing smile as he spoke," it will be as if you have escaped the clutches of such power in a strange way. But rest assured that I myself do not serve any power that pursues earthly goals and calls for those in Chenrezi's name. Isn't it the case all over the world that you want to make the deities human instead of striving for the divine as a human being? It is in our country as elsewhere in the world where you want to rule in the name of God or the gods and abuse it with the name of the Eternal. And it is the disease of the western world religion that with its apparent knowledge it is not able to approach its God, but rather with increasing words

removed from this more and more. The wise man Kuntu Sangpo said: Since the beginning of all times all beings have been wrong because they did not know the place of origin, ruled by

the darkness of not being conscious, the cause of the error, the ignorance! See, sahibs, this ignorance and the great errors are also the blinds that close the eyes of the forces in this part of the world of sensual desire - Kamaloka - and keep them away from the Mâhayâna, the larger path, whose symbol among the Aryan Indians is the sunship is! And so I live here apart, waiting for another after a previous life, which should bring me back to the purity of the lotus and to nirvana. I only serve for seclusion and you can stay here without worry and in peace as long as restlessness doesn't keep you going! «

"It's as you say," Juncker nodded. »Errors lead to desires of a wrong view of existence and from desires grows the will to power, which has help not demons but God. It is not a Dêvayana, not a path of the gods, but a trait of the demonic, which tears downwards and contains what is falling. Because nowhere is it the power for good, but the power of sensual control. And we also do not want to be servants of such forces, but want to learn our lessons from the mistakes of the environment and live according to the knowledge. «

»The West has few chêlas, few pupils who can come closer to eternal light. But you

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are clever and of good will, I almost want to be your guru, your master and teach you the wisdom of the Eternal ... «

"You are very kind," Juncker murmured. "But listen, O Dubtób, the apparent world in your opinion is great and this is not our world. But everywhere the thoughts of the good will be able to meet and here too our souls can reveal themselves like books of pure knowledge. We hear your words and they sound like pure chimes from somewhere! «

The saint had his hands on his drawn knees and looked thoughtfully at his fingertips. »We are all subject to the wheel of karma. It made us be where we live and the way ahead leads us somewhere. And you have an arduous path ahead of you, despite Chenrezi's grace, which has led you here... »

"It is as you say," Gutmann confused. »Our path is really difficult and it leads somewhere. We don't really know where it will end yet ... »

Juncker, too, now looked strangely melancholic. "Anywhere ..."

Oltan Tsewang, the guru and saint, had expertly examined the mounts and recommended that guests take a break for one or two days. Since he had also offered them a stay in his small house in case of bad weather, otherwise

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Having left them to camp at the source, where they seemed well protected from any view, the whites agreed after initial hesitation.

In the course of another long conversation it turned out that the Dubtób was a well-traveled man for the local terms. He knew Mongolia and had also visited Hutukhtu's residence in Ulan Bator, the city of the Red Riders, where the rival Red Church against Lhasa was located and which vegetated under Soviet sovereignty. He had been to the monasteries of Kumbum, where the priest with the strange leaves bearing Buddha's sayings grew and was in Shigatse. He had taken part in processions in Lhasa and also crossed the empty areas of Turan. So he knew the whole inner Asian expanse. He had acquired his English language skills in Kashmir.

In agreement with Gutmann, Juncker had described Dubtób's escape from Mongolian captivity after he had already dropped hints of such suspicions. Oltan Tsewang now expressed the opinion that the persecutors may have



stopped their previously unsuccessful search in the country and would shift their vigilance to the border crossings.

The face of the Dubtób was almost cheerful when the two guests told him about the strange support of the Gyud-Lama . "You white people have little explanation for these things,"

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he grunted with the corners of his mouth twisted. »In the general opinion you only speak of inexplicable magic, with more thorough efforts you will rarely come to explanations of telekinesis, a psychically induced paranormal remote movement, a split of the personality to the double ego and psychological automatisms. The explanations for telepathy, teledynamics and similar terms are not new to you, but only a few are able to master them, as our Gyud and Ton Lamas are capable of. Without appropriate yoga levels , these powers cannot be grasped and controlled. «

Juncker and Gutmann looked at each other in astonishment. The former said: 'How do you know the expressions of Western science, O Dubtób? So far we have only heard of tautram spells and yoga powers that were too general and meaningless, provided that the attraction of the stranger and mysterious was not beyond it... ”

Oltan Tsewang chuckled. 'Didn't I say I got around? In the Tang-La mountains in central Tibet I met a strange lama who was ancient and explained the western terms to me. His whole face was just wrinkles, so I couldn't tell right away that he was from the west and was enlightened by Chenrezi on a journey through our country. So he stayed as Chêla of a famous guru to later become one himself. He walked

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on the path to the light and no longer knew where it came from. "The Dubtób giggled again. "At least that's what he said ..."

"You yourself are a guru and saint," Juncker said. "So you are master of these powers too?"

"I don't need her," Oltan Tsewang evaded. "Too many who master white magic - as you call it - then succumb to the violence of black magic. Demons take possession of their soul and karma forces them into an inescapable darkness. These dangers are the fruit of the monasteries and power struggles. Only those who serve pure teaching in loneliness and secluded in the world and in the sinking of tsampa - the hermit - in the five colors of karma, maya, manas, dharma and dhyana loka - these are law of fate, world of appearance, inner world, principle of consciousness and has recognized the world of reality as a world of meditation and thus the five wings of the world building, it is able to create the magical bond between the visible, extra-worldly and the invisible, inner and super-worldly sphere and the most perfect instrument of yoga and pure knowledge from the earthly body close. With that one is removed from the demonic and the petty of the present illusory world. «

»And yet this nature, which you call the illusory world, is a world in which fate has born us in order to do justice to our existence, be it in

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Good or bad," Juncker said gently.

"Everything is a test, whether here or elsewhere," said Oltan Tsewang.

"I think that explanations of such views need not always be the same," Juncker said. »Anyone who sees life as a test for the hereafter denies the meaning of existence in this world. Isn't it the duty to serve that could be karma? ... «

"What duties do you mean, Sahib?"

»The duty of a decent life and the duty in a community to which one belongs naturally and

according to its laws!«

The Dubtób was silent. After a while he said,  
“There may be truths that are not on the way to  
Chenrezi Amithaba. The great light from the  
east...” “... is the light over the roof of the world,  
”continued Juncker, interrupting the Dubtób. ‘But  
the light over our country comes from the north,  
from

Midnight mountain of ancient myths ... «

Oltan Tsewang raised both hands. ‘You said  
Midnight Mountain, Sahib! We also know a light  
from Mount Meru, which lies somewhere in the  
north, in a mystical darkness, far from Shambala  
beyond the Gobi. Nobody saw Meru, but his  
warning is on us, but we can no longer hear his  
voice properly. If, white Sahibs, your midnight  
mountain is at the same time our Meru and you  
are closer to it, then you are not as far away from  
the primal knowledge as people are everywhere.  
Many buttons

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in the mist for the root, the root. Hardly anyone  
can get back to the goal; the mists of long periods  
of time seem almost impenetrable, especially for  
those who are burdened with the ballast of false  
knowledge, which proliferate like weeds.  
Because you must know, Sahibs, whoever finds  
or comes from the Midnight Mountain is no  
longer closed to the future. «

“We know that, Oltan Tsewang! We come from  
the north, where is the mythical mountain of the  
midnight country. You may believe it or not.  
”Juncker raised his hands in a final gesture.

The Dubtób's eyes darkened and became  
almost piercing. He looked intently at the two  
men sitting opposite him, then thoughtfully  
pondered. After a while he said gently, “It is good,  
Sahibs. I believe you. Chenrezî, the Divine Mercy,  
must also be with you, otherwise you would  
hardly be sitting in front of me here in this  
country. His all-seeing eyes seem to protect you  
and lead you to freedom. «

"You are all-seeing and knowing yourself," Juncker said politely.

Oltan Tsewang fought back. "It is the Maya in me that gives my eyes the images I judge."

"Why is it that you have no chêlas around you, wise guru?"

The saint smiled thinly. »I lose a lot of time with the initiations for the little mysteries. I said

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not that I want to be alone and a Tsamspa, a hermit? "

"Do you know Mahasiddha Lugtog?" Asked Gutmann in between.

The Dubtób started up. "How do you know that name, Sahib?

"He sent a message to a midnight kingdom gathering. We were there at that time too! «

Shy astonishment painted on the saint's features. "Then you must be one of the men whose secrets the wind whispers softly. You are the beginning of a new power that you hope for and that you fear at the same time. If I can advise you, avoid the Mahasiddha, the Great Sage. He is smart and will show you friendship, but it is dangerous. Draw your path when you and your animals are strengthened and do not ask for the great Chohan. It could be the same with the Ngön-kyi from Gom-pa to the Seven Lotus Blossoms you told me about. «

"Is the Mahasiddha Lugtog a Chohan, a member of the secret, leading Brotherhood of Shambala?"

"They say it," evaded Oltan Tsewang.

"You were in Shigatse, weren't you?" Juncker asked. "Isn't that the seat of the Maha Chohan, the Supreme Being, over which only the Living Buddha stands?"

"Sahib, you know a lot," the hermit stammered in surprise. "You know the secrets about the Lord

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of the world ..."

"Of course," said Juncker, showing self-assurance. "We know that the Maha Chohan has seven other Chohan who have passed through the various degrees of consecration. This council forms the Inner Government of the World and is the ruler of the Great Mysteries. This council is subject to the many divine incarnations in the various monasteries in this country. The Asian brotherhoods and the Lamaist monasteries are the profane tools! «

The Dubtöb's eyes were big and serious. "It is not always good to know as much as you, Sahibs! I already advised you to take a break as long as you like, but then move away from this country immediately. It is an inner voice that speaks from my mouth! «

»Thank you for your warning, O Dubtób! We ourselves wanted to be far from here and in the realm of our own power, which we don't even know where to find now. «

"Didn't you say you were midnight from the Reich?" "Yes, we said that! But you will know that our homeland on the western continent is occupied by foreign powers and that our worldly empire is down. And the seat of our spiritual realm, symbolized by a new rune sign, is now everywhere and nowhere. The command center to which we belong has also relocated and we don't know where. We cannot do anything else than Europe for now try to reach. «

"Chenrezi will help you," Oltan Tsewang murmured. "If I can guess you, take a detour to be safe and go up to Jarkent and from there, not far from the Russian border, down the Karakorum chain south to Kashmir. It's a long journey, but you won't be looked for on this route. The Great Khan, who will now be waiting for you in the Black Yurt Valley, has his eyes searching everywhere, but not on this remote route. «

"The advice is good," agreed Juncker, who had overlooked the geographical image of the country in his mind. "It does mean, however, that we have to travel a few weeks longer. We want to think about it... «

The hermit said nothing. After a little while he got up, went to his hut and came back with a jug of sour yak milk. "May a poor man's humble drink find mercy in your eyes, o Sahibs from the Midnight Land ..."

"Bka-drin-cé - thank you very much," Juncker said out of courtesy in Tibetan. He took the not very clean jug and sipped the drink with his eyes closed. Gutmann had to follow the example for better or worse.

"I think we're going on," Juncker said suddenly now. "It's noon now, we still have half a day to go. Time is running out! - Da tscha yin - Farewell, Dubtób, thank you! «

"Da cha yin!" Oltan Tsewang said simply and bowed. »Da cha yin! ... «

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## OM MANI PADME HUM...

Those who strive to own  
earthly goods instead of  
developing their minds are like  
an eagle whose wings are  
paralyzed.

(Tagpo Lhadje)

Bearded, hollow-eyed and torn off, the five men and the girl had been moving for days in the direction indicated by the Dubtób. The travel pace was pretty slow.

In a remote Gom-pa, the monks of which stood out due to their extraordinary silence, they took a rest day at the abbot's courteous invitation, since the remote building offered quite security. But they had to be content with a simple camp in an extension of Gom-pa, since the monks did not

allow a woman to enter the sacred monastery area. The lamas were more strict and ascetic here than the people from Gom-pa to the Seven Lotus Blossoms, and they clearly belonged to another sect.

The murmuring of the praying monks and the creaking of the prayer wheels were heard throughout the day. »Om mani padme hum - oh you jewel in the lotus! ... «

Gutmann made a strange discovery in this monastery. At the short and only formal farewell ceremony at the abbot of this offside gom-pa

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Gutmann saw a round, copper disc on a low table top with a temple tower rising in the middle.

He stepped closer to the abbot: "Allow me a question, you light Amithaba in this holy house!" Gutmann pointed to the strange window. "What is it, O Tangpo, O Abbot?"

The Tangpo's expression became almost hostile. "Why do you want to know, stranger?"

»It reminds me of a thing we call Mani, which has an archetypal shape that resembles this piece!«

It was not certain whether the Tangpo, the ordinary abbot, understood the explanation. His expression betrayed neither knowledge nor ignorance. After a brief consideration, he said, almost reluctantly: "It is a symbol of a Buddha city, we call it Chot-Mandal ..."

Gutmann gave Juncker, who had accompanied him goodbye, a meaningful look. He said in a low voice: "A very strange name. Undoubtedly a synonym for the mani form. Especially here in this monastery ... «

The abbot had tried to catch the whispered words suspiciously, but he did not understand the foreign language. With an almost impolite, imperious gesture, he asked for attention. "Are you scholars that you know more about this disc?"

"We saw disks flying," distracted Gutmann. "They glowed different colors or had a flaming tail!"

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»Kye - Hey! - Nis-chu ' terykh - flying cars! "The Tangpo did not hide his excitement. "You are guests of my Gom-pa," he continued after a moment of surprise, "but I have a right to ask: are you spies of a foreign power looking for these discs? If so, know, I don't know anything. I don't know anything! "The tone belied him.

"We're not spies," Juncker assured calmly, continuing instead of Gutmanns. "But surely you saw disks in the sky as well as we did. You don't have to be a spy to see and recognize things that remind you of them! «

»Kye! - " the Tangpo called again. »Nis-chu ' terykh mk'a la - The flying cars in the sky, kye, they are the sign of some new turn! And it could be that our secret writings in the Potala are right, reporting that a time will come to end the trials. When it is fulfilled, the King of Shambala will appear and will redeem those who believe and who will guide them out of the suffering of the world to his realm of beauty, which is more beautiful than Amithaba's paradise. But whoever resists will be annihilated and must first suffer torments in order to then, after being purified by them, go to bliss. This is the last fight on this earth round, the last fight of the three worlds. Then Tsongkhapa's teaching will rule the universe and all blessings and gifts will be common to all people ... «The cheeks of the zealous Tangpo

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showed a hectic color. "Listen, strangers, hear and say it!"



"He quotes the Lamaistic world program," Juncker said quickly to Gutmann, who hardly understood any part. He continued louder to the Tangpo: "We heard what you told us, O Tangpo. But didn't you say before that, you don't know anything and now you interpret the signs in the sky! «

The Tangpo made an evil face and at the same time a threatening hand gesture by reaching for the small thunderbolt symbol and holding this demon-defending cult piece with the thumb and the two middle fingers of the right hand and at the same time straightening the index finger and the little finger. »Evil spirits guide your thinking! How can you also complain about a Tangpo? I see you want to say goodbye and go. I won't stop you, go strange men, go? «

After a formal gesture of greeting, Juncker and Gutmann left the quarrelsome abbot. A little later, the small group continued to ride into the partially deserted landscape.

The groups of nomadic residents, who were happy to sell milk, cheese and brick tea for Indian money, were far less dangerous. Millet and some flour could also be purchased.

On the other hand, it was always advisable to move around larger settlements, unless such a path through a valley

locked. The local leaders were keen everywhere for passports, the possession of which was made obligatory for foreign travelers with passports. The Tibetan provincial governors adhered to strict instructions.

The further the riders got to the northwest, the more sparingly the monasteries, also the rather frequent Klausner settlements, were called Ritödpas by the Tibetans, more and more gave way to the land of the freer nomads. Occasionally, riders who did not really inspire

confidence appeared, armed with old, bad shotguns, which evaded immediately when they saw modern rapid-fire weapons in the hands of the strangers.

On the way, the riders also picked up an ancient, fragile llama, which they lifted onto one of the pack animals and took part of the way with them, in order to then set it near their destination, which was in the same direction. The old man was mostly completely enraptured and also prayed or meditated while riding, although he had to hold on with great effort despite the slow pace.

When they lifted him from the animal before his goal, he continued untouched and distant according to his considerations: "... just as we need a mirror to look at our face, when we look at it correctly, heaven shows us the reflection of our spirit ..." Enraptured and with he stared into the cloudy vastness of the firmament. And as he shuffled away, he murmured: "Om mani padme hum - om mani ...!"

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The folk elements became more and more mixed. Turanians, Dungans, Mongols, Kyrgyz, Tajiks and other people increasingly appeared in place of purely Tibetan people. The somewhat busier area raised fears among the horsemen that word would pass around a group of strangers and that the Mongols would soon receive news of their whereabouts through their organized outposts.

According to various statements by pilgrims who migrated, they were in an area through which the northernmost border of India and then Sinkiang ran. And especially in Sinkiang, the very lively interests of China and the Soviets crossed. Last but not least, there were nationally autonomous movements aimed at special interests.

Distrust and caution were evident everywhere. The victory of Stalin in the West, which was

almost played into his hands with the help of the Anglo-American politicians, raised fears after few and cautious statements by shepherds or individual, wandering lamas that world communism would also exercise its imperialist power in this part of the world will stretch out. At that time, the Chinese situation had not yet been fully clarified. It was known that the eyes and ears of the agents were lurking everywhere and that the network of driving forces was close to this geopolitical intersection.

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Since the direction taken was towards the Soviet border, the riders decided, contrary to the previous intention, to put everything on one card and not to advance further via the Chotan-Darja , but to look for the next best way to the south.

Recke suggested asking for a guide during the meetings. Aside from money, they had horses and weapons that they couldn't keep anyway and it would be easy to find one for good equipment. The companions immediately agreed.

In a small nest, Juncker undertook to ask about a man who would be willing to take the group across the Karakorum Mountains.

"Bcu gopa - I'm a leader!" One of the men standing around stepped out of the half ring and put both hands over his chest. "Droki yimpa - where do you want to go?" He asked Juncker, who had addressed the men.

Juncker pointed south over the towering mountain ranges. »Gyakar - India!«

"Kong katshö yimpa - what's the price?"

"Kheta yang nonda - a horse and a gun!" "La-si - yes," the man nodded contentedly. 'Ona - it is good! "He gestured that he wanted to come right away.

He wedged through the bystanders who stared with open mouths to come back after a few minutes.

The man pointed to one of the two somewhat hesitantly

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free horses. "Can I ride this animal?"

Instead of an answer, Juncker gestured for him to sit up. The man first carefully walked around the animal, inspected it, looked at the hooves, the saddle seat, and then climbed on. His expression expressed satisfaction. "Sho - forward!" He replied and waved good-bye to his fellow villagers. He put himself in the lead with Juncker.

However, before the group could move, a tall man stepped out of the half-round of the locals, clenched his fists, and called out a few quick words to the crowd. Then, with his hand outstretched, he pointed to Juncker as the rider's spokesman: "Sopa!"

"What does he say?" Asked Reimer, who was closest to the man.

"Sopa means spy," Juncker instructed.

The mistrust of the locals now turned into apparent hostility. It could be seen that the people of the country immediately reacted to their way when the tensions that had long overlaid the area came to light in some form.

The gopa had steered his horse back. "Lempa - idiot!" He howled angrily. "Your agitation arises from envy because I was taken to the leader by the Sahibs. Why didn't you get in touch when the big Sahib at the top asked all of us the question? Hey you men! Isn't it so? "

People saw something undecided. »Khyi -

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The agitator shouted at the gopa. Again there was a short burst of words to influence the bystanders.

Juncker, who could reasonably follow the argument with Recke, now had enough. Slowly

he took the submachine gun hanging in front of his chest, steered his horse towards the agitator by thigh pressure and pointed the barrel of the weapon at him threateningly. "If you say one more word, you will get a lead rosary in your big cheek, and the men around you can use your mosquito brain to make a thontam, a skull drum, out of your head! ... «

The threatened man's lips tightened and he said nothing. A look of deep hatred, however, followed the riders who Juncker was the last to follow, without having previously shouted another warning to the man.

After the first hour of riding on, the riders knew that the gopa, in addition to various dialects of the room, also had knowledge of the English language, which, despite an extremely modest vocabulary and grammatical inadequacies, was sufficient for a generally needy understanding. Not as closed-minded as many of his compatriots, he eloquently announced that a new wave of migrating agents of foreign powers has been emerging lately, above all that anti-religious emissaries came from the east, who preached the same principles as the strangely researching foreigners or from such in

Country residents on duty, whose intentions, as far as recognizable, revealed the instructions of Moscow. Despite the opposition to Lamaistic power of the Dalai Lama Gyewa Rimpotshe Getson Ngwang Lobsang Trapas and a number of lamas would be willing to listen to whispers of onion dome city devil and you whisper that the Panchen Lama such activities did not look rivalry reasons for dalai lama reluctantly. The government in Lhasa was not in a very fortunate position since China and the Soviets were now playing together and no help could be expected from the other major powers, which were far away. For the time being, these western powers

had smashed the great power in the heart of the West and opened all doors to the all-destructive power of the Kremlin demons .

"You got around a bit," Juncker replied. "You have a judgment and take part in the fate of your country."

The gopa smiled flattered, but soon put on a serious expression. "If the storm howls over the Thakla Makan desert or the Gobi, it destroys everything that is prey. Such is the fate of the peoples when the great, secret powers wrestle. You will be sacrificed to the struggle for power! «

"You speak correctly!" Juncker nodded approvingly.

The gopa was now confidential. "Sahib, if I take you to Gyakar well, will you give me a gift in addition to the promised wages?"

"You are like a yidag, like a poor, starved one

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Essence of your demon belief, "laughed Juncker. »We hardly know each other anymore and have not even taken the first break and you are already begging for a farewell gift ...«

The scolded man pulled his head slightly. "I said that for a reason, Sahib! The wind brought a message that a strong arm of the Mongols was looking for white men who wanted to leave the country. But since it is not people from the Ulan-Nam, the Red Party, who are looking for you, I have heard nothing or have forgotten it. Is it worth a little present, Sahib? "

"If it were Ulan-Nam people , would you have acted as an enemy?"

The gopa held up his hands in defense. "I do n't want to know anything about the Ulan-Nam , Sahib! But I'm afraid of them and then I wouldn't have registered as a guide. It is dangerous to act against the interests of powers. Some have rushed off the road of earthly existence here and while their soul has escaped from their bodies, they have had to hear the texts of Bardo Thödol, the Tibetan Book of the Dead, in the deaf ear. «

'And the other strong arm? Like the Great Khan of the Black Yurt? "Juncker looked intently at the gopa.

»It is said that this is everywhere and nowhere. He is supposed to lead a tough regiment and it is astonishing that he wants to re-establish the laws of Genghis Khan . But you are not afraid of him. My ears heard nothing

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so I don't have to worry! "He clicked his tongue lightly and drove his mount. "If we hurry, we can still reach a rest house today!" What the Gopa called a rest house later turned out to be crumbled walls. It was at best a primitive protection against possible bad weather.

The paths were often narrow and sometimes dangerous. White water was an unpleasant obstacle, the simple and old footbridges and suspension bridges were anything but trustworthy. The scenery became almost wild, inhospitable and the slopes and peaks of the towering Karakorum Mountains offered the sight of frozen primeval giants.

Thanks to the guidance of the Gopa, the group of riders was able to move forward without any questions. However, a large part of the way had to be done on foot and the animals led by the reins. After a few days they reached the Karakorum pass with some difficulty .

This mountain crossing was more than five and a half thousand meters high. An icy wind whistled between the ridges and often took breath with its violent blows. The men and the girl groaned along the scree path, groaning as the animal's flanks trembled. And sometimes it seemed as if the wind sang the worn lyre of Om mani padme hum through the majestic gate divide between the world of religious immersion and tantric rites on one side and the old Trimurti trinity on the other, still far south.

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The route did not drop much after overcoming the decisive pass. Slowly the large massif of Depsang, which was almost seven thousand meters high, grew up again, to the left of the path a log loomed, whose summit, the Mamostong-Kangri, looked like a slumbering ice animal. When the group reached the Sasir pass tired after days, the modest food supplies were almost at an end.

Everyone was happy when the Gopa declared that they were only thirty kilometers away from the larger settlement of Panamik.

Before they reached this place, they still had to cross the little Pukpoche river that flowed into the nearby, wildly roaring Nubra.

From Panamik onwards, the difficulty of the way decreased somewhat. In a day's distance was the place Tiggur, just above the confluence of the Nubra and the larger Shayok River. This put an end to the greatest strain, as there was food again and above all accommodation for overnight stays. Here the simplest possibilities were felt like luxury. The distance from Tiggur to the city of Leh was now only about fifty kilometers.

As the Gopa explained, one could advance from Leh into the nearby Indus Valley and from there to Srinagar. It would be almost certain, however, that agents from different directions would be sitting in Leh, who would immediately register and report the arrival and passage of the strangers. He recommended something

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large detour, which, however, offered greater security for the next stage of travel.

It was the gopa himself who offered to take the white sahibs and the girl through the Shayoktal and then a little further up the Indus River to the road that led to Srinagar.

With three overnight stays in the towns of Biagdango, Thang and Abadon in the Shayoctal, they had completed half the distance that initially led to the fork of the Shayok with the



Indus. They passed Gurtse, Doghani and Kuru until after four days they reached Kiris, from where the further route again led in a southeastern direction upstream of the Indus. This route became a little more difficult. Now the great chain of the Ladakh mountains was balancing in the northeast, separating the Indus from the Shayok. The high massif of the Deosalblock was in the southwest.

So it went a little further towards Leh until after about eighty kilometers the road was reached that led away from the Indus and without detours to Srinagar. At this point the gopa said goodbye after receiving the promised horse, a submachine gun, a pistol and money.

With outbursts of sincere gratitude and with the customary blessings, he said goodbye, constantly making bows. Gopa was visibly delighted with the leadership's generous remuneration for the country. "Tashi shig, sahibs! - Farewell, may you be happy! May the gods you believe in keep you safe to your destination

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bring! - Kale phé - farewell! ... «

Now it turned out that the girl in particular was almost at the end of her tether. A rest day had to be taken before the last stage, which was the same distance through the Indus Valley from Kiwis to Srinagarstrasse, could be continued.

When they reached the capital of Kashmir on this road, overcoming the Himalayan foothills , the whole group was tired of falling over. For the time being, she was not particularly noticeable after the weapons had been hidden in time and the clothes, which had been severely worn out by the exertions, made them appear as pilgrims for the first moment. Nevertheless, one underestimated the large network that lay across the globe.

Although only a very modest quarter on the outskirts of the city had been chosen and, above all, there was no interest other than enjoying a

long-deprived bed rest apart from a proper meal, especially the men were hardly particularly surprised when they were already on the next morning two English military officers appeared. "Your passports please!"

Wire fence all around. At intervals guard towers, on which headlights were mounted, which illuminated the no-man's land in front of the internment camp at night to prevent any attempts to escape. The barbed fence itself was then reflected in the matt

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glaring beam of light cones like matt hoarfrost. During the day, the mood was dull over the camp, which consisted of only a few barracks. An adventurous journey had come to an end here for the time being.

Even the best Swiss passports could no longer save a messy location. The girl, Juncker and Recke had no other papers with them than their pay books as German officers or as news helpers. Frene's French passport hardly counted, since it was immediately suspected when it was picked up. Gutmanns and Reimers passports withstood the first check, but it quickly became apparent that both passport holders had been on a list for a long time, which also included persons to be checked. And last but not least, despite all the stealth, it was not hidden that whites had disappeared somewhere in the mouth of the Panjnad. All of these and other minor circumstances did not make it too difficult for the British authority to determine the true nationality of the detainees fairly quickly.

The detention center did not hold many inmates. A number of women were housed in an isolated barrack, and Ortrun Weser was now with them. In the men's block, apart from a few seafarers, there were mostly German businessmen and travelers, who were surprised by the war in India and immediately caught and

interned by the British Field Secret Service, the FSS. The British now had a large number of internees

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already moved to the Middle East, where there were collective camps for layoffs. What remained were mostly cases that somehow seemed particularly suspicious to the FSS or were thought to be in the service of the German Defense or the SD.

There was no pathetic saying above the gate that led to the camp. No sign with "Let all hope go" or any other name received the last ones. The only prosaic greeting to the Torsergeant was simply: "Damned fools! ... «

Everything was very primitive and the logical continuation of the concentration camps invented by the British in the Boer War at the turn of the century. But fatigue apathy could not help finding the camp depressing and inadequate.

A short interrogation of the men took place during the admission, which was carried out the next day individually and with perseverance by the British FSS organs . The cheap attempt to pretend to have escaped Soviet captivity broke down after a few clever counter-questions from the British. The English captain who conducted the interrogation was a keen, old colonial officer who, over the course of his objections, repeatedly indicated that he could test his skills long enough on the damned bloody Hindoes. Still, he behaved fairly correctly otherwise, unlike two sergeants who made out

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made no secret of their cynical attitude.

It soon became clear to Captain Benson that, with the exception of Frêne, he had German aviation officers before him, who had fallen into British hands in a rather confused way. The officers truthfully gave their names and the last units stationed in Europe, but, based on the international provisions of the Geneva Convention, refused to provide further information, especially about the fact that the captain was amazed at falling out of the clouds Surfacing Kashmir. The interview with Frêne, who pretended to be a Frenchman devastated by unrest, was not much different, which the Briton had to put up with angrily.

If, however, the Germans considered the British captain to be relatively pleasant after the initial interrogation in a calm tone, they immediately felt disappointed. After a short, almost sleepy-looking pause, the Briton pushed forward like a hawk and asked about the origin of the Swiss passports for Gutmann and Reimer, which he questioned together. Not enough, a suspicious encounter with Swiss people in the Persian Gulf had been registered, which should now be cleared up. This did not make the most sensitive point for the two officers, the attempted responsibility that they had bought these passports anywhere on the black market, credible. The captain became brusque and bluntly accused them of being members or agents of German news-

service, the defense or the international department VI of the security service. In an energetic effort to clarify the prisoners' true identity, he went so far as to question even the truthfulness of names and unity.

The captain resigned only after repeated interrogations. As far as the Germans could see the British in the cards, his report did not seem to be a conclusive one, and apparently left a series

of suspicions open, which adorned the interview files with red pen notes that were in no way intended to make the namesake easy cases for one propose early repatriation.

Except for the confiscated weapons, the pieces of luggage had been left to the prisoners. However, money and papers were also taken and deposited in the warehouse management. Gutmann, however, had still managed to take the small two-way radios out of their luggage during the transport to the internment camp and let them roll onto the side of the street through a slit in the tarpaulin wall so that they hit the hard edge of a riverbed moving car fell into the deep water after impacting. Two military officers sitting on the back wall hadn't noticed anything in their dozing mood.

After a few days a small, skinny colonel came to the inspection and walked away from the small group of internees who had started to appeal. He carried in his hand

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a short cane and next to him a prickling terrier trotted.

»What's the matter with you? "Is there anything?" He asked curtly, the broad knight in the front.

"This is not an officers' camp, Colonel!" Replied the man with remarkable irony. "Something like a camp for Australians ..."

»Damned German - shut up! "Shut up," came back roughly. "What we offer here is enough. We already have our Indian experiences there, hehehe..." He grumbled unpleasantly, tinny. "We cannot quarter you in a Maharadjah, we are still sitting there ourselves ..."

"But not for long, I guess," said the Juncker behind, indignant at the British cynicism.

"Hey - who is that damned swine!" The colonel shouted, crimson in his face.

"It wasn't a pig, Colonel, it was a person who spoke. And I'm that person!" Juncker casually lifted his right arm.

The Brit gasped.

"Don't get upset, Colonel! You asked us if there was anything. We have given you our opinion. Look at these conditions."

"I didn't ask you, I asked your foreman," the colonel roared in between. »What do you want anyway? Think about your concentration camps ... «

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"The one you invented first," Juncker said. "Or do you want to look at us for Boers because we lost the war? We also read other newspapers and heard other opinions before we got to grips with them and know that the Allied propaganda is often a big hoax and fraud ... «

»Shut up - rest! The Brit shouted again, waving the baton wildly in the air.

"And we know that the victims of the bombing were shoveled together from Munich, loaded onto trucks, transported to Dachau and photographed there as allegedly gassed victims, and this horror film, with the murdered Allied bombs, was shown as a forced screening in the German soldiers' prison camps let... «

"Sergeant - Sergeant! ... Hell and devils! - Pack the damned German and put it in the bunker! - quick, quick - quick, damn it! ... «

Both sergeants stood at lightning speed next to the colonel. While the colonial officer was still angry, the two non-commissioned officers carried Juncker into the bunker intended for regulations.

The colonel trembled with anger. Spread out, he planted himself in front of the front of the row, braced his arms on his hips and asked menacingly: "Anyone else with the same opinion?"

"Yes!" Said Reimer aloud. Agreeing murmurs

accompanied him.

The colonel's mouth was open. His prank had gotten a bump. "That's like mutiny - mutiny ..." His jaws grinded, the hair on the side of the hat stood up. He was between excitement and surprise. Then he found that he was no longer completely in control of the situation, and everywhere in front of him he found little laughter, blank, knowing eyes. So he suddenly turned away and stomped away, growling. Angry and embarrassed, Captain Benson followed.

Nobody took care of the internees for the time being. The sergeants had taken Juncker away and then appeared to crumble. The officers were gone, so it was finally a Scottish non-commissioned officer who let the prisoners go. Mac Culloch, who was always available for small favors and had his own benevolent opinion of the Germans.

That evening the men sat closer together than usual in the barrack and joined the community with those who had been in prison for some time. It had been shown that the reluctance towards stragglers was due to the risk of spying. The British FSS loved the system of buying gullible or understated elements and using them as a listening post. A system that the British sometimes knew how to use successfully, although the Judas wages were often only a handful of cigarettes. There was also a prisoner in this camp

Nationality that could not be ascertained and was quickly drawn by the discarding of a Pall Mall cigarette butt.

After the evening roll call, the sergeant on duty announced briefly that Juncker had been sentenced to one month bunker for defiant behavior. That was the maximum sentence, but the average was imposed.

The small camp community was outraged by the behavior of the British colonel. On this evening there was also the often leisurely tinkering of individuals, be it carving small figures using broken glass or fragments of razor blades, small sheet metal work from the plentiful tin cans, playing with homemade primitive chess pieces or playing cards made from the same back covers of cigarette packs. After a lengthy conversation, the community decided to protest the next day through its spokesman to the British captain and attempt to get Juncker free.

So the next day the German camp spokesman and his companion Gutmann stood in front of the British camp commandant and politely asked for a suspension of Juncker's conviction, on the grounds that the rude manner of the colonel had actually challenged a contradiction.

Here it turned out that the British captain, despite his hard interrogations, also understood humanly

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owned. He approved the form of the appeal, but flatly declared that he could not afford to simply overturn an order from the inspecting colonel, or to bypass it by any relief. However, if the colonel is reported to take a European vacation next, he wants to see if he can end the punishment prematurely. The opposition council had to be satisfied with that. "Damn it!" Grumbled Recke when the two men came back from the camp commandant. "First a long monkey ride and then a lousy bunker at the end. It was even better in Gom-pa with the Seven Lotus Blossoms! «

"And the Mongols were in any case more friendly to us than these short-sighted Britons, whose royal family pays homage to the myth as



the bearer of the crown of David and that constantly sinned against the Germanic family," added Reimer. "We'll see who really lost the war in a few years ..."

"What Azîz already recognized in Bombay," Gutmann concluded.

Two weeks passed without anything happening. Since the camp was already far south of Kashmir, the heat drooped during the day. Even the camp gossip common in all locations of this kind, typically called latrines in the vernacular, could not be exuberant. The British also gradually became interested in the game they practiced

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lost to circulate such gossip in order to somehow occupy the prisoners with artificially coiffed slogans. Above all, this affected layoffs that never came true. On the other hand, the World Intelligence Service worked quite well thanks to the readiness of Indian aid workers to smuggle newspapers. The Indians also liked to bring news of their own accord. Above all, the tensions that began to emerge between East and West became visible.

The grotesque nature of this new political situation meant that one of the British sergeants came up to Reimer after the morning roll call and gave him a little poke: "Hey, bloody German, it could be a lot of fun if we suddenly hit the soot skis together ! - Hey, what do you mean? ... «

"Slip down my hump, you servant of David," said the Linz man angrily. "You've been constantly dumping dirt over German militarism and not even allowing us to be soldiers. Now all of a sudden we should march again, fly or do something else. Go away, old Johnny, let's do it! ... «

The sergeant looked at the Linz poisonously. "Allright, you think. But if it really matters, you will march, you bloody hunns! «

"Höhö or what bites us," Reimer sneered. "You can't force guns into our hands!"

"Oh yes," grinned the sergeant now. »We need you

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If you don't eat for just eight days, you'll come by yourself! Then he took a swaying step.

Reimer presented this discussion in the evening barrack discussion. But nobody got excited. The men saw in the strange pairing of unbalanced views with unsubstantiated arrogance complexes only a follow-up development of a propaganda technique of the opposite side, which sooner or later would also produce undesirable results, which were not calculated by the abomination and news manufacturers. The new case of the British sergeant was thus seen only as a small mosaic in the image of a great agitation, the errors of which clouded all perspectives on a reality.

During this conversation the Scotsman Mac Culloch entered the barrack. This was a surprise, since the British had long since left the barrack after the evening roll call and left the internees at ease. The Scotsman was obviously not on duty, but had a short pipe in the corner of his mouth from which he smoked like a tug boat.

He greeted Gutmann, who he knew was friends with Juncker, after a friendly greeting. "Hey, Gutmann, come along!"

"What is it?" Gutmann took a few steps towards the Scotsman.

»Your comrade Juncker - he's sick! Fever all day today ... «

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"What is it?" Recke had come up with Reimer, and Frêne strolled up too. "Juncker is sick?"

Mac Culloch nodded. 'Strong fever. Didn't eat anything all day. Just had some tea. Captain Benson has said in the evening that if it is not better tomorrow, the camp doctor must come

here. Does he have any illness that you know of?  
”

Gutmann said no. "He has no suffering!"

Mac Culloch frowned. He looked at the men standing in front of him, then reached into his pocket and handed a full pack of cigarettes to the next man. While he was still tentatively reaching for it, the Scotsman tapped his cap with two fingers of his right hand, then turned and slowly left the barrack.

"Now we know little more than before," said Recke after the Scotsman's departure. "Hopefully it's not serious?"

"Mac won't have come for nothing," said Reimer, with a clearly worried undertone.

"Actually, Juncker should come to the hospital barrack," said Gutmann. "The British doctor should take care of that!"

"If he's a cold-nosed buffalo doctor, he'll only bob with the chopstick and then have a whiskey instead of the sick," said Recke. "You never know with the British how they come to you ..."

"Vraiment," Frêne nodded. »The times of fairness are

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long gone! «

The other barrack residents also shared the same opinion. They had all had time and leisure to study the British camp regiment and get to know them well. When the men went to their simple sleeping quarters at the proper time, the neighbors continued to tell the stragglers about their various camp experiences. Not a lot of good came out of it.

After the morning roll call the next day, Gutmann and Recke waited patiently for an opportunity to learn more about Juncker. It was only after two hours as an Indian walked by that an Indian reported that the German Afsar, the officer, was still in the bunker. He knew nothing about the British doctor.

"Shouldn't we go see the captain?" Asked Recke.

"We should think about that," Gutmann advised slowly. "Above all, we have to remember not to give Mac Culloch any trouble. If the captain learns that the man was with us in the evening and told us about Juncker, it could be uncomfortable for him. Let's wait for Mac Culloch himself for now. He'll come by himself if he knows something or has time for us. «

Recke accepted Gutmann's objections. Nevertheless, the men's patience was put to the test because the Scotsman didn't arrive until late in the afternoon.

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Gutmann had to approach him directly so that the Scotsman would tell him that the camp doctor had apparently been with the arrester, but that he had left him in the bunker.

"Then he'll probably be better," Recke tried to calm himself down.

The Scotsman looked at him but said nothing and hurried to get away.

Junker died two days later.

The men in the camp found out about it after the evening roll call. This time there was an uproar in the camp.

At first the younger men made themselves known through loud protest calls. When the sergeant on duty emerged from the guard barrack at the main gate of the camp and followed his order to rest with a swear word, a stone the size of a fist suddenly flew to his feet.

The sergeant immediately shouted out the guard and let the rifles fire.

The initially modest revolt was now showing signs of a more dangerous rebellion when one of the internees, with careful calculation, shouted the slogan out of the crowd: "Tommy, sail home from India - sail home from India!"

The Indians, who were also gathering, heard this call and approval calls were immediately heard. "Germanistan ki jai!" One yelled back sympathetically.

Now, losing his nerve, the sergeant fired a warning shot from his army pistol into the air.

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The answer from the camp was roar and laughter. Reimer, who wanted to jump forward, was pulled back by Gutmann. "Stop! - It's no use! "Gutmann raised his hand and demanded calm. 'We're going back to the barrack! Can't you see that the sergeant is going to go crazy soon? Screaming doesn't help us. Back - let's go back! ... «

Slowly, hesitantly, the men followed. It was visibly difficult for them to have to suppress an anger that had been pent up for a long time. Nevertheless, reason prevailed.

While they were following Gutmann, the whole camp was already alarmed. The tower guards aimed their guns inside the camp, and reinforcements for the service guard came from the outside barracks. A few minutes later, Captain Benson appeared on the scene.

Two of the internees had stopped at the camp site and were watching the events outside the wire fence. When Benson saw her standing, he shouted in through the fence: "What's the matter, hey? What's going on?"

The called looked at one another indecisively, then simply turned and took a few steps back towards the barrack.

"Damned fools!" Swore the captain. He beckoned to the sergeant and two soldiers, then passed the gate barrack and entered the camp. Furious, he crossed the square with large, sweeping steps until he saw the two men slowly returning

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had achieved. "What do you mean, people? - Don't you want to talk? «

"We just want to think about it," replied one carefully. "Namely, whether there is any point in talking about things that simply cannot be heard ..."

'Hey? ... «Benson squeezed his bamboo stick so that his knuckles came out white. At that moment Gutmann and the camp spokesman came out. They went to meet the captain and then waited in front of him.

"What's going on here?" Asked Benson again.

"You ask that, Captain?" Gutmann's voice was calm, but there was an undertone that made the British step back.

For a brief moment the men measured each other with a look. Then Benson stomped on. "Talk to me!"

"How was our comrade Juncker, Captain?"

Benson bit his lip. »Well - sorry - I'm sorry - suddenly sick and - you know yourself how it is sometimes in the tropics - an unfortunate occurrence. Unfortunate - indeed! ... «

"What does unfortunate mean here?" Asked Gutmann hard. "What did the doctor do? That is especially important! «

"The doctor? - Well, - surely he did what he could do ... " What then? 'Urged Gutmann.

"Ask the doc yourself!" Benson shouted, exasperated by Gutmann's boring. Obviously he didn't know how to give an appropriate answer himself.

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"Perhaps you will tell us, Captain, whether Juncker died in the bunker or in the hospital?"

"I'm reporting to my supervisor," Benson evaded. Becoming sharp, he added: "But I will not tolerate any kind of resistance or a whirl of the camp! - I make you both responsible for keeping the camp calm! «

"I refuse any responsibility for myself," said Gutmann coldly. »You didn't take any responsibility for us either!«

"In such circumstances, I also decline any responsibility and resign from my position as

camp spokesman!" Gutmann's companion added with a statement.

"I'll have you locked up!" Benson blushed.

"The whole camp doesn't mind being locked up. But everything you do and order will be your responsibility! «

The British officer slammed his bamboo stick against the thigh, then turned suddenly and went out of the camp. After a few steps, he called back with his head turned to the side: "If there is any unrest, I will shoot sharply!"

From now on, all warehouse work was suspended. Benson responded to the mute protest by the internees by withdrawing all the benefits. Due to the failure of the so-called working portions, the catering rates became noticeably smaller. Just then one of the British threw

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Sergeants put a little propaganda in the barracks to annoy the internees. In this pamphlet, a French woman described her experiences in the so-called Ravensbrück concentration camp in northwestern Germany, citing accommodation and food rations. It was amusingly discovered that the Allies gave their prisoners a catering rate that was only half to a third of what the inmates received from Ravensbrück. These, in the defeated Germany and in the so-called winning states in the camps, were only too well known to the men interned in the small Indian camp thanks to the news from the Indian camp personnel.

When the sergeant came back the next day and pointed bitingly at the printed matter, he encountered a cheerful grin on all sides. A Berliner with a typical muzzle of humor said broadly: »These are terrifying fairy tales for little kids! ... «

"Focking!" The sergeant babbled in white chapel as he pulled out.

The British camp commander was uncomfortable with the internees' stance. He was, for better or worse, restrained from sending a corresponding report to the superior department. If, however, some of the prisoners had secretly hoped that the Juncker case would be investigated, they would find themselves disappointed, as was often the case in certain assumptions in which the British had been misjudged. The

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The camp regiment was continued with the utmost rigor, the little harassment of the sergeants not stopped. The superiors covered the camp management completely, the camp doctor also stayed.

The German helmsman Jansen proposed a hunger strike to intensify the protest, and a large proportion of the camp inmates immediately agreed. Here, however, Gutmann intervened together with the unofficial camp spokesman. After careful consideration, both men acted on the other prisoners to put this project on hold. It was easy for the camp spokesman to convince his comrades that this would only weaken them, but would in no way shake the British's stubbornness.

After another week, Benson suddenly gave in by letting the speaker and Gutmann come into his barrack room and leaving them free to have the camp community carve a cross for Juncker, who was buried on the outskirts of the village. He made wood and tools available. A small delegation may later set it up on the spot.

"That doesn't help our comrade Juncker very much," replied Gutmann sarcastically. "Still, at least we have to thank you for this gesture of late goodwill!"

Captain Benson muttered something unintelligible. Then he released the called party.

On the second next day, the camp commandant



Dant that ten men from the camp may move out to the cruiser at the nearby grave. He even accepted the request that Ortrun Weser and a second inmate come with them.

Shortly afterwards, when Juncker's old companions, the two women and some other camp comrades accompanied by a sergeant and six tommies, marched out of the wire camp, they had barely a quarter of an hour to walk to the edge of the small Indian village, which also had a small administrative office to come across the burial site.

Bitter feelings accompanied the prisoners on their silent march. While they were on the spot, Captain Benson came in a jeep. When he jumped out of the car, Gutmann and Recke were just ramming the grave mark. The front of the row of prisoners standing in front of the grave still blocked his view. He waited in the background until after Gutmann and Recke had resigned, the small camp delegation had sung the song about the good comrade.

A few locals had gathered nearby. After the song of the Germans ended, Captain Benson came in and gave a brief military tribute at the grave. Then his eyes widened. Instead of an expected cross, he found a sign unknown to him. There was a man rune on Junckers' grave .

Now the Indians were getting closer. The British's indigenous auxiliaries had already

propaganda ensured that the grave was given a new layer of flowers according to European custom. The British did not prevent the locals' sympathy, although they felt the protest against their rule.

Among the flower donations there was suddenly a small bowl in the middle of the grave in which seven lotus flowers were floating. A small loop showed in brush writing the well-known signs of the eternal invocation »Om mani padme hum«. But it could not be determined who of the visitors had practiced this lotus bowl on the grave in such a clever and unrecognized way. The trail of the fugitives had been found and kept under surveillance. The greeting of the lotus flowers was like a gesture of a final farewell from a loosened embrace, the separation of two worlds and goals.

"Om mani padme hum" was the last but vain summoning of the roof of the world. The quickly perishable flowers in the bowl swam calmly and peacefully in the shadow of the rune tower. Two symbols against each other, a silent question about the future. The dead man took this question with him unresolved.

White or yellow - midnight mountain or ri-rap hlumpo?

965

## LOCATION OF THE SPIRIT

This is the way marked out  
north, on which the gods go  
and the fathers and the  
Rishi's to the highest of the  
highest, to the highest goal.

(Atharvacira-Upanisha)

One day it happened. The British camp commander announced that the internees would now be taken home to Europe. Since the British had been fueling rumors of layoffs at short intervals since the end of the war, but which then turned out to be untrue again and again, an

official return was dismissed as a rumor this time, despite official announcement.

This mistrust waned somewhat when an FSS commission checked the internees again and then had statements signed that no one of the undersigned had belonged to the Deutsche Abwehr or the SD, the news organization of the SS. Gutmann, Recke and Reimer were particularly interrogated. Frêne as a Frenchman was ignored. The three Germans stuck to the statements already made and refused to explain further. Despite the signing of the forms, they were provided with suspicious notes for further checks in Europe

966

to employ.

After the interrogation by the incumbent commission ended, military trucks drove to the camp a few days later. The transport was immediately completed, an accompanying command took over the prisoners and hours later the column rolled out of the wire fence camp onto the dusty road. The trip went to Karachi.

There was a short stop at the destination until the British steamer came in and took over the transport. While embarking, the prisoners saw large piles of dismantled machine parts lying around unprotected on the quay of the harbor. It was loot from Germany, with which nobody in Baluchistan knew what to do and which later became prey to rust.

When the steamer ran out, thick smoke oozed from the chimney. In the hot, flickering air it generally formed into a long shaky flag, which then disappeared in the far reaches. Birds shrieked farewell around the cargo holds of the ship, the city and lighthouse became visibly smaller, the hinterland merged into a gray, hazy and irregular band line.

The southwest vestibule to the roof of the world disappeared ...

The rules of the ship were not being overly strict now. At certain times, the

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Move internees freely on a cover part. The food had also improved. After the long previous resignation, the impatience of the returnees now showed no limits.

Frêne was the most restless of the men. He had firmly refused to return to France at the present time and insisted on being released in Germany for the time being. It had become common knowledge that more than a hundred thousand Frenchmen, as friends of the Germans, had been mercilessly murdered by the Communist Maquis during the epicuration. The same thing happened to thousands of Flemish and tens of thousands were sentenced to death in absentia by special courts. A cold-blooded mass murder had been at work. Robespierre's shadow haunted tortured countries.

"What will happen to us?" Asked Recke, depressed, when the four men rested alone in the shade of a tarpaulin and let a cooling sea breeze stroke their faces.

Gutmann, who had been sitting there brooding and silent, looked up. He said thoughtfully: "We will always live in a duty! Our people are on the ground, but they are not dead. The survivors of the great battles have an unwavering responsibility to ensure the lives of women and children and to work to rebuild the country. The remaining substance of the people must be preserved and survive at all costs. Otherwise the hour will be zero on the day of the

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Wehrmacht surrender on the lost day of the fall of the nation. If we weaken and resign, Rathenau's prophecy will be surpassed and

Morgenthau's wish to destroy will be fulfilled. "His posture tightened as he continued:" Where there is life, life is passed on. Every people, who keeps their will to live, is given a new great moment by a balancing story after times of need. Remember that! «

"And what about lost point 103?" Asked Reimer.

Gutmann looked at the companions. "None of us now know where there is potential, nobody knows where the men are. But everything is there and lives hidden in the current of time. If the timesheet opens a new page, a bright gong strike will bring together everything that is scattered in the cleaned room. Few people will be the great directors to fulfill a historical imperative. «

Recke leaned back wearily. "So each of us will be on our own in the near future."

"We first have to see how our house is ordered back home," Gutmann replied calmly. "Then maybe we can somehow continue to form a small community. We'll probably see more clearly in a few weeks! «

After a short silence, Recke continued: "I'll try to protect Ortrun under my protection

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to keep. I don't know why the English keep us separate during the transport. They also have their official mold manners. We'll probably be fired together after all ... «

"Marry!" Reimer said shortly.

"I want to," said Recke seriously. »We are actually clear about it. Only circumstances have so far delayed a formal discussion. "Suddenly a mischievous puff flew across his face. "And what about the girl from Tangier? ... «

Reimer was slightly embarrassed. "Who knows how things are now? I'll have a look around Munich. "He added gloomily:" I can't imagine that - standing on a prong of the bombed-out city - she'll cry for a missing plane. Oh nonsense, "he broke off abruptly.

A slightly absorbing lake made the steamer lurch slightly. Like snails - so the homecomers thought - he was heading towards Aden. After a short stay in the British protectorate harbor, which had been converted into a permanent base, the ship entered the Red Sea, leaving behind the old pirate nest surrounded by a wild black bizarre rock landscape.

Quite late in the evening it was restless on the steamer. The following morning, the internees learned from the crew that there was a bright, glowing disc circling the sky.

Crew members and the escort team now spoke of alien saucers -

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as the British called these saucer-like flying objects - and puzzled over the appearance.

Outside, in a narrow circle, Frêne said: »I very much believe that at the moment we are actually dealing with a third appearance that shows a new variant outside of German technology and besides Mani. The British also said that the Pentagon in Washington had set up its own office to deal with the "Flying Saucers" and to keep the accumulating files from the public. "

"Everything is possible," Gutmann admitted frankly. "We just have to be careful not to leave the ground of factual considerations. These new phenomena will continue to challenge many conjectures for a long time. Perhaps the most improbable thing is that two of the three variants so far meet. Who knows? Under no circumstances can an Allied power have already created a gyroscope based on any captured German plans. Whatever the Ivan may have captured in Prague or Wroclaw, the time span has so far hardly been sufficient for a speedy reconstruction. «

"Lots of questions and no answers ..." Recke said thoughtfully.

Coming closer and closer to home, the men began to seriously discuss the practical possibilities of their further civil life and upcoming struggle for existence. For the time being, it had been no different from all people who had long been isolated in captivity

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were held and spun thoughts that jumped from boredom into the realm of fantasy again and again. No age protected against folly and foolishness.

The approaching new phase of life forced seriousness. The expected dismissal presented her with harsh realities.

Then everything went quickly against expectations. After passing Suez and a short trip to the Mediterranean, the ship, to the surprise of the internees, turned off to Italy, where they disembarked one night and were taken to the Carinthian state of the newly created second Republic of Austria by the eighth British Army. With the handover to the command of the convoy, rigorous harassment began again. The transport ended up in the British POW Camp 373 in Wolfsberg.

This camp was the last nerve mill of persistent arbitrariness. The mighty man was a banker named Kennedy who had emigrated from Vienna. As captain of the FSS, the Neuengländer made no secret of his hatred of German. Thousands of prisoners suffered from his arbitrariness and the punishment bunkers were constantly occupied. During interrogations and checks, men of all ages - there were many civilian prisoners - were transferred to Poland or Yugoslavia on many charges, mostly for alleged war crimes. The British kept girls of seventeen and old women in a women's block

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between sixty and seventy years of age.

Months of waiting again. Hunger raged in the camp. Tea with a lot of bromine, four cookies and soup with worm peas was the daily ration. Gradually, a few men were handed over to asylums, and a dysentery that was beginning to eat through grass could just be intercepted.

One day a Red Cross commission inspected the camp. Shortly before, Captain Kennedy had the bunkers cleared with the victims, beaten in blue and black, and provided a quick setting for what appeared to be neatness. With the best attestations for the camp, the Red Cross people disappeared after fleeting circumspection.

Layoffs began at a time when no one was expecting them. After a few transports, Gutmann, Recke and Frêne came up with it. At the same time with some women Ortrun Weser. This discharge group was brought to Bavaria. Another interrogation by the FSS captain had produced no further results than the existing file situation. The New Englander Kennedy had made no secret of his deep distrust of Gutmann and Recke. For reasons of simplification, Frêne was simply classified as a "displaced person" and thus deprived of any further interest. Reimer stayed behind as an Austrian.

The small community was separated again.

More weeks of grueling waiting passed before further releases were made. This time, Reimer was there too. As the slender FSS sergeant with

When the ice-cold eyes gave Linz the release form and had a receipt signed, the discharge was overdue by a month. Captain Kennedy had left the bill in his desk drawer for a month out of sheer malice. Many of the belongings taken from him were missing. But Linz was wisely silent.

In Klagenfurt, he received a four-language identity card, as prescribed by the Allies. With the required number of cancellations, as required by the Soviets, he was able to drive via



Vienna to Linz without being stopped at the demarcation lines.

Everything was different. Freedom was an alien world. Even people didn't seem to have a face, just hard stamps or masks. Everywhere distrust, strangeness and rejection.

The home station Linz was marked by war damage. The heavily bombed city showed its many scars and a bleak picture. When he came to his parents' house, he was standing in front of a ruin.

He later found his mother in an emergency shelter.

When Reimer had overcome a mental low, he got up and wrote to Gutmann. A mail delay caused by the occupation censors had a major part in the fact that it took a long time before the answer came from Runkel.

Gutmann's answer was warm but brief.

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He informed the Linz that they had already worried about him. The late release would have been one of the many attacks and arbitrariness of the Neuengländers. The letter further showed that Frêne would also be safe in Runkel. Recke found no relatives and meanwhile married Ortrun Weser. They moved to Marsberg, where they created a small middle-class existence. In the meantime, Recke hadere and dream the days on the mountain top with the last stone ruins of the old Eresburg Widukinds. Gutmann closed the letter with the suggestion to arrange a meeting for the next time in Munich, where Reimer could also take care of Nella Post.

They exchanged letters again, and then, despite his modest cash, Reimer drove to the Bavarian capital two days before a meeting that was now firmly agreed. Mailbox letters that he had written to Nella from Linz had returned as untraceable. So there was only one attempt at the city's registration office.

Contrary to expectations, he received an address in Schwabing relatively quickly. With the

registration office's information sheet in hand, he immediately went to the address given.

"Nena Post?" Asked an old woman who had opened the apartment door a crack on Reimer's doorbell. »The Nelly - don't you know yet? ... «

"I'm from outside," Reimer said briefly. 'I only got the address from the registration office now

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to get."

"Come in!" The owner let the Linz man step into a half-dark anteroom. She eyed the visitor curiously. "Were you related to Nelly?"

"Goods?" Asked Reimer. "I helped her get home when the war ended. She's here now, isn't she? "

"She was here," the woman said emphatically. "The day before yesterday she was buried!"

"No - that's not possible!" The Linz man almost screamed. "How did that happen? His eyelids fluttered slightly.

"She poisoned herself," said the woman dryly. "Actually, she was a nice thing at first. When she came to sublet me, she had previously lost her mother, who lived with relatives in the country. For a long time the Nelly was fine. Then she started to drink after the roommate had always bothered her. They have a room with me together. The other, who is a real stick girl, always brings her black Negro soldiers friends here. There's nothing I can do about it, you know, the occupiers ... «

"Go on," the Linz man urged. "What happened to Nelly?"

"Well, recently the Negro sergeant brought from Claire - actually, in German, she's called Klara - a real black gorilla with a bottle of whiskey in every pocket. Well - and after a while he fell on the Nelly. she has

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shouted that you heard it all over the street. But who can mess with occupation soldiers? «

"And?" Reimer's face had turned white.

"And?" Repeated the woman, "she cried like a dog cutting her tail for a few days and argued with the black sergeant. Then she was over the top and took poison. Claire with her line friends is actually to blame. «

Suddenly a door flew open, a flood of light brightened the anteroom. »Hey - old woman! - What did you just say? "I have stroke friends?" A dark-haired, disheveled girl with brightly painted lips let her words follow a flood of ordinary words.

The old woman looked at the raging woman unperturbed, then shrugged her shoulders without an answer and disappeared into the kitchen.

"What's the matter?" A half-dressed Negro soldier had appeared behind the girl. He belched loudly and glared at Reimer.

The Linz man clenched his fists in his pockets. The Black American pushed the girl aside. "Where are you from? - what are you doing here, huh? «

"Shut up!" Growled the Linz man hard. He added sarcastically: "I slipped half the world and now landed on an ass!"

The black GI's jaw dropped, his white teeth bared. Reimer turned without a word and left the apartment. The him

977

he no longer understood insulting words. He walked slowly through the

Roads. The world was now so ugly that it overwhelmed every feeling. An inner emptiness had taken hold of him. A leaden-gray sky cast a pale glow over everything that had become strange, over deceptively gleaming Talmi and over gloom and need. Germany was in the gutter

...

The evening was slowly approaching. Reimer was still straying through the bombed city. Misery, people with tattered country uniforms huddled around shyly and looked for work. The Munich jargon had become Americanized. A striking number of girls, barely grown up, strolled through the streets, brightly painted, their hips swaying. The bars were mostly crowded with GIs, lounging around the counters, crawling and carrying colorful-faced girls like lap dogs.

Lesser Kaschemme were labeled "off limits" and were forbidden to American soldiers. Army jeep patrols had the powers of the former German army patrols and ensured compliance with prohibitions. However, only in a few cases did they manage to prevent attacks or raids. The population was numb, sometimes under the agitation of a hate. Everything that came to Linz's eyes had nothing in common with the heroically fighting people of recent years. The bottom had turned up. The

978

Newspapers on the stands abounded in bold headlines of atrocity propaganda and abuse. In between there are other messages that were made by the occupying power.

The Linz man stopped in front of a small bookshop. Little new and mostly worthless old. Out of sheer boredom, he went in and rummaged under the unsightly reprints and in the antiquarian warehouse. He thoughtlessly reached into a dusty pile. Suddenly he had a copy of the Edda in his hand. "How much is it?"

The bookseller looked at the book and then shook his head. 'Give me what you want for it. Nobody buys that anyway anyway... «

"So that's it now?" Reimer's voice sounded stretched.

"Yes, that's the way it is," the old man said laconically. "Uh - everything in time. Today people buy and sell certain other things. Pictures,

certain photographs ... The Americans pay well.  
Well - «

Reimer gave the man a banknote, tucked the book under his arm and left.

Gutmann's proposed meeting point was the apartment of a young front officer in the "Hohenstaufen" division, near Romanstrasse.

Reimer found the address easily. When he rang the doorbell, he faced a man in front of the open door who was the usual type of daredevil elite soldier. When the Linz man got his name

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named and asked for Gutmann, he immediately gave admission and also gave his name: »v. Lothar. - Your friends are all there already! «

The Linz man took a deep breath as he was led through a short anteroom. A door was a crack open. A murmur of voices came out. A hint from Following Lothars, he timidly pushed open the door. The companions of a turbulent time stood before him.

The men's eyes shone. The woman's features were almost transfigured. Gutmann was the first to make the following statement after the brief, almost stormy greeting: "So that's how you look, boy, if you wear civilian clothes at home! You got a little narrow. Has it been bad in the past few months? "

"It was mean," whispered Reimer. "Nasty, like everything that came after the discharge."

"And where's Nella?" Asked Ortrun guilelessly, unable to curb her curiosity.

The Linzer's features grew angular, his mouth narrow like a line. There was an instant silence.

'I think I understand. Not every woman can wait ... «

Reimer waved it off. "It is worse!"

Slowly he gave a description of his visit to Schwabing and concluded with the bitter words: "Time burned the months of my unspoken hopes and then it betrayed me by days! Damn it - I was

already in Linz and missed the last train "Chance". Not just the environment, that too

980

Destiny is mean! «

The faces of the men were hard again as before. Glittering drops ran down Ortrun's cheeks.

From somewhere there were soft tones from a clock. They broke the spell of an almost painful silence.

"It will soon become clear to the stupidest that the war is far from over," growled Recke roughly. "Instead of weapons, the treachery demands its daily victims. It is a system behind it that affects each one of us and wants to bring us to an end and a breakup in a cold war. «

"I knew that after a few days back home," Reimer said calmly. "The old song still applies: Life is a game of dice, we roll the dice every day ..." Slightly quieter, he added: "It's really like in war - the bone scythe still tears a gap on the left or right."

»Now a new, howling phrase is rolling over with all possible means to ostracize us, to condemn and to blame us Germans for all the sins of this world. It is part of the pitilessness of the hypocrites to take care of a tough fate by the way! "Recke continued his words:" In the old days in America it was said that only a dead Indian was a good Indian. Now the world says: only a dead German is a good German! ... »

v. Lothar, who had been silent until now, carefully interjected: "How right you are with this recognition,

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I can prove it to you! - The well-known international lawyer Prof. Dr. A few days after the collapse, Friedrich Grimm received a visit

from an educated man who introduced himself to the opposite university professor and started a high-level conversation. During the conversation, he suddenly pulled out leaflets that dealt with German atrocities. When asked what he thought of it, Grimm replied, icy-cold, that as a lawyer he condemned every wrong, but that he knew how to distinguish between wrong facts and horror propaganda. He referred to the publications after the First World War, such as the writings of the Northcliff office, the French minister Klotz with the fairy tales of the chopped-off children's hands, the magazine *Crapouillot* and finally the classic book by Posonby *The lie in war*. It reveals that in the previous war magazines had already been built in which mountains of artificial bodies were put together with dolls by photomontage. These pictures were then distributed and later the texts were passed on by the propaganda center as needed. Professor Grimm then compared his remarks by referring to this leaflet. He further pointed out that even in this war, the entire world press was supplied daily with reports of German abominations from a central office. And after every occupation of a country, this propaganda rolled after a certain frequency. At first there were hundreds of them

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Dead, especially in the concentration camps, then thousands, weeks later tens of thousands and soon hundreds of thousands. Then - according to Grimm - a million would be due, but there could be no such inflation. And again reaching for the new leaflet, the professor said to his visitor: Here you have the million! «

The speaker reached for a glass of water, then continued: "Grimm's visitor was puzzled at first, then he admitted that he was actually not a colleague, but a man from the headquarters that Grimm had attacked before. And he bluntly admitted to having been doing horrible propaganda here for months. The Allies would

have finally won the war. When Grimm replied that he had suspected this and that he could now assume that this method was now at an end, the visitor verbally replied, according to Grimm's notes: No, let's get started now! We will continue this atrocity propaganda, we will increase it until no one will accept a good word from the Germans, until everything that they have had in other countries in sympathy will be destroyed and until the Germans themselves will be so confused that they no longer know what they're doing. - And this is the cold war for our annihilation, "concluded von. Lothar.

"Until the Germans themselves will get confused," Gutmann repeated thoughtfully. "And that's only really started. It is the rush of idols

983

against Thule! «

»At point 103 we once spoke of the last heroes. Is the fate of the last Goths now blooming on the slopes of Vesuvius? "It was Reimer who spoke these words. His face now looked aged and tired.

"No!" - Gutmann's eyes showed a consuming fire. "We have to let the overwhelming powers of the Shriners and the Japhetites roll over us. We have been hit so hard that we can think of no defense for now. We have to bring the remaining substance of our people through the devouring fire from Sinai, which wants to blaze up to the midnight mountain. We have the world against us because it is already in the hands of the Shriners. After the conquest of Jerusalem, these forces want to build the Third Temple for their universal empire. This is the dark plan of the great anonymous people with their black magic ark, which has already largely been fulfilled. In 1925 a certain Oskar Goldberg wrote in a book *The Reality of the Hebrews* that the tent contained the motor that produced the metaphysical resilience. This is the publicly sanctioned place where the violence can be



created. The tent is thus the martial center of the Levite armies and should be seen as the one in which everything is made that is understood in the art as a weapon. That means metaphysics is capable of war. So not just a war effort with usual technical operations, but with metaphysical, transcendental power-

984

average. The mani rests because now is the day of the idols. It will shine again as a grail sign when a new consciousness within a historical climate manifests a new force in space. Then the many persecuted from all parts of the earth, out of the darkness, come out of the great mother house, purified from the reflections of their experience-looking review, committed with a bright and better knowledge of all things of being and the inner law. «

"I agree with you," continued Recke. "We have to do everything we can to survive in this mess and let the wipe roll by. When Lucifer, the now demonized great bearer of light, throws the torch from Midnight Mountain again, there must be survivors who carry on his light everywhere, as it did in the old days! «

"Those are nice words," said v. Lothar dry. »I fully agree with these views, but the new present will hardly understand us anymore. The new vocabulary has become narrow and stale and thinking will soon be perceived as ballast. This is how deep knowledge is fought in order to get to a docile, judicious world unit type of humanity more quickly ... «

"... and Germany is the parade ground," interrupted Reimer bitterly. »We have been kicked to hell, we are whipped out of our bodies and made the defeated and defenseless people of our people the first robots under the white-blue flag of the

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United Nations."

"Knowledge comes over time," Gutmann objected gently. "Shortly after the Nuremberg tribunal, the British journalist Douglas Reed found that the judgments in Nuremberg were announced on September 30th and October 1st: between the Jewish New Year Rosch Hoschanni and the Day of Atonement, Yom Kippur. The executions were carried out in the morning hours of October 16, on the day of Hoshanna Rabba. So this macabre process got the clear character of a tribal revenge according to the laws of the Old Testament. The American zone of occupation as a procedural territory was also of symbolic importance. If today people in our countries and in the white world are not yet part of our knowledge and no longer understand the form of our language, later they will learn to understand it again. «

"If we survive the cold war with cold resistance," Reimer added with a little sarcasm in his voice.

Gutmann looked at the Linz and the others in turn. »It's up to us! Didn't we start with it as a precaution on point 103? Have we not hoarded potencies and given people tasks? We don't know now where the people of this point are anywhere, but they are somewhere. Somewhere... "He peeped out of the room into a gray sky.

"I am the youngest among you," v. Lothar a. "I sense Gutmann's knowledge, but the youngest generation of the front hadn't had time to grasp the profound between the school desk and the front. We know the power of the forces overlying the profane level very well. But the entirety of the last years of the war still has some deeper knowledge to catch up here. For the rest, the front youth face the same questions, only they see things more simply and up close. We understood why we had to fight and we

understood that we should now be the victims of all-pervasive propaganda. When you, as the elderly, see the big decisions of tomorrow in the final battle between Götzen and Thule, then we as survivors and the last substance that has remained intact come closer together. In my soldier's imagination, Dürer's knight, death and devil motif remain sensible companions! «

"We understand each other," said Gutmann simply.

The next few hours were in a relaxed community. Only Reimer became monosyllabic in the personal atmosphere and then became silent. His latest experience began to take effect. Frêne too was completely self-contained.

Before leaving late at night, the men agreed to accept an invitation from the young "Hohenstaufen" officer for a small comrade meeting in nearby Salzburg, which was to take place in three days. Until then, the couple Recke and Frêne at v. Stay Lothar. Gutmann had the desire to

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Driving ahead of Salzburg, Reimer wanted to come to Linz and then back to the Austrian border town,

The men's freedom of decision created an illusion of apparent independence ...

Three days were like a wisp of time. But it was still fateful days.

Gutmann was the first to arrive in Salzburg. Despite the remaining war damage, the city showed itself to be a matured gem and also its charming beauty under a gray canopy. The American occupation dominated the streets with a little hectic unrest.

After a short tour of the city, after a few deliberations, he decided to visit nearby Untersberg. Colored GI's - as the army jargon called the American soldiers - who roamed around with girls spared him a longer stay on the streets. Every time he met he remembered Reimer's fate.

When he left the city, the sky had grown darker. Gusts of wind were now chasing through the landscape. Every now and then an American army jeep whizzed by on the street, no pedestrians to be seen. At the foot of the nearby mountain, he met a farmer and asked for an ascent.

The farmer raised his hand in warning. In just a few words, he pointed out to Gutmann that the Untersberg was a relatively easy mountain, but had the same pitfalls as the one when there was a storm

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High mountains. In addition, climbing the mountain without equipment is not advisable. Even mule trails and ascent routes required sturdy footwear and a minimum of protection. According to the weather situation that is now apparent, a cold snap could be expected in the higher regions, provided that a storm did not bring even worse risks.

Gutmann thanked a little bit.

Regardless of the warnings, he went into the beginning mountain forest. Above him was the mountain block, which kept its crests hidden beneath moving clouds. The whole thing was repellent and like a silent threat.

As the forest cleared, the path became increasingly inhospitable. A panoramic view showed a landscape overwhelmed by weather gray, the nearby town now seemed to be crouched around the Hohensalzberg. The lonely hiker felt strong gusts of wind as if the mountain spirit was blowing stone anger out of human inattention.

Gutmann climbed higher and higher. He had never been a mountaineer and therefore felt the difficulty of the way far more than experienced tourists. Nevertheless, an inner restlessness increased, which restricted his thinking and drove him on. Scraps of fog that were now

pouring down from the heights and an unreal light from the surrounding area said nothing to him. It climbed almost mechanically past cracks and rock falls. The giant was now beginning to show himself in stone nudity.

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The singing of the wind had decreased. Lead-gray and black-gray clouds hung in the sky like heavy sacks, threatening to crush everything around. A dull organ came from inside the mountain, as if the mountain had given the last warning.

Gutmann heard nothing. Courage and stubbornness gripped him. And then there was the sudden fall in the weather.

An ice-cold fist threatened to whirl him around and crush him. It tore him out of his foggy thinking and forced him back into the hard reality. The mountain was screaming like a beast now, laughing trolls tore at the popping fluttering clothes and a distant rumble indicated a falling rock. Freezing rain stung her bare face and the falling temperature made her hands clammy.

Now Gutmann was looking for a protective position. He left the path and peered for a crack or a cave. He had no sense of time and no more orientation. The mountain drew him as if it offered protection and destruction at the same time. The roar of nature became the enemy of man.

Suddenly the mountain seemed to have mercy. A small cave, half covered by a barren and crippled bush, offered protection. The storm itself tore aside the branches of the groaning shrubbery, as if inviting the man pursued by it to enter the stone interior. Gutmann stumbled into the darkness with his last strength.

It was a while before his eyes caught on that

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Dawn around him. Behind him was a narrow dark gullet. Accordingly, the cave was deeper than previously thought. As the wind caught in the vestibule, raged around and whirled in an icy colder, Gutmann pulled back even further. When he hit the ceiling with his head, he crouched. Turning further back, he found that the passage was narrow, but never ending. He regretted to find that he didn't even have matches with him and couldn't use a humble light source. A little further down in the mountain, the force of the wind decreased. The strange breath of the mountain breath took its place.

"Like a gate to Agartha!" He said. Now he also became aware of the mythical meaning of the Untersberg, inside which Emperor Charles the Great slept until the ravens flying around the mountain departed and let him come out of the mountain after another hundred years of sleep. That should be when the empire called him.

He crouched down shivering and leaned back against the stone-cold cave wall. The storm had no strength inside. The shrill anger of the forces of nature only sounded like a hiss and hoarseness. The relentless icy cold remained, however, and chilled freezes through the shivering body.

A half-awake dawn remained for a while. In the border area of the blunt consciousness overlap

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Thoughts and dreams. After a while, instead of the generally decreasing cold, a cozy warmth crept through the body. She was tempting to sleep.

Gutmann's eyes closed ...

Colorful dream pictures kidnapped the sleepers of reality. Only the strong mountain smell penetrated his subconscious and crept into his inner vision.

The dark cave hole took on a new shape. Rock crystal and rose quartz suddenly sparkled everywhere, corridors broke open, whispering and giggling trolls lured from fissured crevices. Large bats fluttering ahead indicated a way into the deep interior.

The dreamer staggered visionally following an increasing, unreal light. Small mythical beasts crawled across the path, dark, ghostly birds croaked in disgust and threw movable shadows on the walls. He continued to follow the shimmering compulsion. The dazzling backlights of the gripping vision made him lose all sense of time.

Tripping over a threshold, his gaze led him into an enormous cathedral hall. There was an almost unbearable sparkle and glitter all around. In the background, a huge rock stage, flanked by mighty stalagmites, radiated a brilliant shimmer. Behind it, large stalactites supported the vaulted ceiling.

Something else caught the eye: a natural stone table grew out of the stage. Sitting behind this

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a sleeping man with his head resting on his arms folded.

Now the animals were noisy and the calls of the invisible grew louder. The sleeper suddenly raised his head. Deep eyes flashed from an ancient face, the dignity and nobility reflected. Long hair, a flowing beard and bushy brows shone silver.

The hiker, standing still, was staring at the ancient man with fascination. Minutes passed. Then he stammered: "Mister ..." The man behind the stone table was still silent. "Sir, " repeated Gutmann. "Herr vom Untersberg!"

Still silence.

»You are - the King of the Franks! - the kaiser!

"The silent man seemed to grow, then nodded slowly.

"Charlemagne!" Upset, the caller's eyes sucked on his majestic counterpart. The tongue was

heavy, anxiety almost paralyzed.

Now the emperor spoke. His voice was deep and rumbled across the room. "Who are you, stranger?" Without waiting for an answer, he continued: "Are you coming to tell me that no more ravens are flying around the mountain?" A moment's hesitation, then Gutmann replied:

"The Ravens? - They are still flying, emperor! «

A painful train of resignation flew over Karl's face. His hands on the table trembled slightly. »Are you still flying? ... «

"Why shouldn't they fly?" Darkly Gutmann remembered the old legend.

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"When they are no longer around the mountain, I will come back from the Untersberg. Then the realm needs me! "Again the eyes flashed from the proudly raised head.

"The Empire? "There is no empire," Gutmann called. Then a terrible laugh came out of his throat that crackled on the glittering walls. 'Your empire, emperor, has long since crumbled, and so has a second. And now the third broke! «

"What are you saying?" Karl's eyes went dark.

Gutmann's voice sounded like sobs now. "The Apocalypse rides against Germania and the idols ram the gates of Thule! «Another laugh like mad.

The emperor grew, his eyes burned. "I should be out!"

'You can't, Franke! - The ravens keep flying and will never give way! «

"How do you know?" Karl's voice was heavy. Gutmann hesitated, then said chunkily: "They are Widukind's ravens, emperor - they croakly tell of the carnage at Verden an der Aller from brood to brood! - It is a family of ravens that came from this place and puts a spell ring around the mountain forever. «

The embossed features of the emperor grew harder, his beard trembled. "Are you coming to right with me, stranger?"

"You asked me, Karl, I answered!" Gutmann's voice rose: "You paralyzed an eagle and raised



Sharpen your sword! «

"I was the first emperor of Greater Germany!" The old man's eyes looked over Gutmann into the height of the cathedral hall. "I created the first empire and paid the price!"

"Yes, you paid the price," muttered Gutmann dully. "You paid with the blood of the Saxons!"

Now the face of the Franconian paled. "I wielded the sword of heaven and made it the sword of the West!"

"Where's the sword of heaven gone?" A defiant undertone added to the question. "It has already lost three empires!"

"I won and held the empire," said Karl hard. "Who gambled away my inheritance?"

'Your seeds, Karl! - You did not use your Franconian power for the north, but you helped establish an ultra-monastic rule. For the big spider with the sign on the back of ultra montes - beyond the Alps! «

Karl's eyes flashed, a deep rumble came from his broad chest: "You have a bold tongue! Are the rebels still not extinct in Germany? Why do you deny that my seeds created a great empire? "

"It was a Roman Empire," Gutmann said bravely. »Heinrich I created the first empire of the Germans only after you, Franke! But the spider ate it because you made it too strong. And to this day

rebels kept fighting for freedom, but the foreign power was stronger. «

The emperor's forehead swelled, his face darkened. "Do you want to blaspheme God's

power?"

»No, Franke! I mean an overly secular power that claims to rule in the name of God. And now there is an even stronger force that you don't know yet! ... «

Karl's features showed movement, an angry gesture followed. "Rebels always have the unruly in their blood. You are a rebel too! - You always resist power. Not the realm of Heinrich, which you called, but my realm. God's kingdom! - What do you mean by freedom? There will soon be no more rebels! «

'Don't wish that, Emperor! When the last rebel dies, Germany is dead too! «

Karl pondered. There was silence in the hall. After a while he said: »There will always be pros and cons - and everyone wants great things! I succeeded and the Saxon duke lost. Do you still call me the Saxon Butcher? »

»Yes, Franke! And it is the story itself that never forgives. Carved characters remain in the time tables! «

The emperor made a moving movement. "It has been a long time. People forget and some things fade. One day the ravens will fly away and then I'll be back as a prince for Germania and Gaul. Then history has a new leaf! «

'Perhaps the great Staufer, the red beard, comes from the Kyffhäuser in front of you. He too is waiting! «

Karl's forehead was frightened. 'We'll see who that

Reich calls. «

'There will be no realm for a long time now. History is not Germany's time now. Three smashed empires are listed in it. You would no longer recognize Germania. And your crown now rests lackluster in a shrine. Even the fish stink - they turn red! ... «

"I don't understand that," Karl murmured.

»Many things are no longer understandable. If you want to return from your stony realm to the earthly, then you have to ride with the rebels!

Side by side with Widukind, with Hutten, Florian Geyer, Kurt Eggers and many others who gave birth to German history when time was ripe. And if a fourth empire casts its shadows in the fog of the future, all the great Germans will have to help the new rebels! «

Karl looked intently at Gutmann. "When it comes to the empire ..."

»It's all about then, Franke! When the eagles fly - maybe your spell ravens will fly too. Then you get free. Free, Karl, free! ... «

Now Gutmann felt a hover. The figure of the big Franc melted before his eyes, everything around him began to turn. Shadow shadows danced before his eyes, which suddenly looked into an increasing darkness. A pleasant warmth made him incredibly tired. Colorful wheels of an inner show that completely kidnapped him from the previous scene became smaller and smaller

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then completely extinguished. Only an unreal, spherical music rushed through his ears with full tones. Then she also took off. The heat overwhelmed him and erased all sensations.

A long sleep came ...

Shortly thereafter, the sky cleared up outdoors. "Gutmann is missing!"

With deep dismay, the small group of people at the meeting in Salzburg received the message that the Salzburg host, a former member of the "Wiking" division, was sending to his guests.

After an unsuccessful search, inquiries from the mountain rescue service revealed that all options remained open. The Untersberg probably has all the levels of difficulty of the high mountains, combined with the pitfalls of unpredictable surprises, but many inexperienced climbers in unexplored areas would have survived weather falls. A crash with a later finding of the victim is possible, but also a

descent on another side of the mountain. It could happen that tourists left without logging out.

"So Gutmann's fate is currently undetermined," whispered Reimer, depressed. "I don't really want to believe in a death on this mountain of legends. He is probably a living descendant of the bonhommes, the Cagots, who followed the path of those who were always searching, the troubadours.

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But he is too combative to commit himself to the last of the Cathar Goths: the Endura - suicide

... And an accident? Gutmann was always very careful! «

Frêne raised her head. "I don't want to believe in misfortune either." His slumped stance rose slightly. »Charlemagne is resting in the Untersberg! - Maybe Gutmann is enriched with an inner experience? Our companion was always a very sensitive nature. His well-known idiosyncrasies certainly allow the conclusion that he stayed away from our meeting for a reason that is now unknown to us. Maybe ... ", Frêne hesitated briefly, "maybe a call from point 103? "

Recke looked at the Carcasson fully. »Gutmann's characteristics are aptly drawn. With his often strange and internalized nature, every possibility is open. I just don't believe in a reputation of 103. At least not now. "

"Perhaps Gutmann has withdrawn for a time because, like many others, he cannot cope with the environment," v. Lothar a. "People like him can no longer stand their homeland, and what men call themselves homeland, such men cannot."

Reimer nodded in agreement, "I must think of Belisse when I say these words! Back in Sabarthé, he said visionarily that I would go home and see my home, but my home would not see me. Now I understand the meaning of his hunch! «

"I was listening," said Recke. "And the Rabbi of Toledo spoke just as knowingly of the wandering soul of the north, which he called the new Ahasver. Now we're all wandering around the room because a banana cloth is laid over the apron of the Midnight Mountain." He shrugged a little tiredly. »We are now on our own and we lack a profane connection to Küpper. Where are these men now? "

"That shouldn't be your concern," said v. Lothar with calm deliberation. »In the age of everywhere

effective modern means of communication, understandable calls through the ether are no longer a problem. And waiting is the epitome of soldier's wisdom! «

"So we wait," sighed Reimer, devotedly. »Life alongside time will demand a lot from us!«

"Pah," said a Viennese named Hase, who had been a lieutenant in the "Das Reich" division. "Ever since I became a soldier, I've been used to being overwhelmed." Soft blue eyes glittered with amusement from his otherwise hard face. "I'm happy if I'm on vacation from the mud holes and don't have to endure a fire spell for twenty-four hours." Getting serious again, he continued: "We all know here in small circles that the last dramatic events in the world have made the Habitat of white humanity has been torn apart into further parts. As we wait, new front lines are emerging. Not only the east - the whole colorful world is being created by enigmatic forces

controlled, stand up against the whites! «

"This shifting of the fronts confirms the ancient Greek sentence: pantha rei - everything flows," added Recke. »At point 103 we still had the

colored world next to us. I doubt whether it will stay that way. Even the special status of the Germans among the colored will wane. Groß-Thule will then have to become a shield and protection for all who are blinded in the white habitat. Then comes our probation and our hour! «

"We French will be there again," said Frêne emphatically. "Many of us have already grasped the deeper meaning of everything that is happening. Didn't my friends help to defend Berlin stubbornly in a hopeless war situation? «

As the men nodded to Frêne, v. Lothar the French: "What will happen to you now?"

Recke raised his hand: "Frêne is coming to me for the time being. I still have room for a comrade! «

The Carcasson tried to fend off.

"No excuses, major!" Said Recke, cutting off any objection.

"That's right," said Rabbit. »Move closer together and then right through. Another old military motto. We survivors have to stand together to assert ourselves! «

"We will," agreed v. Lothar too. "Let us remain a haven of the spirit in the survival of this time. We owe it to the dead for three empires. "

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"Groß-Thule must become the new spiritual term for all white people in the northern region, a spiritual kingdom across all state structures, in the Old and New Worlds. The fourth realm of the German lies in this mother water! "Hase leaned forward, bright lights danced in his eyes. "I know a century-old script that knows of a mountain at midnight and speaks of the white midnight sun. Tigers and dragons will harass the heroes in the north. The Pope's triple diadem will also turn to dust. At another point in the transcript from 1617 it is announced that Europe will give birth to a powerful child, a lord of the Fourth Reich! - And in the ›Themis Aurea‹ there is talk of a Germania that lies far beyond the geographical borders of

the country that was also called from then until today. The demon of the collective was recognized in the old foresight and was called Gog and Magog. The great anonymous people in today's world gear have actually mobilized nihilism against us, they have used Midrashim to use black and gray magic forces on the metaphysical level, the tent and ark have been activated and in the foreseeable future the colored peoples will be incited against us and us press.

We are facing a decisive movement in history. The war now lost was only the beginning, not the end. Friedrich Schiller coined the words: Day may belong to the bad, eternity belongs to the true and good. Let us be ready! «

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There was a deep silence in the room. Sun rays danced through the windows. The Salzburg sky showed a deep, rich blue and the sun itself hung like a gold blazing disc on the firmament.

"Blue and gold - the ancient Atlantic colors," Hase said after a while in a slightly husky voice. He continued dreamily: "It is the colors of the sun sons that my friend Edmund Kiß spoke to me when I was lying with him in the St. Avold prison camp. We were kept there worse than animals. The prisoners died like flies and we felt the power that wanted to break us. When we survivors were released, Kiß was terminally ill. And so his work broke off. He went there too early, like Kurt Eggers and many others. But he left us with the knowledge in his book Whooper Swans by Thule:

The earth once belonged to the  
northern people, now they are  
shattered and shattered and stray  
on the ice edge of Thule,  
like the whooper swans of their homeland.  
But the lance of the soul is still aiming for  
peaks and peaks.

In the deepest need, they are determined to  
once again apply the round pressure of their  
souls to the earth.